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"A BOY IN THE WHITE HOUSE"
RECOLLECTIONS OF ULYSSES S. GRANT BY HIS SON

HARPERS MAGAZINE

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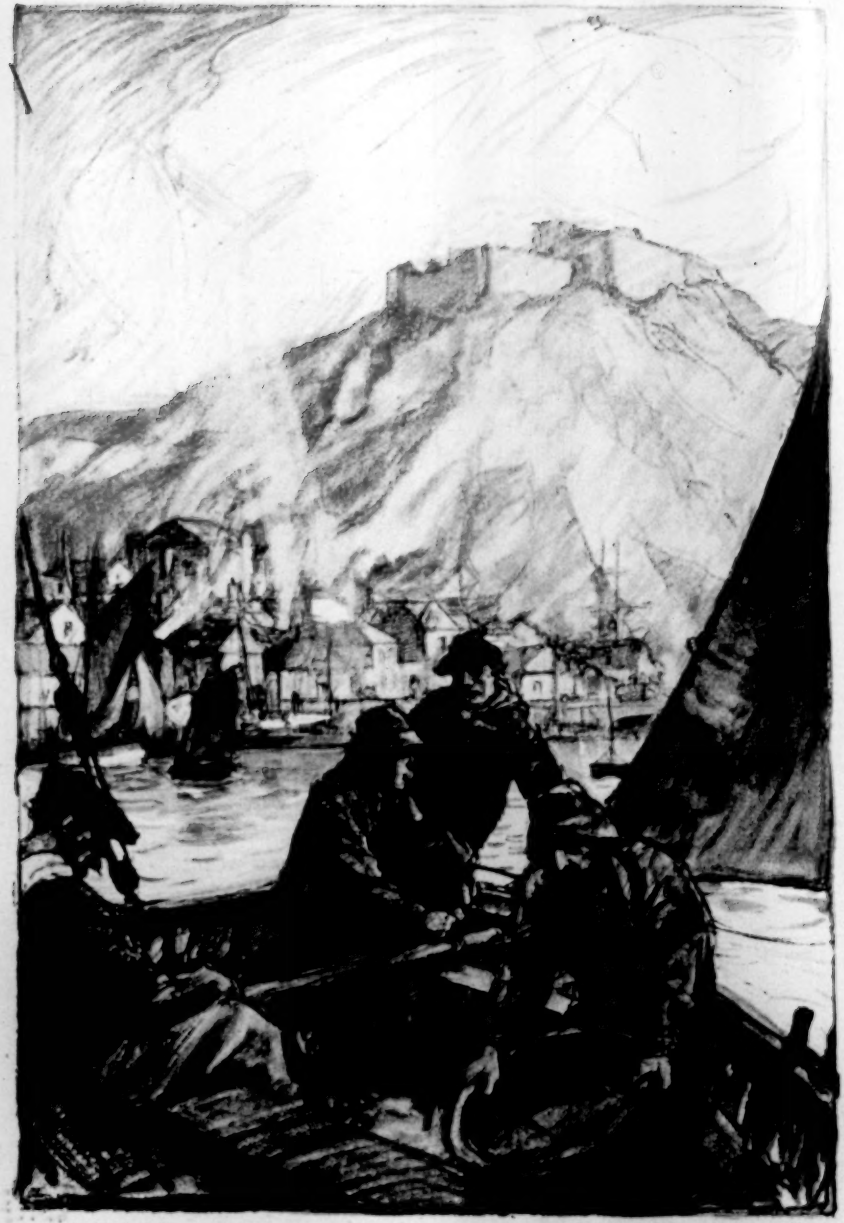

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FISHING BOATS IN THE HARBOR OF CHERBOURG

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A BOY IN THE WHITE HOUSE

Recollections of My Father, General Grant—Part I

BY JESSE R. GRANT

In collaboration with Henry Francis Granger

IT is certain that nothing was further from my father's mind than thought of pomp and power at the time when I was born in the log cabin for which he had cut the logs and of which he was the architect and builder.

In 1839 a seventeen-year-old boy, Hiram Ulysses Grant, was appointed to the United States Military Academy at West Point. He was commonly called by his middle name, Ulysses, and through an error he was enrolled as Ulysses S. Grant. It was easier to adopt the new name than to change the enrollment, and so, in 1843, Ulysses S. Grant was graduated from West Point and commissioned a second lieutenant.

In 1845 Lieutenant Grant, with his regiment, joined the forces of General Taylor in Mexico. He took part in the battles of Palo Alto, Resaca de la Palma, and Monterey; and, after transfer to General Scott's army in 1847, fought at Vera Cruz, Cerro Gordo, Cherubusco, Molino del Rey, and the storming of Chapultepec. He was brevetted first lieutenant for gallantry at Molino del Rey, and captain for gallantry at Chapultepec.

After the Mexican War Captain Ulysses S. Grant and Julia Boggs Dent were married in 1848. Thereafter Captain Grant was stationed at various military posts, mainly in California and Oregon, until in 1854 (four years before I was born) he resigned his commission and left the army.

There was no war in prospect, the latter assignments had been quiet posts, the inaction was irksome, so Captain Grant left the army to engage in farming on the "Gravois farm," a few miles from St. Louis. Here father built the log house and settled the family and called the place "Hardscrabble." And there I was born, in 1858—the last of four children—and named Jesse Root Grant, after my father's father.

The designation of the new home as "Hardscrabble" was not a term of opprobium or a veiled complaint. It was bestowed in humorous recognition and

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defiance of the conditions father understood and voluntarily faced.

In his Memoirs father frankly acknowledged his distaste for army life in time of peace; but he offered the insufficiency of his captain's pay as the reason for his resignation. Father would have seen it so but we who knew him understand. Loving peace and hating war, he could not endure inaction. No one understood better than father that meager though his army pay might be, it dwarfed any prospective cash return from Hardscrabble. But Hardscrabble represented venture, action, difficulties to be overcome, and a prospective reward in the satisfaction of personal accomplishment.

JESSE GRANT AT VICKSBURG

From a photograph taken October 10, 1863, by Barr and Young, army photographers. He was then about five years old.

With my advent, the family in the little cabin numbered six. I regret that my memory does not carry back to those days. Strive as I may to draw from my subconscious mind some recollection of those earliest years, no faintest impression remains. But I have heard much of the life during that period, and I know we were all there: father and mother; my two brothers—Fred, aged eight, and Ulysses S. Jr., who was "Buck," five years my senior—our sister Nellie, and I. But although I do not remember when we lived in Hardscrabble, now, when only Buck and I remain, interwoven through all my earliest recollections the association with my brothers and sister stands etched in a definite clarity which other memories, even of father and mother, sometimes lack. It has often puzzled me. I, the baby of the family, was by force of circumstances more often separated from them than from father, or particularly from mother; and yet the contact seems never to have been broken in life. And with the clear vision that lights in vivid memory all our life together there is no recollection of one single unkind, unfair, or unjust thing done to me by any one of them; while the record of their loving acts would cover every day of our association.

My brother Frederick Dent Grant, who was always Fred, was my boyhood's hero. His eight years' seniority gave him, in my eyes, the stature of a man. I have never known another so utterly fearless as he. Like Roland, Fred never knew fear. Large and strong, but only thirteen years of age, Fred was with father through the whole Vicksburg campaign, performing the duties of a staff officer. My second brother, Ulysses S. Grant, Jr., of prodigious physical strength, is in character and disposition more like father than either Fred or myself. Born in Ohio, he was at once given the appellation "Little Buckeye," and "Buck" has since been his familiar name. And last, she who as girl and woman ever merited a devotion that crystallized about her in loving admiration of a personality and character rare and fine—our sister Nellie.

We were a demonstrative family and the currents of understanding flowed steadily. Once in later life when we four were living over the old days, we discovered with vast amusement a common conceit that until then had been,

collectively, unsuspected. Each, during childhood, had considered him or herself the favorite of our parents: Fred because he was the eldest; Buck because he bore father's name; Nellie in the serenity of the only girl; and myself because I was the youngest. And in this hidden belief each confessed to a half-regretful sympathy for the others. Perhaps this tempered our conduct in a finer consideration. I wonder.

Born in 1858, my earliest recollections are of the War of the Rebellion. War was to me then, with its turmoil, confusion, and change, the natural and accepted order of existence, and an event which in those days impressed my memory touched me with particular emphasis. Apparently trivial things often stand out clearly while events of moment that must have touched me are lost.

My earliest recollection of the war is of the escape of mother and myself from Holly Springs, Mississippi. We had been left there while father was engaged at some other point. I remember now as though it were yesterday the young officer coming to tell us that the enemy was close upon the town, and the confusion of our hurried departure at night in a box car. I can see the dim shadowy interior of that empty box car, with mother sitting quietly upon a chair while I huddled, fearful, upon a hastily improvised bed on the floor as an engine drew us rapidly away. And then I must have fallen asleep, for I remember no more.

GRANT IN 1864

This photograph is probably the best of all those taken of the General during the War.

I have not striven to set down these earliest memories in exact chronological order, except when they relate to events and happenings of which history has recorded the time and place. As they come to me, the next event which stands out clearly is a steamboat journey with mother down the Mississippi to join father at Vicksburg. I remember a joyous start, next a confusion of crashing noise, then mother striving to dress me, bewildered and cross, in the darkness. Although the Union forces were then nominally in control of the Mississippi from St. Louis to Vicksburg, our steamboat had been shelled from the shore.

Years later I questioned father as to how this could have happened.

"Military occupation did not necessarily imply that we were in possession of all the light field pieces cached away on farms and plantations along the shore," he answered, smiling whimsically at the memory. "Such guns were often dragged out for a hasty shot at some passing boat."

But I reached Vicksburg to meet what was to me the great event of the war. As our carriage drew up before Army Headquarters I glimpsed a small Shetland pony standing saddled at one side. Before the carriage stopped I had scrambled out and was climbing into that saddle. Father had secured the pony and a soldier had made the diminutive saddle and bridle for me. Life holds but one thrill such as was mine as I sat in that saddle upon "Rebbie" in

the first pride of possession. For years thereafter Rebbie was my most constant companion; he lived until 1883.

There followed wonderful days. To the small boy it was "Father's Army," and the soldiers made me very welcome, carving all sorts of toys and regaling me with molasses candy made over the camp fires. The troops were encamped in and for a considerable distance around Vicksburg. Almost daily I rode with father upon his tours of inspection, sometimes upon Rebbie, but often perched behind him and clinging to his belt as he thundered along upon a big buckskin horse which had been presented to him—called, because of its viciousness, "Mankiller."

I recall one other incident of the days when mother and I were at Vicksburg. A committee from Congress arrived, bringing father a gold medal—now in the National Museum in Washington. Before the presentation they read some very flattering Congressional resolutions, followed by several laudatory orations delivered by various members of the committee. When the last speaker rounded off his peroration there was an expectant pause. Silence deep and heavy fell upon the assemblage. All were waiting—as was I, standing close at father's side—for him to respond. Father remained silent. The situation grew more tense until I could bear it no longer.

"Papa, aren't you going to make a speech too?" I cried.

"No, my dear boy!" he answered with unconscious energy that carried to every ear. A wave of laughter swept the company as the tension broke, putting everyone at ease.

I remember leaving Vicksburg with regret. Recollection of where we went from there is dim and confused: incidents stand out clearly yet I cannot be certain of the sequence. But one experience of that period lingers in painful memory. There was a dinner—I believe at Columbia, Kentucky—and I was assigned to the second table. To the child fresh from the enthusiastic attention of an army, the disregard and lack of consideration conveyed in being thus set aside quite upset my equanimity. My nurse Julie, a slave of my mother's, was utterly unable to cope with the situation and appealed for aid to mother, who, in turn, found matters beyond her control and called father.

Father quickly grasped the situation and turned to me sternly—the only time I ever remember his being stern with me.

"Set down!" said he.

I sat. I had shoved down my hat upon my head.

"Take off that hat!"

I grabbed off the hat and threw it upon the floor.

"Pick up that hat!" continued the strangely stern voice.

But I was quite desperate now and stubbornly refused.

Turning me quickly about, father bestowed a single spank, the first and only one he ever administered to me.

"It didn't hurt!" I muttered scornfully.

This was too much for father. Lifting me up in his arms, he said gently:

"Never mind, son. It was really a great mistake for the Governor of Kentucky to expect a man of your size to dine with children."

I do not remember the sequel, only that all was peace again between us.

After the Missionary Ridge campaign father settled us for a time at Burlington, New Jersey, where my two brothers attended school. There were many Southern sympathizers in Burlington, and quite naturally the feelings of the elders found expression in their children. We three strange boys, sons of the man fighting at the head of the Union Army, received a disconcerting amount of the hostile attention that boys, encouraged by the indifference or approval of their elders, so well understand how to bestow.

Fred at once took it upon himself to fight my battles as well as his own, and

GRANT AND HIS OFFICERS DISCUSS THE CAMPAIGN

This rare photograph was taken by Brady, the famous Civil War photographer, when Grant and his staff gathered outside the church at Massaponax, Virginia, on May 21, 1864. Grant is standing at the left, leaning over General Meade's shoulder, looking at the map. Among those in the group are General Rawlins, Charles A. Dana, Colonel Dent, Colonel Horace Porter, and Colonel Adam Badeau. This picture and the others in these pages are from the collection of Frederick H. Meserve of New York, with whose permission they are here reproduced.

for a time he was very busy. I suppose his ability was an added incentive. The practice of hunting up some husky lad to send after Fred—who never failed to accommodate with a fierce boy's fight—flourished until, as I remember, Fred came to be looked upon as invincible; at any rate I considered him so.

Then, when father established his headquarters at City Point, mother and I joined him there. I remember living at first in tents; and then we must have returned to Burlington for a time, for the tents were replaced by log cabins, of the building of which I have no recollection.

City Point was then a considerable plateau crowning a steep bluff at the junction of the James and Appomattox rivers, a few miles south of Richmond. There father had established a supply base and had his headquarters. The log cabins, built to replace the tents, stood where the tents had been—eight or ten of them in a row—with a farmhouse at the end occupied as Military Headquarters. Father's cabin stood in the middle of the row and was slightly larger than the others. It contained a large room with an open fireplace which served as living and dining room and office. Back of this were two smaller rooms occupied as bedrooms. In front of the cabins a space of level ground stretched to the bluff that dropped precipitously to the rivers on the south and west. Here mother and I came to live with father while my brothers and sister remained in Burlington.

And here, as I remember, I first met President Lincoln. From what has been written it would appear that Lincoln came to City Point many times. But two occasions are impressed upon my mind.

Mere pageantry was too commonplace to leave any particular impression, but the sight of father riding at the head of troops never failed to thrill me. This day the thrill was associated with another impression which indelibly stamped the scene upon my memory.

President Lincoln came to City Point accompanied by Mrs. Lincoln and their youngest son, Tad, then a year or two older and considerably larger than me. I believe the occasion was a review of General Ord's troops. Father rode at the head of his staff to the reviewing station and at his side rode President Lincoln. Mother, Mrs. Lincoln, Tad, and I had preceded them in an ambulance. Robert Lincoln, the President's eldest son, was on father's staff.

The bands were playing and many of the staff horses prancing, seasoned troopers though they were. Father's horse in particular danced along with arched neck and curving body. But the horse President Lincoln rode walked calmly along, almost as though conscious that his burden must be carried with anxious care, while the President sat stiffly erect, the reins hanging slack from his hands.

Father was then but forty-two years old, but I had always looked up to him as the largest and, next to my Grandfather Dent, the oldest man in the world. But beside President Lincoln father looked small, and for the first time I saw him as a young man.

In tightly buttoned frock coat and wearing a high hat, Mr. Lincoln appeared enormously tall, much taller than when standing. And to me—the boy watching from the ambulance—the unsmiling, worn, but kindly face, the tall black-coated form riding before that colorful throng impressed a feeling of awe which time has not effaced.

The second time I recall seeing President Lincoln was upon the occasion of another visit to City Point. President Lincoln and father, accompanied by a mounted escort, and with Tad Lincoln and myself, rode to an outlying fort. The escort was drawn up in front of our cabin, the horses dancing impatiently during an unexpected delay, when Tad Lincoln, who was not a confident horseman, demurred at mounting a small beautiful horse called Jeff which had been provided for him.

I still hear the pride in father's voice as he said, "Jesse will ride Jeff."

So at last we were off, I riding upon Jeff and Tad Lincoln mounted upon my pony, Rebbie. Before we had cleared the reservation Tad and I had forged ahead, Rebbie's diminutive hoofs ringing like the beat of a drummer's double time in his effort to keep pace with Jeff.

But my satisfaction, and, I fancy, father's, was short. With a wild forward lunge Jeff bolted. Instantly both father and President Lincoln were spurring in pursuit, accompanied by a young staff officer who proved to be better mounted than either of them. All the pull I could exert only steadied Jeff in his stride, and under my feather weight he was widening the gap between us and our pursuers at every jump. Father saw that the pursuit was but exciting Jeff to greater effort and drew up, calling to Mr. Lincoln and the officer. Ahead of me men were shouting and running and a double line of soldiers and teamsters formed as by magic, converging upon the open gate of a mule corral. Down this living lane plunged

GENERAL AND MRS. GRANT AND JESSE
Photographed at Grant's headquarters at City Point, Virginia.

Jeff and into the corral, and that excitement was over. The rest of the way, chagrined and rebellious, I rode far in the rear and an orderly rode at my side, a lead-strap on Jeff.

But the disappointments of this memorable day were not over for me. We were but just dismounted at the fort when a Confederate battery opened fire upon us. If you are rusty in your geography, a glance at a map of Virginia will cause surprise. City Point, the base and headquarters of the Commander in Chief of the Union Armies, was located in effect at the very door-yard of the Confederacy.

The Union Army had taken its last backward step. Long afterward I came to understand that there were those who considered my father ruthlessly prodigal of his soldiers' lives—that is the last thing which can truthfully be said of him. War is like an aching tooth that cannot be mended—to save greater prolonged suffering one must bear the more acute but shorter pain of removal. The toll of prolonged inactivity is greater than the toll of battles. To conserve life in war is to fight incessantly. This was the way father looked upon war—the most humane, most considerate, the gentlest man I ever knew. And this also father said—and now I quote his exact words:

"We could have ended the war in Sixty-three if Congress would have permitted."

But to return to the fort. I have never known whether the rebels had knowledge of President Lincoln's coming, whether their lookouts noted the increased activity and from this and the size and character of the escort suspected that there were visitors of importance, or whether it just happened. But the keen delight of Tad Lincoln and myself when the rebels opened fire upon the fort I shall never forget. Two small boys whose experiences were of war only, that had touched them only to amuse; and in company with their fathers—whom each considered the greatest man in the world—were incapable of fear at a martial demonstration, regardless of its nature. The orderly confusion of perfectly trained discipline, the shrilling bugles, the sharp commands of officers, gun squads hurrying to their positions, and the shells screaming overhead were to us merely an enjoyable entertainment.

And then father hurried President Lincoln and us into a bomb-proof shelter. For an eternity of time—I now imagine it to have been about twenty minutes—we huddled in the safety of that shelter, listening to the distant booming of guns but able to see nothing. I know that at first Tad and I begged to be allowed to remain outside, and then, more earnestly, to be permitted to stick our heads out.

Gradually the bombardment slackened and, our fort failing to respond, ceased entirely. I cannot recall that either father or President Lincoln spoke to me while we were in the bomb proof, other than to deny our pleading, and I recall nothing of the ride back to City Point. I fancy those latter happenings were swallowed up in my disappointment. I remember vaguely that my chagrin over my failure to control Jeff lingered, and I fancy the teasing of the staff officers had something to do with this.

I recall but little more of my life at City Point. I know that later my two brothers and sister Nellie came there and remained for a time. Then we all returned to Burlington. On our way back to Burlington, when the army steamer reached Norfolk, father decided that he would like to keep me with him for the rest of the winter. I was overjoyed. But when the rest of the family departed to continue their journey on the regular boat, I grew doubtful. A few minutes later when, seeking consolation, I found father fully occupied with several officers of high rank, I capitulated unreservedly. Father understood, as he always did. He would have kept me with him from

choice. No matter how great the strain and responsibility of his position, it troubled father more to be separated entirely from the family.

And now he understood that I should not be happy there away from mother, and a shot was fired across the bow of the rapidly receding steamer. Then I was taken on a tug to rejoin mother and my brothers and sister. Childlike, I was not so anxious to go when the unattainable swung within reach and I was hoisted aboard. Distinctly across the years I hear mother's voice as I came over the side:

"Now remember, Fred! Not a word!"

Fred was so anxious to remain with father! I felt that he thought me a great baby, but obedient to mother's admonition he said nothing. As he had been with father through the Vicksburg campaign it was decided that Fred must return to school. It was years later before I realized what must have been his disappointment.

And now I would record a fact the significance of which impresses me ever more and more as I dwell upon it. I have no recollection of ever having heard father mention the surrender of General Lee. Vaguely I understood that a change had taken place, that the war was over. I rejoiced, too, for plainly this thing that had happened had made both father and mother happy. But in our family the final act of the drama was never discussed, either then or later.

As I grew older and came to understand the significance of scenes through which I had passed, I questioned father eagerly about many things. Of other events he talked freely. I know that he had great respect for General Lee, both as a man and a soldier. Notwithstanding this, father considered General Joseph E. Johnston the greatest general the South produced. I recall the arguments by which he supported this opinion. I would not attempt to repeat them in detail, but the central fact was that at the close of the war Johnston's army alone was in condition to have prolonged the struggle. This was true despite the fact that Johnston had fought continuously against either father or Sherman. And supported as father had been by able generals, he considered General Phil Sheridan his most able commander.

Displaying no elation over victory, father as carefully covered his vexations. A quiet, contained man, in elation or disappointment he only grew a little quieter. He was incapable of sustained animosity, even towards his detractors. Defamation, like plaudits and panoply, was something to be endured. He would no more have considered answering his defamers than joining in the plaudits of his admirers. This was by no means the attitude of us who loved him, who knew him to be as gentle as he was brave, as abstemious as self-contained, and we would often wax furious over some slanderous tale at which father would only smile patiently.

Until the beginning of the war, when he was thirty-eight years of age, father had never used tobacco; and he was never at any time a drinking man. This, after all, is less remarkable than the fact that he had never voted but once—and that was the Democratic ticket for James Buchanan!

Disappointment is no respecter of persons, and I doubt not that each day brought to father his quota of it; but I know his bitterest experience was not the unwarranted action of General Halleck but the refusal of permission to proceed south and east to Mobile with the unbeaten army of the Tennessee.

Fighting for a great cause to which he subordinated every personal consideration, realizing that no satisfactory compromise could be effected, and that peace could come only when the military power of the South was utterly destroyed, he felt every failure or incomplete victory of the Northern Armies as a personal disappointment. Father felt no jealousy. He never spoke to

diminish or detract in any degree from another's meed of praise, but there were disappointments—as with every man—of which the world had no suspicion.

It was many years after the event when the knowledge came to me, in one of our frequent discussions, that father considered Gettysburg a Confederate victory.

General Lee fought the battle of Gettysburg in the sole hope of gaining the exact position he occupied when the battle ended. Thus Lee gained his objective and General Meade failed to follow up to the victory that might have been his.

Father was fighting at Vicksburg when Meade opposed Lee at Gettysburg. Vicksburg surrendered and Gettysburg was acclaimed a great Union victory. Father accepted the popular verdict and never criticized or disputed it. It had happened. No one was really to blame and nothing could mend it. Lee had simply been too much for Meade, as he proved to be too much for McClellan, Hooker, and Burnside.

I met President Lincoln many times after we were under fire together at City Point. He spent several days with father at the army headquarters before Petersburg, and I often accompanied father to the White House. I remember this although no recollection comes to me of any particular or impressive incident of these meetings.

But I saw President Lincoln the last time upon the day of his assassination, and memory of that morning remains. I had accompanied father to the White House in the morning, where he remained for a long time, first in consultation with the President and then with many others. Serious matters were evidently under consideration that day, the particulars of which I have never understood. But I remember that I grew tired and not a little perplexed and resentful that no attention was paid to me, which was contrary to my usual experience. Evidently no one had time this day to consider the seven-year-old boy who wandered about, tired and disconsolate.

We were stopping at the Willard Hotel, father and mother and I, and were expecting to go that night to Burlington where my brothers and sister were attending school. I was anxious to see them, longing for the time to come when we should leave. Yet I have no recollection of when that interminable session at the White House ended, how I got back to the hotel, or spent the rest of the day until dinner. But I remember that mother and I were at dinner when father came in and joined us.

"I shall be unable to leave Washington to-night," he said as he seated himself.

I was bitterly disappointed. And my disappointment was augmented by father's further explanation that he had, conditionally, accepted the President's invitation for mother and himself to accompany the presidential party to the theater that evening.

Mother objected to this arrangement. She was anxious to rejoin her other children, who were alone in Burlington. They were expecting us. In addition to this she was worried by the sudden and inexplicable loss of appetite I had displayed. I had made no complaint but mother was fearful that I was ill, or about to be.

Then a lady who had been dining at an adjoining table came to us, smiling:

"Do not be disturbed about your small boy's apparent loss of appetite, Mrs. Grant. He came in before you and consumed two orders of hard-boiled eggs and ice cream."

This information relieved mother's immediate anxiety about me but in no degree effected her determination to proceed to Burlington that night. Her trunks were packed, the other children waiting for her. So father bade us good-by, promising to follow us to Burlington the next day.

Two men at a near-by table, who had

been watching us so closely as to attract our attention, at once left the room.

I remember clearly the drive down Pennsylvania Avenue to the depot, the iron-tired wheels of our carriage rattling and bumping over the cobblestones. It was in the early evening but the Avenue was deserted and quiet as midnight.

We were nearing the railway station when a man on horseback overtook us, drew alongside and, leaning over, peered into our carriage. Then he wheeled his horse and rode furiously away.

To our surprise and joy, father came into the car just as the train drew out of the depot. He was carrying a great bundle of documents and, after only a brief word of greeting, took a seat at the front end of the car and became at once engrossed in his papers.

It was an ordinary day coach of that period and the lamp at the forward end of the car happened to be burning brightest. Sitting where he did, father was hidden from anyone peering through the door from the front platform. This fact probably saved his life.

At Baltimore our car was detached from the train and drawn through the city by horses. At the other side of town a fresh engine was waiting and we proceeded northward, running as a special. No stop was made until we reached Philadelphia.

At Philadelphia a crowd of excited people surged about our car. Father opened the door and found a belligerent brakeman guarding the steps from an agitated deputation of state, city, and railway officials. The brakeman was declaring loudly that his orders were to admit no one, that he had thrown a man off at the Relay House and, he didn't care who they were, they couldn't come in!

Father brought them in and we received the tragic news of President Lincoln's assassination.

Burlington was only an hour away. While another special was being made up, father accompanied mother and me to Burlington. He returned to Philadelphia by the same train and the fresh special rushed him back to Washington.

The whole story of the plot that culminated in the assassination of President Lincoln will probably never be told. It is known that there was a conspiracy to abduct President Lincoln and carry him to Richmond as early at least as September, 1864. John Wilkes Booth unfolded the scheme then to Sam Arnold and Michael O'Laughlin in Barnum's Hotel in Baltimore. The plot contemplated delivery of the President to the Confederate authorities, to be held by them upon their own terms—either the termination of the war or the exchange of the President for all Southern prisoners held by the North.

It is known that in the spring of 1865 the group of conspirators included—besides John Wilkes Booth—John Surratt and his mother, Sam Arnold, Michael O'Laughlin, George Atzerodt, Davy Herrold, and Lewis Payne. As late as the middle of March the plan was still to kidnap the President.

But on that fateful Good Friday night of April 14, 1865, when the plan had changed to murder, all who are known to have been present at the last meeting of the conspirators in the Herndon House were—Booth, Atzerodt, and Payne. Herold may have been present but there is no proof of this; John Surratt was in Elmira, New York. Mrs. Surratt was not in Washington. None of the others implicated was proven to have been at that last meeting.

It is believed that the murder plot was directed not only at President Lincoln but at all the Cabinet members and General Grant. If so, as it would appear from the evidence, the signal was given in the absence of most of the players and the plot that had been long months in forming was launched upon the irrational impulse of a single man who struck blindly, forgetful of his planning and part of his purpose.

Booth was to murder President Lincoln, and he succeeded in his hellish purpose. Payne was assigned to assas-

sinate Secretary of State Seward, and almost succeeded. Atzerodt was ordered to kill Vice-President Johnson, and refused. The assignment of other members to dispose of other government heads was not proven. Eight members of the original abduction conspiracy were brought to trial and convicted. Davy Herrold, George Atzerodt, Lewis Payne, and Mrs. Surratt were hanged. Michael O'Laughlin and Sam Arnold received life sentences, and Edward Spangler was sentenced for six years. Doctor Mudd also was sentenced for life but was pardoned by President Johnson on February 13, 1869.

It was nearly noon that Friday before President Lincoln sent his acceptance of the box for the performance of "Our American Cousins." It was then expected that father and mother would accompany the President, and the evening newspapers contained the announcement that President and Mrs. Lincoln and General and Mrs. Grant would attend the play that evening at Ford's Theater.

When mother declined the invitation and father learned that it would be possible for him to accompany us to Burlington, Mrs. Lincoln invited in their stead Miss Harris, the daughter of Senator Ira Harris, and her fiancé, Major Rathbone.

The change of program could not have been known to the conspirators until the evening, unless the men at the adjoining table in the Willard Hotel overheard mother's positive declination.

Who were those two men, and who was the man who rode beside and peered into our carriage?

It could have been neither Arnold, McLaughlin, Doctor Mudd, Spangler, or John Surratt. The whereabouts of each was fully accounted for during that time. The movements of John Wilkes Booth between five and eight o'clock of that Friday evening have never been accounted for. Herold engaged a horse at Naylor's stable and rode away about four-fifteen. At half-past six Atzerodt also rode away and was gone until seven-fifteen. Atzerodt testified that he met Booth and Payne in the latter's room in the Herndon House at eight o'clock, and at that time Booth gave the final orders. Booth was to murder President Lincoln and General Grant; Payne should take Mr. Seward; and Atzerodt, Vice-President Johnson—which Atzerodt refused to do.

Atzerodt's testimony is plainly unreliable. But it appears that neither Booth, Payne, Herrold, or Atzerodt might have been the man who rode beside our carriage.

There is something else that has never been told. Many years later my mother received an unsigned letter in which the writer expressed his deep thankfulness that he had failed in the mission assigned to him. The anonymous writer went on to say that he had sat near us at dinner that evening in the Willard, that he had examined our carriage as we drove to the station, and that he had peered through the door of our car as the train drew out. Also, that while he was certain father had not left Washington, he would have entered the car if a brakeman had not opposed him. In the assurance that the man he sought was still in Washington he made no great effort to overcome the brakeman. And then, at the Relay House, he had fallen from the car and broken his leg.

It does not seem that any other than the man who was there could have known of these details and written that letter. It could not have been written by Booth, Herrold, Atzerodt, Payne, or O'Laughlin—for all were then dead. The movements on that evening of all the other conspirators brought to trial were fully accounted for. If the writer of that letter told the truth, he was an unsuspected conspirator. It remains one of the unsolved mysteries of that fateful night. Perhaps it is better so.

(*To be continued*)

WAVERING GOLD

Awarded a Second Prize in the Second Harper Short-Story Contest

BY EDWINA STANTON BABCOCK

AS the tall girl shuffled into the room she stopped to steady the large goldfish bowl held in her brown arms. She kept her face averted from the old figure huddled in the chair by the window, but she knew that the gray head with unkempt hair was raised, that two small black eyes regarded her coldly. Setting down the globe with its bright occupant, she started back toward the door.

"Here—leave that there door be!"

The girl faced the flabby hand waved authoritatively at her.

"Ain't you afraid of the draught?" she asked mechanically—"you'm always worryin' about it."

"You set right down there—I know you! It ain't draughts you'm thinkin' about; you want to git out and go back to where it's all goin' on."

The young face darkened. "Nothin' much is goin' on," the girl declared sullenly. "The auctioneer was there, talky and dressed up. I seen Mis' Began; she was countin' the towels in the upstairs closet. She had on that green-and-white striped dress. Mis' Harham and her girl come in. Mis' Harham wanted 'em all to pray for Dolling's sins, but the auctioneer laughed; he said she could do that after things was settled in the house. Myrtle Harham spoke to me—she's rill pritty, sort of like a Christmas doll. She had on one of them one-piece dresses, sort of lavender—lavender," continued the girl dreamily, as if the word soothed her. "Lavender goes good on them, now, light-complected people."

There was a moment's silence, the huddled old figure in the chair stared at the goldfish, whose strangely sparkling scales shot red fire through his water habitat; he passed in and out of his little shell house with the air of a leisurely sultan.

"What'd *you* git?" snarled the old voice. "'Twarn't true, was it, that Dolling left the parlor furniture to King Reddy? Did King give you that there show-fish? Is that all he had fer you?"

"That's my business," snapped the girl. "It's dinner time a'ready."

With an impatient gesture she pulled out a table covered with mottled oilcloth. She spread on it a dark tablecloth none too clean. The old woman in the corner drew forth—from a debris of bread crusts, some empty medicine bottles, and two half-decayed apples—a pair of steel-bowed spectacles with rims turned black with age; she put these on to follow the silken evasions of the goldfish.

"So he shoved you off with such trash, hey—a trick goldfish!"

The girl paused in her listless movements; she was standing in front of a cracked mirror regarding her face long and wistfully. Once she pushed back her hair from a forehead finely shaped but knotted with her frown. For a moment she seemed to try to arrange the tangled dark locks in some fashion recently seen . . . then a furtive glance over her shoulder seemed to paralyze her hands.

"You hear me?" snarled the cracked voice. "Did Dolling leave you this here

fish, or did King give it to you? Wa'n't there nothin' else, seein' I used to work to Dolling's place?"

"King give me the fish." The girl's voice was at first smothered, then something curiously sly crept into her tone as she wheedled, "Ain't it funny to think the gold on him is only artificial? They say it's the handsomest fish in the county! It sot on Dolling's grand piano in the best room fer I don't know how long. He idolized it."

But the yellow face did not soften at this statement. Mrs. Murtree kept black-eyed scrutiny on her daughter. "And so he give King Reddy everythin' in the house—is that so?" she demanded.

"That's what they say."

"The pianola? The sewin' machine? The canary bird? The standin' lamp with the parasol shade? King Reddy gets all the furniture, too?"

"That's what they say," the girl answered with pretended indifference.

"'They say,'" snapped the mother. "'They say'—well, they'll be sayin' a lot more before they get through; ef I could get down to Dolling's house—I'd 'they say' them."

There was no answer; the young woman, going to the rusty range, lifted a lid. "The fire's out," she muttered. "I better get some kindlin'." She moved toward the door; again there was the look of escape in her eye.

"Yes—and you'd be out too, if you could, and you wouldn't come back, neither—I know you, you young sliver. Now you take that chair and set down in front of me," commanded the old woman.

With a weak breaking of her full underlip, the girl slouched down on the rickety seat. "I thought you wanted dinner," was her peevish comment.

The sour black gaze fixed her; then Mrs. Murtree, leaning forward, announced pompously, "They was a pink-worsted African into the north bedchamber at Dolling's—many's the time I seen it when I was scrubbin' there. Who got that there African?"

"King—*he*, now, give that to Mis' Harham—she was tellin' him how she's been crazy over it this long time." The girl looked thoughtfully at the goldfish sailing serenely around his aqueous circle. "Look how that there globe catches the light," she exclaimed—"like church glass, kinder, the way it shines."

"What's King goin' to do with old Mis' Dolling's sewin' machine?" her persecutor continued.

"He's been and give that to the Cousin a'ready. Seems that before the fun'ral the Cousin walked up to there from North Medwin, takin' on somethin' terrible. They say the Cousin was all sewin' machine. Seems that ever sence they was girls the Cousin an' old Mis' Dolling had it all laid out that whoever died first was to give the other one her sewin' machine or, ef 'twus the *other* one, her shark-tooth bangle."

A look of merciless contempt swept the wrinkled face, fastened on the irresolute countenance of youth.

"An' the clock into the settin' room?" Again the young figure stiffened under the remorseless inventory.

"They was all after that," Sade Murtree replied, "and the Chromo of Niagara and that painted fruit piece into the dinin' room; there was strangers drove twenty miles from Cone Center to get *that*. I heard Myrtle Harham ask King for the blue pincushion in the best bedroom—the one that was trimmed with them little pink roses. They was standin' there and King had the goldfish globe in his arms; he was goin' to carry it home fer me—but she, the Harham girl—well, I heard King say, 'Certingly you kin have it.' Then Myrtle, she wanted he should wrap it up in paper fer her, and so—so I come home."

The girl brooded for a moment on these matters. She explained more gently, as one woman depending upon the understanding sympathy of another, "You know what King is. More like a gentleman, easy and free handed—can't say 'no' to anyone."

"SO YOU THINK HE'S GOIN' TO MARRY YER, HEY?" JEERED THE OLD WOMAN

There was appeal in her voice, the appeal of a young puzzled soul to the wisdom and experience of an older person, but the heavy rap of the stick interrupted her. "You goin' ter set there all day or you goin' to git dinner?"

Mrs. Murtree, a dark scowl on her face, critically surveyed the goldfish. "Yes, I know what King is—I know what King is," she muttered darkly. "My sakes, but there's things I could tell! I ain't scrubbed to Dolling's house for nothin'—and now the old fool leaves him all this furniture ter shut his mouth—and the fool goes and give it away. Yes, I know what King is—I know *who* King is."

She sat looking curiously at the thin half-bowed back of the girl in her slow awkward movement about the room. Suddenly her attention was diverted by a graceful waving motion of the goldfish's tail; the curious metal-like burnish of the slim creature held her silent for a moment; but as if reminding her daughter of shame, she snarled again.

"Look at what King could ha' saved out of that house fer him and you! Him always hollerin' about wantin' ter marry yer—yet all he had fer you was this here—play-fish (not but what it's pritty), but like as not you'll have ter spend all yer time gittin' worms fer it and seein' the globe don't git broke."

The girl slammed down on the table a tarnished leaden castor in which the cruets, smeared with their own contents, leaned drunkenly toward each other.

"Dinner's ready," she announced; then spitefully, "Them fish doesn't eat worms, that's all you know about hist'ry—" then, her young face sud-

denly reddening, "and I don't want you should speak so about King; don't you go devilin' in our business! Him and me can talk fer ourselves—we know what we want."

"So you think he's goin' to marry yer, hey?" jeered the old woman. "Well, he ain't; no more than soapsuds stays bubbles! Ask Myrtle Harham who he's goin' to marry!"

"He is too," declared the girl proudly. "We'm in no hurry—we can wait. King's sort of high-handed and peculiar." She groped in a mind unfed of holy symbols to shadow forth love, trying to express something of deep pride and confidence in this man so belittled, for what reason she knew not, by the neighbors. "King's more like a man in a magazine," she said at last, "he ain't all 'have and git'; like as not he's thinkin' how he can make fer others. He's like—now—books, and—now—strange cities." The girl drew herself up. "*You'd* have me married to Bunch Klatren, that big Swede with his red nose, just because he's got a furnishin' store and yer seen them green stair carpets unrolled in his winders."

As the two approached the dinner table Mrs. Murtree authoritatively silenced her daughter. "Now you shut up," she commanded with maternal majesty, but as she sidled into her seat with bored old country eyes she was still stealing glances at the goldfish, now austerely regarding them through the sides of his globe. He floated there, tail slightly waving, cold and haughty inquiry in the aquiline fish face.

"What's he want?" demanded Mrs. Murtree a little nervously. She cackled, "They can't hear, can they? He looks listenin'-like! Cute, ain't he?—switchin' his tail so—Well, look at that—!" The old woman suddenly raised her hands in admiring wonder. "Say, ain't that comical? Don't that beat the Jews? That animal—he gives me one look and then turns and goes back into that shell house, for all the world like a—a minister! Say, he's quiet and perticler, ain't he? I mistrust they sort of guarded him up to Dolling's; seems he's used to high-life, kinder."

Mrs. Murtree continued to regard the goldfish; knife and fork in hand, she rested her elbows on the table, chewing. "Turned yer back on me, hey?" she demanded facetiously of the fish. "Lookit! Comin' out that door again! Well, I never; he's got a mind of his own, that there fish has—see him draw his tail through! Say, he done that as nice as I could myself. Now he lays there, thinkin'."

Mrs. Murtree, forgetting the viands before her, raised a coquettish horn-nailed finger at the occult eyes steadily regarding her from the goldfish globe. "Now then," she demanded a little sheepishly of the shape of wavering gold, "What you lookin' at? See anythin' green? You think yer own the whole world, don't yer?"

With a look of dull relief the girl took her own seat at the table. She had rolled up her sleeves, her round arms showing womanly lines. Her hair, swept off her forehead, was twisted into a rough knot; through its frank dark curl crept a hint of coppery light, but her eyes were thick, sullen with negations; her figure was cowed, without buoyancy, and piteously suggestive of rough treatment in childhood days.

The two bent to the speechless eating of lonely country houses. The girl, her head on her left hand, idly poked the unsavory food into her mouth; but the old woman, still dazzled by the golden streak of life flashing through the roomy clarity of the goldfish bowl, indulged in unwonted mumblings.

"Fish," at last she remarked sentimentally. "Fishin'! There, that's what he makes me think of—long-ago times when yer Paw cut alder rods and went down to the brook in the hemlocks to that there hole where the cows drinks now." The toothless old jaw worked over its food for a moment. "That's a thing I never could eat, is

fish; give me meat and fowls and I'll thank yer; but them brook fish—as I says to your Paw, 'they'm more like ornymunts, wavin' and shinin','" she continued with ostentatious virtue. "Fish in the sea, mebbe—hither and yon and wild in their way—them I might taste, but not them, now, tame fish that shines—I couldn't pick at 'em—I'd be too precious of 'em. 'T would be like eatin' true gold—gold," said Mrs. Murtree feelingly.

Watching her mother drink black coffee in slow gulps, the girl was moodily dumb. Mrs. Murtree tore a new fragment from the loaf, asking, "King goin' ter keep on workin' for Harham's now that Dolling has went? Tek care the Harham girl don't catch him! They say she's a great man-fancier."

Again the old woman's eyes fell on the goldfish. "Say—he heard that! Seems as if he understood everythin'. Look at him now."

To her daughter's listless surprise the old woman burst into a delighted cackle; she raised her wrinkled hands, clapping them, and sent forth her voice in a coaxing challenge, "'Ere—kip—kip—kip!" Mrs. Murtree called it as in younger days she had called the chickens. "Say, what do yer suppose he eats? I could catch flies fer him. I dunno, would he take a bit of pie off me?" Excitedly she eyed the wavering gold.

The next day was Sunday. As the morning sun warmed the gray clapboards of the shabby house, King came. The tall, loose-jointed farmer, whose soft hat went up in a negligent peak, had tied a bright new four-in-hand round the collar of his flannel shirt. Though his heavy hip boots were caked and cracked with mud, his whimsical face was shaved clean and showed healthily the even sunburn.

The ragged window shade ran up sharply; an old mottled face surveying him made King jump. The man's countenance changed but he stamped with easy country assurance up on the rickety steps and pushed open the door, shoving aside an eager chicken with his boot.

Mrs. Murtree, from the close-smelling room, greeted him excitedly, "Hey, there! Shut the door quick, can't yer—you want to let in all outdoors?"

The lank man closed the door with exaggerated care; he pretended fright by covering his head with his hands, saying jocularly, "Don't shoot." Then he stood with his back against the door, surveying the disorderly room.

"Where's Sade?" King lifted his glance to the dark, narrow staircase where he had so often seen her hesitant young figure come edging down. He turned to the old woman. "What you worryin' about the air for? It's Maytime, ain't it? Why, everybody down the road is settin' out on their stoops! Malden's son has sot up his radio and the folks is lyin' in their hammicks listenin' to it. What you 'fraid of in the air, anyway?" he persisted. "Air's all the rage nowadays—it's high-toned to be in it; the way some favors air you'd think it would pay to put it up in bottles and sell it like syrup."

But the man's future mother-in-law had no repartee equal to his own. She heard him with sour scrutiny. She motioned solemnly to where the goldfish lay seemingly inert in his globe. "Ssssh," peering from her chair. "Ssssh—step easy and see ef he's sleepin'—he's been awful nervous this morning."

Then she remarked as one bound to declare ignorance of the ways of wavering gold, "I don't know much about the care of these here fancy fish. I ain't been educated up to 'em, but there ain't nothin' you can't tell me about air and I know that there ain't nothin' in God's world that air won't kill. Look at how cats catches cold—" Mrs. Murtree pursued scientifically—"I've seen 'em reel pinched with bein' in the open air; and the birds would have things different if they could—but they have to stand it."

King walked over to where the goldfish sailed serenely in its lucid pool.

"Myrtie Harham's!" she jeered.

"Hey there!" King whistled to the goldfish. "Hey there, you stuck-up dude—pretend you don't know me, huh—? Hey there—Bill! Say, he knows, don't he?"

"Call him Lionel," objected the old woman. Her eyes were fixed upon the denizen of the globe as, respectfully, she spoke the name.

"Lionel, hey?" The man leaned upon the kitchen table, gravely listening as she explained.

"Seems he needed a gentleman's name. Sade, she didn't care. You know her ways—dumb when you want her to talk; talkin' when you want her dumb. So it seemed it should be me should pick out the name. I read in the papers and remembered fancy names on tombstones. So—'His name is Lionel,' I says. 'Lionel.' I says it just like that; and if that there fish didn't come around the side of the globe lookin' at me, just as wise! Sade, she didn't say nothin'."

Whereupon the tall farmer suddenly straightened. "Where's Sade?" he demanded again.

Mrs. Murtree raised her voice in raucous authority. "Sade! Sade! No, she ain't up above. Well, then it's likely she gone down to the graveyard to her Paw's piece—or sulkin' in the cedar patch, maybe—you can't never tell where she's took the notion to go. Wild as a watersnake!"

Mrs. Murtree, her eyes on the convolutions of the goldfish, added sentimentally, "But I've noticed the young is always crazy fer new sights come spring and the bogs starts a hollerin'—Say, look at him now, *he* knows, don't he?"

For a moment King Reddy stood and gazed at this old-time enemy. He had had his own difficulties with Mrs. Murtree and he knew she knew his life secret: but their knowledge they had kept from the girl; so far at least they had tacitly agreed on that. And on this spring morning he was suddenly aware that the old woman had grown softer, that an acrid hostility, a jibing bitterness, such as only the country mind can evolve, was gone; the hard old eyes, following the yellow slant of the goldfish, seemed suddenly dreamy, unaware of his presence. "Wavering Gold" had put its spell on Mrs. Murtree.

The farmer opened the sagging door and took his booted way across the yard, where were strewn rusty cans and empty bottles and where the chickens and a few colorless rags on the clothesline emphasized the listless squalor of the place. With easy nonchalance King leaped the low fence that separated the Murtree home from its field surroundings; he started to a bit of wood known popularly as "the Grove." As he approached it the man's step did not quicken any, nor his head lift, but before he entered the circle of sun-shot sweet-smelling trees he gave a short whistle.

The whistle was not answered but the lanky figure stooped and peered into an inner circle of pines to where in a lonely little shrine sat the girl. She was twisting a bit of partridge vine in her hands, her murky brown eyes wide and brooding.

"Hey there!" King spoke with lightness.

Sade lifted her face; the man stood before her in abashed worriment.

"Now, there you are! Cryin' again! Ain't you terrible? Just like you was last Sunday—Why, girl, ain't you ashamed to give in like that?"

He stood there looking down at her, appalled at this thing women did—going off into the woods to cry alone! He took out his pocketknife; he stood there helplessly gashing at the bark of a white birch.

"Sade . . ."

"Huh?" listless eyes on the ground.

"What you cryin' about? Your maw been cranky again?"

"I'm—I'm discouraged," said the girl slowly—"I dunno as I ought to cry, but I'm—discouraged."

King looked grave. That she had

reason for discouragement he knew; he tried to comfort her.

"There's a new nest in your honeysuckle over the stoop."

"That so?" heavily. "I dunno as I care—it don't make no difference to me."

King's practiced eye, however, detected that it did make a difference. He pursued his slivering of birch bark, drawing it off in long, skillful sheets which he tossed into the girl's lap, explaining facetiously, "Writing paper fer yer."

"Well, them little bird's nests is reel company once you take to noticin' 'em. The shape is pritty and surprisin', and ef it's a robin, why that blue paint on the eggs gives yer a new kind of wonderin' that yer don't have all the year round, and them little gawks of birds gappin' up fer food—well, I've forgot many a trouble rubberin' into birds' nests."

Then the man remarked nonchalantly, "Me—I'm out to get them trailin' Mayflowers this noon."

"Is that so?" indifferently.

He nodded. "First I thought I'd ask Myrtle Harham to go with me. Say,

THE GIRL SAT IN A LONELY LITTLE SHRINE

ain't she nice lookin', though?" He kept his eye on the drooping girl. "Says she can smell them Mayflowers afore they're up. 'Flower hound,' I call her. Well, that girl's smart round the house; her and her mother—what they don't bake! And as for cleanin'—why, it's somethin' terrible the way they clean!"

The inert figure on the ground stiffened slightly; a subtle smile of understanding came over the keen face of the man backing at the tree. He continued, as if talking to himself, "But some girls is reel pushin', ain't they? Get and have. That's all it means to them. . . . She was all for goin' to *your* place—*our* place—where we found all them pinkest Mayflowers. She said it was 'common property'; said she had as good a right to go there as you. But that's where I thought different." King grinned, his mouth a crooked line of appreciation.

"'I don't know as anyone has got no call to look fer 'em *there*,' I tolt her. 'That there bunk of Mayflowers,' says I (kind of tony-speakin'), 'was the discov'ry of a lady friend of mine.'"

"Yeh . . . ? You said that?" Sade looked up, a glimmer of mirth in her smoldering eyes; then the girl lifted her dark gaze directly to the man's face. "You—want to go down there to our place—now?" Her listless look was gone.

But King pared another long film from the white birch. "I ain't sure I could find my way *alone;* I'm awful timid in the woods. Of course ef I had comp'ny—" he answered facetiously.

The girl scrambled to her feet. She looked suddenly blown through as by a clean wind of humor and good sense; a new light like the wimple of a wayward brook shone in the dense eyes. Suddenly she glanced down at her untidy dress.

"Look at me," she said shamefacedly—she turned her eyes with a need of criticism to him. It was as if she, continually flouted and scorned by her mother, somehow loved to quiver under his tender severity.

King's eyes traveled from the tumbled hair to the eyes with their dead-brown heaviness. "Ah, you can't help it," said the man compassionately. This was the thing Sade had often told him and he believed it. But, curiously, his lack of criticism filled her with more shame than the sharpest taunt. Into her swift perception flashed the daintiness of Myrtle Harham.

"I can. I'd ought to have took more care of myself," she murmured.

King fell into step by her side as they wandered where the trees thickened.

"It's your maw keeps you down," explained the man gently.

Of a sudden the whole passionate nature of the girl overflowed; she stood there in the woods gazing at him, her eyes wild with rebellion.

"King! She ain't never taught me right! I never knowed it till I seen them there movies down to the Center. But I seen how I was only a country jake—not—not like nice girls." She moved blindly like a child toward the man. "Oh, don't yer leave me, King," she sobbed, piteously.

The two did not touch each other; they stood in the strange silence of the trees, sacredly conscious, inarticulate.

"They said, the day of the fun'ral," the girl choked, "and maw, she keeps a sayin' that Myrtle—"

"I won't leave you," the man returned quietly, a curious hunger playing on his lean face. "It's just *me* you want, ain't it? Now, your maw, she was jawin' me because I didn't save her Dolling's stair carpet and all—well," King made a curious gesture of disdain, "I ain't holdin' back stair carpets from them that hankers for them—I'd like ter give your maw a good stair carpet—but not—not just *that there one.*" He paused, looking at the girl narrowly. "Is it just *me* you want? Is it? Sure? This time, Lover—you got to be very sure—on 'count—well, on 'count different things. King don't—don't want to see you make no mistake."

She flung herself toward him. She

put up a wild face so clean and utter in its abandonment that the man drew a quick breath and stepped away. He leaned against a tree, looking at her, breathing hard. Then suddenly he straightened and smiled. It was something bigger than the country girl could understand: only dimly did she feel that solemn Something in his kiss.

Myrtle Harham returned complacent from a somewhat exclusive gathering of arbutus. She had been hailed by this and that ranging party of village youth, but her training forbade association with those who made so merry of a Sunday. She stood primly while the band of boys and girls passed her, each with a round tight nosegay of pink flowers. Stepping daintily along the spring highway she held her little basket of rosy bloom, meditating upon the money she could get for it by standing it in the village drug store. The Harham girl had been to visit the Murtrees; she had had her own reasons for turning in at the slack, rope-fastened gate.

On reaching home for supper she related the story of old Mrs. Murtree's infatuation with the goldfish.

"'Good evenin', Myrtie,' she says. Maw—her hair was all hangin' in her neck! 'Don't you want to set and watch my fish menagerie?' she says. 'Ain't that there globe like a whole jewelry store,' she says, 'with gold watches swimmin' and divin'? Precious Gold,' she says, so comical."

Mr. Harham, a genial farmer with an air of well-being, caught at the material significance of the allusion. "If goldfishes was gold watches, she wouldn't never have had that one—poor soul—one of them wimmen over to Dolling's fun'ral would have got it out of King long ago." The farmer laughed at his own perspicacity. He looked at his two womenfolk, neat and fastidious, reflecting their artless satisfaction in their own behavior. His keen glance rested on his daughter.

"What you wasting time on King Reddy for?" He asked it rather sharply. "I seen you speakin' to him in the store. Ain't you ashamed, with that poor Murtree girl wild over him? I should think you'd be too proud, your kind, tryin' to rob that kind. King's no prize—he ain't far-witted about wimmen—you got a right to leave him be! Anyway, he ain't—"

Mrs. Harham, with compressed lips, rose.

"Daughter," said Mrs. Harham ostentatiously, "daughter, your holy prayers await you."

She spoke as if the holy prayers were a kind of salesman holding hats in an anteroom. Sweeping a look of possessive pride over the girl's blond head, Mrs. Harham meditatively watched her leave the room. When that correct damsel had disappeared she turned to the now sobered Mr. Harham, who quailed before her less lofty look.

"Say—what call have you got to butt in?" she demanded. Her eyes were powerful and steely.

Mr. Harham hitched his chair back to its front legs; he manifested discomfort.

"I was only tellin' her," he demurred. "She's got big feelin's. She might make mistakes." The man looked honest concern. "They's some things you don't know," he stammered. "King Reddy's good-natured and nice spoken. It ain't no fault of his'n; but—but he ain't no good for Myrt—she can do better," declared the farmer proudly. "King," he quoted, pitifully derisive—"King-of-the-Cannibal-Islands, I guess—why, that feller's—" and then the farmer said honestly and sturdily a name at which countrywomen's faces stiffened.

For answer his wife softly turned the knob of the door and peered out into the hall. Assured that her pious child was not listening, she closed it again and stood, tall and obstinate, with her back to it.

"Then you ain't heard!" she said, and there was a trace of contempt at his slowness in grasping a situation. "You

ain't knowed about the Dolling house being King's— lock, stock, and barrel—? You ain't heard the rumors about the will being made into his favor?—You ain't heard that Dolling was *King's father all the time?* That he, upon his deathbed, said so before witnesses? The mother was some furrin' woman out of England. Some says they was married secret—some says they wasn't."

Harham slowly opened his mouth, his kind, dull eyes fixed on his wife's shrewd ones. Then he stammered, "That was why King got the furniture and all—but they said—they said—"

"You—you poor dumb farmer!" Swept suddenly by fierce grandeur of ambition she leaned passionately toward him, whispering, "It's *true*. There's legal documents has proved it."

Ambition, which had been the sustaining force of Mrs. Harham's religion, now took other semblance. She gave gorgeous color to a new ritual as she enumerated:

"King's the sole legateer—everything's his'n—them farmlands, that rented mansion down into the town—a oil well the lawyers told about, the woods off to the west that we thought was private, and some rented stores down into Fairbanks County—it's all King's." She paused, a woman and a plotter, fixing him with meaning eyes, muttering vindictively, "That there sloven Sade!"

Vaguely the man caught her meaning. "But—he don't know," he protested. "He ain't never mentioned it to nobody."

"He don't know, don't he? He's playin' innercent. Why? Because he's got some looney idea of that Murtree girl takin' him fer *himself*. 'It was love of money and nice things that ruint my poor mother,' King says to me—just like that. She warn't nothin' but an ignorant girl. . . . He's tryin' to git that backwoods Moll to marry him against her maw's will and fer *love of him* and nothin' else. Ain't that a man's conceit for yer?"

Meanwhile, the little slack house where Mrs. Murtree held full sway seemed to undergo slow transformation. The thing began with the corner in which the rheumatic old invalid usually sat. Here was placed the glass bowl englobing Lionel, and here was manifested, day by day, the autocratic power of the goldfish. Lionel, it developed, wanted sun—he wanted to look out through a clean window pane. He wanted fresh flowers in a glass where he could see them through his translucent habitat. Lionel wanted much whistling and cajoling; the sight of faces peering through the globe was supposed to afford him peculiar pleasure. Wavering Gold!

Promptly at nine and at noon when the old woman had her own meals, Lionel had his repast; small bits of dried white paste were solemnly dropped to him amid loud squawks of admiration of his high-bred intelligence as to where the morsels would fall.

At last Lionel was able to insinuate by sundry cold glances of his critical fish face that, though confined in a globe, he was awake to the more extended surrounding. It was to Mrs. Murtree alone that the sedate fish communicated his disapproval of the slatternly living room; she passed the information on to her daughter.

"Lionel, he come nosing round the side of the globe when you was down street; what must he do but look where you bin and left them dirty dishes on the table—and he turns away just as dignified—seems as ef he knowed them dishes wasn't washed.

"'What you got in your brain now?' I says to him—'ain't any time the same to you, but you ain't satisfied without you see the whole house red up by nightfall?'"

Mrs. Murtree related the circumstance to her daughter; her garrulous old mind wildly impressed, she cackled over the goldfish's austere behavior.

"Much I care!" muttered the girl. She recklessly slammed the things back on the table.

"THEN YOU AIN'T HEARD!" SAID MRS. HARHAM WITH A TRACE OF CONTEMPT

In doing this she shoved the goldfish bowl backward. It slopped and spattered.

"Now look," her mother croaked. "Now lookit, you gone and got Lionel all stirred up; he's been nervous tonight anyways, and now you've made him worse."

"You and that goldfish!—I'd like to smash him on the floor."

And Sade stood there, one turbulent protest of enraged youth. The girl was a marvel of rebellion. Something defiant and vital burned in her—her white teeth set vengefully on her red lip, her body a fine co-ordination of resistance; and she steadied the bowl in her brown embrace like some dark-browed Angel of Wrath holding the solemn sphere of dim creation. But ah, this was an uncertain angel that soon began to tremble, who only helplessly flared until the wild tears came. Sade stood there raging until the water in the goldfish bowl shook; it slopped over her dingy dress.

"Maw—I—I want you should leave me marry King Reddy. Now—now!" the girl suddenly screamed. But she could only repeat this wildly. She had no explanation. The burst of appeal over, she was the same pathetic creature who had gone to cry alone in the woods, only now her eyes were frightened; there was a note in her voice like that of a bird in the clutches of a hawk. Looking ahead with the desperate prescience of youth she could see the neat, calm person of Myrtle Harham like some deadly influence that could win away from her the one dear thing of her starved life.

"Maw—Mis' Harham wants King fer *Myrtle*. She told me so—I—I—thought she was jokin', and King he only laughed—but there's a change come. I heard folks talkin' into the store; I can't make it all out, but, O maw, *leave me marry him*—we could get along; King has got work."

The girl stood, a bit of agonized womanhood, before this parent who

still controlled her. Suddenly and with a curious apathy she put the goldfish globe back on its littered table, the old woman watching narrowly the emotional condition of her treasure.

"King ain't nothin' to marry. He's a ne'er-do-well. I need you round the house. You can marry the Swede, that'll git you ahead in the world. . . . Now, you touch that there goldfish again—and I'll—I'll—" the mottled fingers seemed to itch for violence, but suddenly Mrs. Murtree bethought her of another way. The withered old face fixed the girl with an inscrutable expression as the sneering mouth remarked, "Marry King—hey?—King *what?* Ef you knowed what I know you wouldn't wipe your feet on him!"

The girl quivered. "You'm always sayin' that—what do yer know? Do yer suppose I care? I—" she swallowed pitifully, "I know King is good—good, do you hear? He's been like a sort of teacher to me, and, God knows, I ain't never had one—but Myrtle wants him and she'll get 'm, I tell you." The dark face broke pitifully under her despair. . . . "He was talkin' to her down street only this mornin'; she was in a pink dress, she had on a white hat with pink roses—and O mama, O *mama*, King didn't see me—he didn't *see* me!"

The girl, with an abandon as beautiful as it was abased, flung herself writhing on the dingy floor.

The mottled old invalid in the corner was silent, sure of her power. For a long time she looked callously upon the shaking, slender figure. At last she spoke in acute summing up:

"King didn't see yer, hey? Well, I could've told yer he wouldn't—Now maybe ye'll believe what I said was true—he ain't cared fer yer this long time; he was only foolin'—" Then, rising like a furious old Sibyl and leaning on her stick, Mrs. Murtree demanded, "Cared fer yer—hey? Then why didn't he give yer the sewin' machine? Cared fer yer? Why hain't he give yer the pincushion? Cared fer yer? —How about that there stair carpet? Why, he's only—" And then Mrs. Murtree said the word that countrywomen's faces stiffened at.

"One goldfish in a globe!" With biting sarcasm the old voice rasped out, "One goldfish in a globe, and with that he throws yer over and takes up with a new girl. I s'pose he's had all he wanted out of yer." The sour black eyes looked with harsh curiosity upon the shrinking form. . . . "So, you ain't good enough fer him, hey?" went on the sneering chant. . . . "One goldfish in a globe, and with that he throws yer over. Where's the sewin' machine? Where's the African? Where's the—?"

Mrs. Murtree would once more have enumerated the desired gifts from Dolling's house, but the girl stopped her. She suddenly rose from the floor like one gone frenzied; she descended upon her mother menacingly. Her fist was clenched, she bent a brow of fury upon the mumbling old figure.

"Ah!" she said, her lips shaking—"ah, I can't stand it, I tell you, I can't stand it. Why—I—I don't care what I do!"

Sade Murtree looked furiously about her once more—the shining globe arrested her eye; she was rigid, white with passion. "All right, then," she muttered recklessly—"if you don't care for it—why, this is all I think of what he give me. I don't need no Lionels!"

The goldfish globe, like a terrible symbol of frustration, was held high and dashed shiveringly on the floor. Two ignorant countrywomen confronted each other in all the trembling horror of their helpless rage.

"Wavering Gold!" The fish, in its slippery terror, flopped in bruised agony on the floor.

The girl, like an enraged animal, burst open the door and shot out into the silver night; the old woman, in shudderings of pathetic age, began to creep about among bits of glass and a welter of water to rescue that one bit of life

and color that flopped in a fish panic over the dirty floor.

"Lionel—oh, ain't she awful? Ain't she awful? Lionel—Lionel, are ye dead? Wait till I strike a light—Hon—No, that there ain't the matches. Where did I leave 'em lay? Lionel, are ye alive? (Oh, I dunno how much a goldfish can stand.) Are ye frightened, Hon? There, that's the best I can do for ye. Oh my sakes! I could have her in the lockup fer this! There, Lionel, pretty, now I got yer. . . Don't be afraid, Lionel. There—there—!"

At last the moon, shining through the little kitchen window, saw the gasping Lionel safe in a large yellow mixing bowl filled with water slightly tepid to relax his shattered nerves, and set close to the old woman slumped down in her chair, sighing and groaning.

The colloquy that took place at the Harham barn where King lived was brief and human. The man, wakened from a deep slumber by steps running down the road, looked out upon the moon-washed night. Only once, where a form stood swaying, had he heard a familiar whistle. If that whistle should penetrate to the smug bedrooms of the Harhams! King, flinging on clothes, thought of this.

"Sade," as he stole quickly down the creaking steps of the carriage house, "Sade, for God's sake, stop that whis-

SHE LEANED ON HER STICK LIKE A FURIOUS OLD SIBYL

tling! Are yer gone clean crazy? My God, girl, what's the matter?"

The bright moonlight showed him her slight form hatless, her hair streaming. In the eerie light she was a Bacchante maddened and impassioned.

"Sade?" questioned the man once again. This time there was that in his low voice that had always controlled her. King looked hesitatingly over to the Harham farmhouse where all night long a light burned in Mrs. Harham's virtuous window. He imagined that face, cold and dominant, rising suddenly from its pillow; he dreaded even now seeing it peer forth from the window. All the watchful meanness of the man's country environment warned him of Sade's danger, of more misery and loneliness for his girl.

He spoke sternly to the now shivering figure. "Sade," the man whispered quickly, "ain't you crazy to come here this time of night? Don't you never dare do this again."

He thrust an arm under hers and commenced leading her away. Once more he spoke reproachfully to the now shivering figure.

"This time o' night—them Harham wimmen's tongues—don't you never dare to do this here again."

She whimpered and buried her face in his breast; he tried to lift it, to bend it back, speaking in his whisper, "Ah, Sade, you'm cryin'!" It was as if he had never before seen the poor child cry. "Here, come to King—why, King won't leave 'em plague yer—!" The man cast his face up to the sky—"*Guy darn 'em all!*" he prayed devoutly.

But this time the crying was so convulsive and frenzied that the lover was nonplussed.

"What's she been sayin' ter yer now?" King demanded fiercely. "Say, I'd give her a little sass back once in so often. Why, Sade, it's only religious to stand up fer yerself and give the rest of the world rats."

"The goldfish—I—slung it on the floor!"

He found he could not turn her homeward, though as he talked he was gently trying to lead her there.

He paused, looking at her; something had happened that was worse than anything that had happened before. He had never seen her like this—like an enraged animal bent on self-destruction, like someone running to fling herself on the Dark!

In the moonlight he scanned her, saying suddenly, "Let's go back up to my place—it's warm there and you'm shiverin'—we could—we could . . ." but when she started to go her piteous willingness showed him instantly that this must not be. The moonlight on those desperate eyes illuminated his responsibility. "No, that won't do," he decided abruptly.

"Now, Sade, what's King goin' to do? You ain't acted sensible, Dolly. . . . Now, now," soothingly—"shut up. I ain't scoldin' but you'm frantic. I'm 'fraid fer you. Now, Sade—you got ter mind. I'm goin' to take yer right back home and spend the night on the lounge to yer house. Ef she jaws, I'll jaw back—and you can jaw too, hey? Does that suit?"

But even as he pleaded the man was firmly turning her bewrayed steps homeward. King knew his country standards. It was long after midnight, almost three o'clock, yet a belated farmer's automobile with its cruel searchlights might this moment be picking them out on the illumined road.

Up the silver way they drifted; the man with an effort kept his arm away from the girl's bowed form. However, when they paused in a shadow made by a giant sycamore he suddenly grasped her, and she clung to him. He felt her young body leap.

"I smashed it—I smashed the globe," she sobbed. "Lionel, he's out on the floor flappin'; but she plagued me about you—she, she said things—and you wasn't there, and I didn't know—there wasn't nothin' else ter smash," continued the girl desperately.

"SADE'S COME BACK, MIS' MURTREE. WE'M GOIN' TER GIT MARRIED TO-DAY."

"Nothin' else ter smash?" The tall man chuckled. Safe in the shadow, King rocked her in his arms. "Nothin' else ter smash, hey?" He grinned up at the few faint stars. "Hadn't nothin' else ter smash so yer had to spoil King's present—the *only thing he ever give yer*—" he waited, meaningly. "You hain't really done that, Sade, smashed the goldfish and all? You little terror! Say, I bet she wanted ter skin yer!"

He crooned over her. "Cry all yer want ter," he said tenderly. "She ain't got no right to act so—well, you'm King's wife—or will be termorrow, and then what?"

The girl's face awed in the moonlight, turned on his breast to look up into his own.

"Married?" she breathed. It was easy to see what the thing meant to her. . . . "Married—*us?*"

A look of whimsicality stole over his features.

"You'm reel proud to marry me, ain't yer? Why, you'd go straight off with

old King without nothin'—you dare? O Sade, you dare ter take a poor old tramp like King?"

She gasped so happily, clinging to him, that what he had to do grew harder, well-nigh impossible.

"O King, you didn't speak ter me—this morning, and I thought she, Myrtle, was—" she buried her face on his arm. "She looked so nice; I was a-comin' along and I had the dinner basket and it was heavy, but you didn't see me—Myrtle—she looked so—so awful pritty."

King shook her very slightly. "Say, are you growed up," he asked scornfully, "or are yer a little girl that's afraid of bears? Myrt Harham—well, she's smart—she had it all laid out, I bet yer, her and her mother; they was askin' me would I take her for housekeeper, now that I—"

Suddenly something peculiar came into the man's face; he lifted the girl's clinging arms and stood her away from him saying gravely, "Now, Sade, we can get married at sun-up this mornin'; the not'ry gets to his office at nine and then you and me will belong to each other without nothin' else in the world—nothin' but my job up to Harhams."

Absorbed and happy, the girl was oblivious of his scrutiny of her. Out of her untutored experience she began to plan. "I could take in washin'," she declared soberly. "Maw ain't never learned me to do nothin'; but come summer, I could raise flowers and sell 'em. I could raise them strict-eggs like Myrt Harham does," she finished with growing spirit.

The thing King looked for, the thing he sought hungrily in her voice and eyes was there. She was ignorant of his new possessions, ignorant of the tragic thing that entitled him to these possessions.

For a moment the man hesitated, looking far ahead of him to the rim of the eastern horizon where the faint orange color of dawn began to burn the sky.

"You see that light where the sun's comin'? Well, I've heard it said that no man will tell a lie when the sun's comin' up, though they'll tell plenty as it's goin' down. Cur'ous, ain't it? Now," said the man slowly, "that there sun-up is our Weddin' Day, and I'm goin' ter tell the truth."

He dropped the two cold, thin hands. An expression of curious agony stole over his face as he stared on at the dawn, saying resolutely, "Put yer mind on this, Dolly, and think hard about it, like yer catechism. Sade, lovey, King ain't—nobody—King ain't never belonged to nobody—!"

He saw the girl's figure blurred in the dawn against the gray of the stone wall; his own eyes blurred as he dropped his head like a stalwart boy, bravely confessing the piteous thing. . . . King stopped and bit his lips, trying to face this untutored girl, as he muttered, "My mother was . . . well, Dolling was the man who didn't marry her; he leaved her die—nobody knows where—how!"

He shivered. The advancing dawn showed him something startled in the girl. Inwardly cursed, he saw how the hand that had tortured his mother now laid its shadow on his wife-to-be. But in the dawn he looked with solemn bravery upon her.

"*But we ain't that,*" he said. "You and I are *us*, and we'm clear of it. That's why the farm and all come to me," he finished gravely. "You didn't know all that? Well, there's time enough, but that's why I give away all that household truck. I couldn't a-bear it; it shamed my mother and it shamed me. I can git you more—do you care?" the man asked wistfully.

In their wonder at the strange things life did, they stood hesitating. The grand color in the east broadened, a pure light crept up the fields of dawn. King, in the early spring daybreak, saw fresh cloverheads beaded with misty dew. He strode across the stone wall, picked one of them—handed it, cold and pure in its rose color, to the girl. "It's our engagement," the man said with a

curious dignity. "We was engaged anyhow, but to-night when you come to me—like that, and I scolded yer, why I see I was yer husband before God and man."

She nodded happily, dumb with his mastery of affairs.

"*You wanted me when you thought I didn't have nothin'?*" It was his one thought; he adored her for it.

The girl nodded, her young lips curved ready for happiness.

"Then," said King, eyes shining, "we'm engaged and the Harhams can talk till they'm black in the face. Now we'll go up ter your house; we'll bang on the door and, well—your maw—she can come to the weddin' ef she wants to, goldfish and all! And ef she jaws, you'll jaw and I'll jaw, too, see?"

There was such new genius in the assurance he now wore that when at sunrise they stepped upon Mrs. Murtree's doorsill and her angry head darted from the upper-story window, even Sade did not flinch.

"Don't yer dare set foot here," rasped the familiar voice. "King Reddy, I know you—and you, girl—. Don't yer come in here for no more fish murder, you Cains and Abels!"

But the respectful son-in-law-to-be knew well how to employ the oil of sympathy.

"Sade's come back, Mis' Murtree... She was took a little nervious, I expect—but I been talkin' to her and she's reel miszable—so now we'm goin' ter git married to-day. I thought I'd hitch up and take ye both along and we can give her fits—What say? What say we make a sort of cruise of it?" he repeated.

Those blue eyes, full of a square dignity Mrs. Murtree could not mistake, impressed her. She was aware also of a new pride in her daughter, who did not release her hold of her lover's arm. This to the old gray head above spelled correct things. Moreover, things there were of whose worldly import Mrs. Murtree had not yet time to take in, but of which she would gladly know more. Wavering Gold had changed her.

"Sade ain't got no clothes to be married in," she replied tartly. "I ain't fit to go nowheres. Lionel—he's actin' funny this mornin'. . . ." At the thought of Lionel the wrinkled old face quivered. . . . "I'm all broke up with nursing him," she despaired. "He needs young life."

Then King Reddy proved that unwitnessed strain of blood within him. His manner was solicitous and gentle; the girl, watching him, felt suddenly remorseful for her own roughness but it was his teasing that saved the day, for he smiled openly at Mrs. Murtree. "Lionel's all right," he declared—"them goldfishes is made on wires; but I know high-toned folks, like you and Sade, is always needin' more clothes." He appeared to reflect a moment. "Of course I don't say you won't see sumpin' in the stores you might take a notion to. . . ." The man gave a curious laugh as he added, "Wimmen's taste runs into them things. Now, me, I ain't got no clothes fit to be Sade's husband. . . . What say we all git what's goin' and I'll—well, maybe I can manage to pay fer it."

It was King's first swagger. He looked shrewdly up at his old-time antagonist; he dared her. Something passed between them of recognition and understanding.

Then the old woman disappeared.

"She's gone to tell Lionel," said King. He winked and slapped his leg.

"Lionel!" Sade threw back her head and laughed.

Then they stood before each other, walking little steps away, then back to each other.

"And now you kiss me," instructed King.

Mrs. Murtree, in her excitement, left them to look at her pet. "As long as *you* ain't mad," she crooned. "As long as *you* ain't dissatisfied, Lionel."

SHALL WE PRAY?

BY LOUISE COLLIER WILLCOX

THE man I was talking to was in the prime of life. He might have been just a year or two either side of forty. He was apparently strong and able and the head of a large and influential business. On the credit side of life he still had youth and health, and had already attained success, and he said, "I don't mean I am brave or courageous. I just mean that life signifies so little to me that I don't care whether I live another hour or not. The game isn't worth the candle." It struck home so deeply that I could not answer, and when I thought about it afterward I asked myself over and over "What is it?" "Why is it?"—this strange life-weariness, this apathy and indifference to what ought to be always a vital and exuberant adventure. It is a disease that beset decadent Rome and that besets innumerable men and women to-day. In Rome they attributed the disease to too much luxury; to the breaking-up of the old religions and the swift change in conditions. Men caught the poignant sorrow of the old singer:

> But for me their new device is barren,
> the days are bare,
> Things long past over suffice, and
> men forgotten that were.

But this was not an adequate reply. Finally the answer came to me. Life, just as we see it from day to day, just this rush of petty detail, this whirl of apparently meaningless work, is not worth while. That man who did not care whether he lived or died was quite right. To get up in the morning and face the sun or rain, to go about one's drab and disappointing business, to fulfil the dull duties of the day is not worth while. And yet—and yet there are so many people poor, ill, unsuccessful, often like the great Prototype "despised and rejected," who love life and live it eagerly and buoyantly. What makes the difference?

"Do you believe in prayer?" the successful young banker asked his old, worn, ill mother.

"Oh, yes."

"Why?"

"Because, first place, my prayers react upon me. When I have submitted a problem to prayer I gain a new power of dealing with it."

"That, of course, is just like any problem you concentrate on: you think it out and think of something more to do about it. But of course you don't think *anyone* hears the prayer?"

"Yes, I do. I think the whole universe hears it. I think not a pebble drops into a pond but the stars tremble."

That was the answer. The matter of life being worth while is just a matter of shortsightedness or farsightedness. In the vast sea of space and time we miss results. We forget to watch and see how thought of any kind makes its mark upon matter. The pebble drops, the circles enlarge, the depths of the ocean are moved—infinitesimally little, perhaps without a microscope we cannot follow—but yet truly the universe is not quite the same as if the pebble had lain still. One's prayer, the momentary aspiration, the devout desire to do the best one can with the fleeting moment leaves just a tiny dent on the great, inert mass of matter.

We have lost through too much rational education the sense of a personal God—listening, loving, grieving, help-

ing. We realize how little our finite minds can compass the thought of a universal Being; we try to prove our intelligence by avoiding an anthropomorphic idea of such a being. And yet the universe is there, chaotic at times, but plastic, waiting to be molded; matter is spread out subject to thought, to aspiration, to pleading. Each prayer draws lines in the human face, paints serenity, hope, and courage; or each prayer unsaid draws lines of apathy, hopelessness, and faint-heartedness. There is not such a great difference after all in the intelligences that speak of God as "Our Father in Heaven" and those that speak of "the power not ourselves."

Doubtless no one holds a very adequate idea of what the word "God" means, from the child who thinks of a kind old gentleman with a long white beard sitting on a cloud to Matthew Arnold who coined the phrase "A Power not ourselves which makes for righteousness." The mental process is more advanced in the one case than the other. But the heart that comes nearest to knowing this power is the one that feels most deeply the universal response, that leans on it most securely, that believes most in those things it cannot see. Such a heart, such an intuition throws out its line far beyond itself and the personal vision, knowing that every effort ultimately reaps reward; not to-day or to-morrow; not here or in the next room necessarily; but somewhere in the universe every cause has its effect. Every single mistaken thought sows a whirlwind somewhere; every fine intuition, every true bit of insight calms the storm.

There are people who are born into the world knowing all this without reasoning or teaching, or perhaps without even working out the problem in words. But they know it, and because they *feel* it they walk through life making happiness, faith, security, peace wherever they go. People say they have tact, because they do not offend or hurt as they move. But no; it is just the innate gift of loving and believing, and wherever a man loves and believes *life is worth while.*

To a certain author a man said, "I have just read your book and I know now why you said your life had been happy. It is because you did not want diamonds and yachts and you limited your desires."

"Not a bit of it," said the author. "It is true I did not want diamonds and yachts. But I most feverishly wanted a motor car, a grand piano, and a place in the country, and I never had them. It is all because somewhere underneath, where I often had to search for it, I knew that it did not in the least matter what I had or did not have. It only mattered what I thought or did not think; what I strove for or resigned; what I believed or did not believe; how I smiled or failed to smile. I knew perfectly well that a rag-picker had just as good a chance for happiness as I, and that my chance was as good as any millionaire's. Happiness no more resides in *things* than piety does. A man is not pious necessarily because he goes to church and obeys conventions—except in just so far as going to church moves his mind from the material to the spiritual plane. If it does that it helps him to be pious. Piety is a condition of the spirit; so is happiness; so is faith."

There are people in the world who are born Christians; people who have in some degree the sense Christ spoke of when He said, "I and my Father are one." They are concerned first and foremost not with a temporary self to be made comfortable or successful or happy: they are concerned with the fact that every single smile, gesture, thought, aspiration makes a difference in the ultimate welfare of the world. They know, as we hope God knows and forgives, that all human beings are fragmentary and fallible; good here and bad there; unselfish and selfish; kind and cruel; to be forgiven and helped and loved and believed in as only an immortal mind can compass it. Yet in their human way they do a good deal of it.

They are capable of being more selfless than most, and as they emerge from the shadow of self and temporary desire they lift their whole surroundings with them up to a sunnier plane.

I knew a man once (I count it as one of the most beautiful gifts this world has offered me) who lived with the great and almost lifelong infirmity of deafness. I never heard him mention it but once when he said, "A deaf man has to keep on very good terms with himself because he is thrown so much on his own society." But he never left an encouraging word unsaid or a possible kindness undone. It was a strange and interesting experience to meet the people who knew him. If you went to the great building where he worked and handed your card to the bell boy and gave his name, a smile came over that boy's face. However bored and sullen before, he was glad to get that card, to go up to that particular office, and finally to usher you into that presence. You might have supposed that a man with such an affliction would have been socially undesirable. But it was not so. He was in constant demand for dinner parties, card parties, receptions. He not only never said the wrong thing but he always said the right one. People loved him and wherever his name was mentioned people felt warmed and cheered; the very expressions of their faces took on a kind of courageous beauty. In the quarter of a century I knew him I never heard of anyone who questioned his beauty of character—matched by an almost equal beauty of face—or anyone who envied him or wanted to belittle him.

Somewhere M. Maeterlinck says that true wisdom always controls destiny, and that wherever a tragedy is about to touch its crisis, if Christ or Socrates were to come upon the stage the tragedy would at any rate lose all sordidness and hopelessness. Could anyone feel tragedy in the great death scene of Socrates, as to the last instant he cheered his friends, even jesting with the one who weeping asked, "How shall we bury you?" "Oh, any way you like. Only be sure," and how his eyes must have twinkled, "that you catch me so that you *can* bury me."

Could Socrates believe for a moment that the wisdom, the cheer, the unassuageable thirst for truth which was Socrates could be put away under the earth and become no more than a clod above a coffin? Was there any sordid tragedy when Christ looked down upon His persecutors and said, "Father, forgive them; they know not what they do." Nothing there but is food for immortal desires and eternal thought. Tragedy lies in slight, perishable things; in the short vision, the faint heart, the circumscribed thought. Wherever the sun of the Eternal shines the vision grows longer, the heart is strengthened, the life broadens out.

Have you failed? Have all your efforts seemed in vain? It does not matter. Another may succeed because you made the effort, and if you are not self-enclosed that is just as joyous a matter as if you had succeeded yourself.

And so because we are uncertain what God is like, and we no more feel sure that Heaven is a city in the sky, and because there are so many more stars and worlds and solar systems than we once dreamed of—shall we cease to pray? Rather shall it be without ceasing that we throw the daily life out into the infinite; not asking any immediate answers to our little desires; just knowing that if we desire, the answer is there, unrealized perhaps, but as necessarily existent in the universe as the circle the pebble makes in the pond. That is near and we see the first results, but the law of cause and effect goes on beyond our sight and it is as invariable in the unseen world as in the seen. He who lives the doctrine knows it and the surest proof we ever have of it is to see someone who so lives, if we are too feeble to do it ourselves. Seeing it once, we know it for ever.

Believe in prayer? It is the door into the life of the spirit which transcends

the life of the body and the life of the mind. It may not be tied to a form or a posture. It may not be even an ejaculation. It may be no more than an habitual lifting of the casual thought and flinging it out beyond the bound of one's petty human vision, knowing that if it is worth while it will go on.

There is a tale of a good old woman who horrified her neighbors by refusing to go to church or prayer meeting. When they came to argue with her they said, "But do you pray regularly? When do you pray?" And she said, "When I wake in the morning and see the sunlight, I pray that the sun of true charity may shine in my heart; and when I wash myself I pray that I may some day wash in the living waters of innocency and refreshment; and when I kindle my fire I pray that the fire of love and charity may burn in me; and when I eat I pray that I may be eating and drinking the Life everlasting."

So, one way or another, we are all of us putting our little stitches into the weave of the great garment of living; and the beauty of life itself depends upon the fidelity, the joy, the faith with which each one works on his own little square.

But surely there is no world-weariness when we know that life, and all that goes to make up life, is eternal and that the widening circles of each deed and thought go on forever. No arrow is shot but hits somewhere; no song is sung but echoes on in someone's heart; no pebble falls but the stars tremble.

ROMANCE

VIRGINIA WATSON

MY eyes were dazzled by the sunset glow
Wherewith Romance flooded the western sky:
I saw in Roncesvalles young Roland die,
And Guinevere, through cloisters pacing slow,
Waste on insentient stones her splendid woe;
Saw too Tristan to Iseult's signal fly,
And Arthur in his barge glide slowly by
While the gray waters round far Avalon flow.

Then Arthur's barge changed to a rented boat
On a park lake in which two young clerks dreamed,
Hand in warm hand; the motors' loud horns seemed
The clarions of their love, her shabby coat
A magic mantle, and the worn lake strand
The faery, perilous verge of Brocelande.

THE COMING ECLIPSE

And Some Others, on This and Other Planets

BY HARLOW SHAPLEY

To millions of Americans the solar eclipse of January 24th—if the weather is clear—will be the most spectacular astronomical event of a lifetime and one of the most striking natural phenomena of any sort in years. Anticipating it, we have asked the Director of the Harvard College Observatory to contribute some timely notes about this and other eclipses, their nature and their scientific importance.—*Editor's Note.*

WHEN ten million sleepy people, more or less, look anxiously out of their ten million windows in the early morning hours of January 24th, 1925, to see the prospect for fair weather, they may console themselves—if clouds on that day of the much-heralded total eclipse of the Sun make consolation necessary—with the thought that dozens of more glorious suns undergo eclipses every day and every night. They have done so for millions of years in the past and will continue indefinitely in the future. Throughout stellar space total eclipses are so common that astronomers have recognized and catalogued an extensive class of double stars called eclipsing binaries.

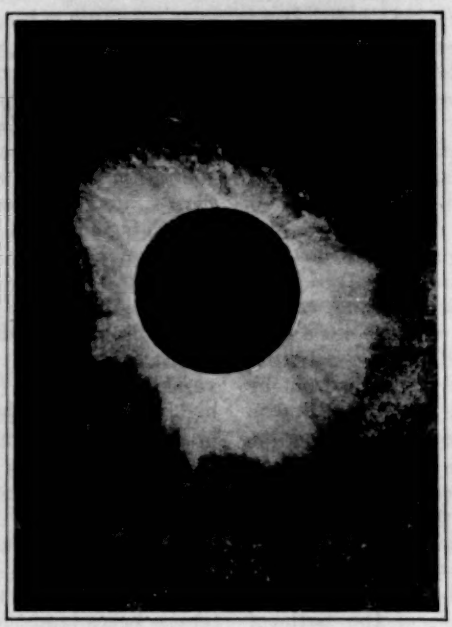
Celestial eclipses, moreover, are not confined to our Sun and the other stars. There are, for instance, eclipses of the smaller bodies in the solar system. The Moon is occulted two or three times a year through the intervention of the Earth in the stream of light pouring moonward from the Sun. Frequent and interesting eclipses occur on other planets of the solar system. And out in space there are unpredictable obscurations of a peculiar kind arising from the motions of large nebulous clouds of dust and gases.

A widely spread phenomenon, therefore, is the celestial eclipse. Its study has been found important in many of the deeper and more difficult problems of science. Our first knowledge of the velocity of light came as the result of observations of eclipses of Jupiter's satellites. Recent advances in the theory of the nature of stars followed the study of stellar eclipses. Fundamental problems of evolution in the inorganic world are intimately touched upon through investigating these unearthly affairs. And the most spectacular and convincing test of the theory of relativity was made during the few hurried minutes of recent total eclipses of the Sun.

In the following pages attention will be directed to those little-known eclipses that occur far out among the other planets of the solar system. But before we examine the phenomenon elsewhere, let us consider an eclipse of immediate terrestrial interest.

One of the most striking demonstrations of the power of mathematics, and one of the best illustrations that law rather than caprice rules the material world, is the prediction of an eclipse of the Sun or Moon. Even the most casual layman is impressed, if he stops to think at all, with the accuracy with which the astronomer can map out, years in advance, the narrow path

on the Earth's surface where the shadow of a total eclipse will pass. The two bodies involved in throwing the shadow on the Earth—that is, the Sun and Moon—are at distances of approximately 93,000,000 miles and 240,000 miles from the Earth. The shadow cast by the Moon falls on an Earth that is whirling rapidly and moving in a complicated path through space. The Moon itself is moving around both Sun and Earth in an orbit of profoundest complexity. Yet, at a distance of many years, the mathematical astronomer, using his intricate formulæ and his tables of the positions of Sun and Moon relative to the Earth, is able to say that in New York City on January 24, 1925, at a little before eleven minutes after nine o'clock in the morning, the Bronx will see a total eclipse but the Battery will not. The south end of Central Park will be outside the limits of the shadow and a thin crescent of the Sun will there be still visible, but near the north end of the Park the obscuration will probably be complete, and the marvellous corona—the pearly outer atmosphere of the Sun—will for a moment flash into visibility.



THE CORONA SEEN IN A RECENT ECLIPSE

From Howard Russell Butler's painting of the total eclipse of June 8, 1918, made at Baker, Oregon, copyrighted by him, and reproduced here by permission of the American Museum of Natural History, New York City.

One of the uncertainties that interfere with a more exact delimitation of the edge of the shadow path lies in our ignorance of the topography of the Moon. We do not yet know sufficiently the mountainous contours along the lunar edge. There remains, for this reason and others, a possible error of about a mile in assigning the position of the shadow's edge, and an uncertainty of two or three seconds in the times of the beginning and ending of the eclipse.

It is estimated that the coming total eclipse will be observed, if the weather is clear, by more persons than have ever before witnessed such an event. The path of the shadow of totality, which increases in width from eighty to about a hundred miles, will start at sunrise on the Canadian border of Minnesota. Traveling at the rate of about sixty miles a minute, the shadow proceeds southeastward across the Great Lakes region and in the states of New York, New Jersey, and Connecticut passes over densely populated districts, including many cities and large towns. It obscures Duluth, Toronto, Buffalo, the northern part of New York City, Hartford, New London, and Newport. It then goes out to sea, crosses the Atlantic along the steamer lanes, and ends north of Scotland near the Faroe Islands just as the Sun is setting. This eclipse will be partial over the whole of the eastern United States and Canada and almost total in many cities—in Milwaukee, Detroit, Cleveland, Pittsburgh, Philadelphia, Boston, and Providence. But the difference between a

partial eclipse and a total eclipse is the difference between day and night, the difference between a common event and a never-to-be-forgotten spectacle. Partial eclipses are almost annual occurences in any part of the Earth, but a total eclipse at a given place is an opportunity of a century.

Not one person in a thousand, the country over, has seen successfully a total solar eclipse, but that proportion will have to be changed to one in ten or twenty if the morning of January twenty-fourth is clear. If it is cloudy, however, we can, as suggested before, contemplate stellar eclipses philosophically, or be satisfied with lunar or partial solar eclipses, or wait seven and one-half years until, in the summer of 1932 (the last day of August), the tail end of a total eclipse sweeps down at sunset from the Canadian Arctic and, crossing eastern Canada and eastern New England, goes into the sea a little outside of Cape Cod. Closer details of that eclipse are not yet worked out by the government computers at the Bureau of the Nautical Almanac in Washington.

From the astronomer's point of view the eclipse in January will not be favorable. In the first place, the Sun will be too near the southeastern horizon for most satisfactory observing conditions.

In the second place, the path of totality crosses a region of uncertain weather. Chances of a clear sky are far below fifty per cent. The insurance rates will be high. Expensive preparations for observations cannot wisely be undertaken. Probably the best chance for success, according to meteorological data, is in Connecticut or the eastern part of Long Island, or, still better, in an airplane at a high altitude above all possible clouds.

A third unfavorable aspect of the coming eclipse is the brevity of totality —only 117 seconds, for instance, where the center of the path crosses the lower Hudson River.

Several permanent astronomical observatories are located along the path of total eclipse. Usually the investigator must go to the far ends of the Earth, with long and elaborate preparations, but for once the eclipse comes to the astronomer. The telescopes at Toronto, Cornell, Vassar, Yale, and Wesleyan, and on Nantucket Island, as well as the instruments of amateurs and of visiting astronomers, will make the most of the two minutes of totality—if the weather is propitious.

Total eclipses of the Sun seem to have an affinity for inaccessible places, but that impression arises from forgetting how little of the Earth's surface is as yet comfortably accessible. The next four total eclipses will, in order, pass across Sumatra, Scandinavia, Malacca, and Patagonia; and some of them will be astronomically attractive—favorable in climatic prospects, altitude of the Sun, and duration of totality.

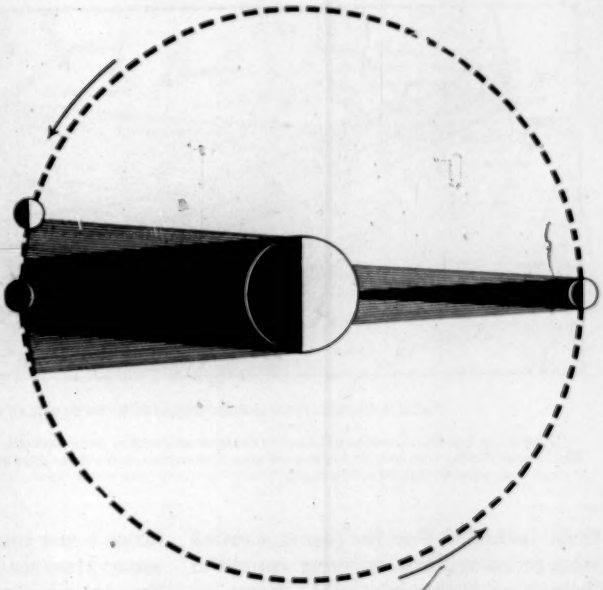
The problems studied by the astronomer at the time of a total eclipse are of a varied nature and for the most part highly technical. The form, extent, and brightness of the corona are so important and so easily investigated that amateurs can readily assist by making photographs. The coronal streamers are related to sunspots and to other magnetic effects on Sun and Earth. Since the corona is visible only during total eclipses (and these phenomena are so rare), science has as yet acquired little information concerning this outermost atmosphere of the Sun.

Other possible investigations include the determination of the wave-length of the light emitted by the corona, and the chemical structure of the hot and gaseous atmosphere of the Sun, which can best be analyzed as the Moon gradually conceals the solar disk.

During totality the stars in the immediate vicinity of the Sun become visible and are easily photographed. Accurate examinations of their positions have enabled astronomers in recent years to prove that starlight, passing near the edge of the Sun through its

strong gravitational field, is deflected from a straight and narrow path. This bending of the light-rays shows that light has weight; and still more significantly it verifies the remarkable prediction by Einstein concerning space and time, based on the general theory of relativity.

Not only are stars and planets visible during the total phase of the eclipse but there is the possibility that a totally unknown comet, so close to the Sun that it has heretofore not been seen, will be observed by some attentive investigator.



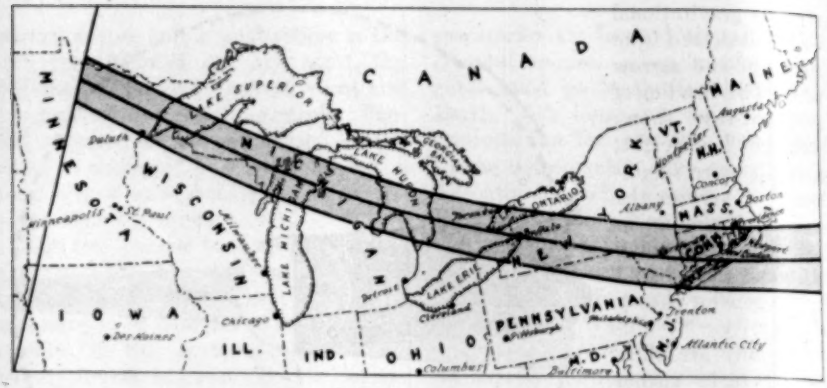
THE MECHANICS OF AN ECLIPSE

The light of the sun casts the shadow of the moon (revolving about the earth) on the sunlit surface of the earth, making a solar eclipse. The region of totality is where the black shadow impinges on the earth's surface: the shaded portion represents the region of partial eclipse. To the left is shown an eclipse of the moon.

Lunar and solar eclipses can occur only when Earth, Sun, and Moon are in the same line. This happens only at those full moons and new moons when our satellite is not too far "above" or "below" the plane of the Earth's orbit. If the plane in which the Moon's path lies were coincident with the plane that contains the orbit of the Earth, total eclipses of the Sun would be more numerous; for then, in passing between Earth and Sun every month, the Moon would throw its shadow on the surface of the Earth. Fourteen days later there would be a lunar eclipse when the Moon passed through the Earth's shadow.

Some of the satellites of some of the planets travel in orbits so highly inclined to the planetary path that solar or lunar eclipses rarely if ever occur—the shadows of planet and satellites keep clear of each other. Such conditions exist for Neptune, Uranus, and for the outer moons of Saturn and Jupiter. In contrast to this condition is the circumstance for the inner satellites of Saturn and Jupiter, and especially for the tiny moons of Mars, where the orbital planes are so nearly coincident that planet and satellites are forever obstructing one another's view of the Sun.

The Martian satellites are especially peculiar. They are close to the ruddy surface of the planet and are among the most difficult objects to observe in the whole planetary system. Only a few observers, working with the most suitable large telescopes, have ever seen Phobos, the satellite nearest to the Martian surface. The diameter of this most intimate of moons is not certainly known. Probably it is between ten and twenty miles. Deimos, the outer satellite, is similar in size but more easily observed because less involved in the blinding glare from the surface of Mars. At each revolution of these moons



PATH OF THE ECLIPSE ACROSS THE GREAT LAKES REGION

The shadow cast by the moon will begin at sunrise on January 24 in northern Minnesota and sweep eastward. The eclipse will be total only in the shaded area of the map, its northern edge crossing Toronto and Providence, its southern edge Duluth and New York.

their shadows fall on the planet, causing solar eclipses; then swinging around in their nearly circular orbits they are themselves completely hidden from the Sun—lightless and cold in the shadow of their planet.

To the hypothetical Martians, the eclipse phenomenon would be of a striking nature in consequence of the rapid motion of the near-by moons. On the Earth we measure months by the time it takes our Moon to go around the Earth, moving from west to east with respect to the stars. But our day, based on the west-to-east rotation of the Earth, is so much shorter than the month that the Moon, like the stars and Sun, appears to the observer on the Earth's surface to go from east to west. On Mars, however, the relation of day and month is quite different. There the day is about the same length as on the Earth but the months are incomparable. Phobos completes its month in seven hours and thirty-nine minutes. Therefore it revolves much faster than the planet's surface; it rises in the west, sets in the east. Three times a day—sometimes four—it throws its shadow on the planet. Though small, its distance of only 3,700 miles from the surface of Mars probably makes it appear as large as our moon appears to us. And since Mars is more distant from the Sun than we are, the solar disk is of smaller angular diameter, with the result that Phobos completely hides the Sun once during every revolution. Total solar eclipses are therefore a daily occurrence on Mars. The place would be a paradise for students of the solar corona—thin atmosphere, innumerable eclipses, and almost total cloudlessness. The shadow cast by Phobos, however, falls only along the Martian equator. In fact, the little moon itself is invisible from the higher latitudes on Mars because of the superficial curvature of the planet. These many peculiar conditions awake all sorts of fancies—which can just as well be forgotten by the sober earthbound scientist.

Deimos revolves about Mars in thirty hours and eighteen minutes, rising therefore in the east and setting in the west as proper moons should do; but it remains for nearly three days above the Martian horizon and then an equal time below. Its distance from the surface is approximately 12,000 miles and it is therefore unable to occult the Sun completely and cast a total-eclipse shadow on its planet. Only partial eclipses occur at its new-moon phase.

EASTERN CITIES IN WHICH THE ECLIPSE MAY BE SEEN

If your home lies within the shaded area you will be able to see the total eclipse on the morning of January 24. Beyond this path the eclipse will be partial. The southern edge of the path of totality will cross Central Park in New York City—the eclipse being total at the northern end of the Park, partial at the southern end.

Jupiter with his nine or more satellites is a miniature of the solar system. A great variety of distances, dimensions, and periods of revolution is found among his many moons. I have suggested an uncertainty as to their number; nine are on record—four of them found three hundred years ago as the first product of telescopic observation. The other five faint satellites were discovered during recent decades, mainly through the agency of photography. However, among the astronomers who study the problem there are some who believe that one or more faint satellites, at a great distance from the planet, remain to be discovered, measured, and tied down to an orbit. Probably one such object has already been faintly photographed but lost again before confirming observations could be made.

The four largest Jovian satellites, discovered in 1610 by Galileo, are of most interest from the standpoint of eclipses. They are as large as our Moon, or larger, and easily seen through strong opera glasses; it is claimed that they have even been glimpsed with the unaided eye in spite of the glare of the exceedingly bright planet near by. Their "months" range from forty-two hours to nearly seventeen days. Their orbits are suitably inclined for eclipses to occur at nearly every revolution. Amateurs with small telescopes can easily follow the motions of these bodies and frequently observe the progress of a distant lunar eclipse or see the transit of a satellite or its shadow across the face of Jupiter.

Since the orbits of Jupiter's satellites are accurately known, the times of the beginning and ending of every eclipse are predictable with high precision. The Danish astronomer Römer first noticed, some two hundred and fifty years ago, that prediction and observation did not always agree. It is a truism in science that when well-founded prediction and accurate observation reveal some discrepancy, a new discovery is being born. Failures of theory are always fruitful. Römer noticed that the predictions of eclipses in the Jovian system were accurate when the Earth and Jupiter were on the same side of the Sun, separated by some 400,000,000 miles, but that when, in the course of their orbital movements, the Earth and Jupiter were on nearly opposite sides of the Sun and separated by a distance of about 600,000,000 miles, the observed times for all eclipses were

approximately twenty minutes later than predicted. He noticed, too, that as the Earth approached Jupiter again the predictions gradually became accurate.

The discrepancy was resolved by Römer himself. He made the discovery that light travels at a finite and measurable velocity. The observed delay in eclipses, he maintained, results from the time it takes light to travel through the increasing distance separating Jupiter and the Earth. A velocity of nearly ten million miles a minute, he found, would account for the observed discrepancies. Our modern measures of the velocity of light, using both the eclipses of Jupiter's satellites and other methods devised in scientific laboratories, have only changed this early result to 11,180,000 miles a minute.

The velocity of light can now be measured more accurately with terrestrial apparatus than by using the Jovian eclipses. In fact, the problem is better worked in the opposite direction: taking the velocity of light as known from laboratory experiments, we can use the observations of eclipses to improve our knowledge of the orbits of the various satellites; through indirect and mathematical ways we are then led to more accurate knowledge of the distances of the planets and satellites, and their specific gravities and masses. The study of these distant and easily observed eclipses in the Jupiter family thus leads us to a better understanding of the structure of our planetary system.

Public interest has never been stirred by the eclipses of our own satellite, the Moon. Until recently astronomers have not given the phenomenon much attention; but now it begins to appear that one excellent way of studying the enigmatic upper atmosphere of the Earth is to examine the shadow it casts on the Moon, or better, to analyze the amount and color of the sunlight that the upper atmosphere bends into the Earth's shadow where the lunar eclipse is in progress. In this way evidence has been found recently by Mr. Fisher, working at the Harvard Observatory, that the upper air over the northern hemisphere of the Earth is dustier, and casts a darker shadow, than the air above the southern hemisphere. He also finds that great volcanic explosions fill the air with sufficient dust to affect the appearance of the lunar eclipses in immediately succeeding years.

The recent lunar eclipse of August, 1924, was observed in Europe, Asia, and Africa, attention being given to the times of the phenomena, to the color effects, and in particular to the visibility of mountainous features on the lunar surface. The most interesting and perhaps most valuable of the special co-operative observations of this lunar eclipse were made on more than a hundred ships of the navy of the United States. They observed the sky conditions at the time of the eclipse—for it is high above certain regions of the Earth that the sunlight, passing through the upper atmosphere, goes on past the Earth in the direction of the shadow and, though greatly diminished and discolored, falls on the eclipsed surface of the Moon. Of intriguing interest, therefore, and of scientific value as well, are the reports that come in from the patrolling United States gunboat far up the Yangtse River in China, from the Belgian merchantman off the African coast in the Gulf of Guinea, and from the American warcraft scattered in the waters between Iceland and Labrador where, at the time of eclipse, they were watchfully escorting the World Flyers across the North Atlantic.

For the practical needs of airmen as well as for the cultural needs of pure science, we are resolved to know what we can of the Earth's upper atmosphere even if, now and then, this involves turning to the Moon and laboriously studying the color and visibility of her bleak mountains in the shadows that fall at the time of the lunar eclipse.

SONS

A Story

BY B. H. LEHMAN

OUT of the subway, over a path which twenty years had made familiar as the hallway in his own house, Professor Cawley walked slowly to his study in one of the dormitories. He smiled continuously—like a human old angel, as an athlete with the gift of phrase once said after a meeting of the committee on athletics—at the thought of Fanny. No sooner was she herself well and the new miracle accomplished of a son safely gaining weight after six weeks of doubtful hold on life, than she set at him again, in her rallying way, to be at his book. And then the human old-angel smile sharpened as he thought Fanny had not yet seen that, for a year to come, the book would have to wait not only on students with problems but upon profitable extra work. There would be large bills—and there was no margin in his salary for small ones, even. "Queer," he thought, "that the same world should hold copper beeches, burnished as May can burnish them, and bills!"

Striding under the beeches came a student. "Sir, I have just been to see you. Will you see me now? I'm in some trouble."

"Certainly." Through Cawley's luminous thought a face glowing with vigor but marked with care gradually stood out. It was his second, more conscious perception which recognized his questioner: the son of the great Dr. Bolton.

"Why, Bolton! Yes, come along. I have just had a talk with your father."

The younger man looked across with a little alarm, which presently passed as the elder went on. "Mrs. Cawley and my boy are getting on, you see, thanks to your father. Indeed he saved Mrs. Cawley's life, and of course the boy's—created him a second time as it were. Wonderful man. I'll be taking them home day after to-morrow. Miracle worker, your father. Marvelous things—the hands of a surgeon; things to be worshiped." Professor Cawley took off his straw hat and ran his hand over his thin hair. "Terrifying things," he murmured to himself — "poisons, Cæsareans."

"Yes, sir," the boy said, "Father's hands are wonderful—long and strong."

They entered the study. It was the pioneer study of its kind, a room in which a college teacher was available for talk during certain elastic hours. The furnishings were mostly an unequal inheritance from departing seniors who had sent some left-over chair or rack, with a note clever or embarrassed as the case might be. The books, the very tissue of the walls, were the accumulation of the famous "dollar trips" on which every Saturday for two decades Cawley had taken a student, rarely two, and spent an afternoon and a dollar in the old bookshops.

"Throw up the windows, will you, Bolton?" He weighted some stray papers upon his desk. "Now," he added, refusing a cigarette with a gesture, "what's up?"

The boy hesitated, fingering his cigarette, playing a match against his thumb nail. He had strong hands, like his

father's; expressive hands. His mouth was sensitive too, full of life; his lips trembled now for a moment and he slipped the cigarette between them and lighted it. These things the professor noted. "Are you tied up in the red tape they keep in the college office?"

"No, sir; not exactly."

"Well?"

The boy looked shrewdly at the kind face opposite him, which was both old and young.

"I'm in love," he said simply.

A vision flashed in the older man's mind of Fanny standing on a mountain flume, pulling down clusters of pine cones to his knife. That was the instant of his own love. He had been thirty-six, but the thing had swept through him as if he had been a boy. He detained the vision for a moment, filled with the long-deferred happiness. Then he said with a smile, "Some do it earlier than others."

"But she's married."

The professor noted the look of desire and agony in the boy's face and failed to reconcile it with what he was thinking. Nevertheless he said what he thought. "It is a phase, Jerry,

> No spring nor summer hath such grace
> As I have seen in one autumnal face."

"But, Mr. Cawley, she isn't. She isn't older than I am, at least not much."

"I know: a fellow thinks nothing of ten years—or fifteen."

"She isn't a month older, sir, not quite. Only twenty-six days."

Cawley's face turned grave; he shifted to the window seat—an awkward symbol of his mind's adjusting itself.

"Does your father know?"

The boy looked at him with amazement for a brief interval during which the professor's eyelids fell several times over his steady gaze; then he said with passionate intolerance, "Oh, father!"

"Give me a cigarette."

Both men smoked. After several minutes Jerry blurted out, "That isn't the worst; the worst is, her husband knows."

"And—?"

"And he wants me to clear out, and I told him I couldn't—I can't, sir, for a pack of reasons—and I wouldn't. So he said he'd take up the 'blacker side' with the Dean, and I'm on probation as it is. You know where that'll end."

"Yes."

"Will you help me, sir?"

"What would you consider helpful?"

"You might see her husband for me. Would you, sir? He's Jack Lammer, class of '12. He knows you." Cawley nodded; he remembered Lammer very well. "Will you, sir?"

"What is it you want me to settle with Lammer?"

That held the youngster up for a moment, but Cawley observed that he looked manly enough as he replied, "I'd like to leave it to you, sir."

This was the sort of task which boys, young and old, put upon men in whom they confided. And Peter Cawley accepted the task as a thing in nature; his eye and mind for the moment were fixed on helping the boy.

"Well. Suppose you drop in tomorrow at five."

They shook hands as Bolton set off.

"By the way, how old are you?"

"I'm twenty-one—will be next week." A flicker of a smile passed over Jerry's face, and he went out.

The next afternoon Cawley came late to the hospital. He explained to Fanny that one of his students had run against a snag and he was trying to pull him round it. She knew well enough what was implied.

"No time for the book, between a wife who almost dies and a student with a snag. Oh, Peter," she laughed a bit ruefully.

Something was forever driving out of his mind what he had to say about the Merovingian kings. That was the plain truth. The convention, however, was to talk about not having time. In reality it was merely a question of interest. They both knew that he made

time for his interests; but he was too modest to explain why living men took precedence over dead kings, and beyond raillery she would not urge the visible goal which did not attract him.

The nurse brought the baby. He was "whitening out" and gave accidental attention to his father's watch. The father fell into renewed praise of Dr. Bolton and was gay over the prospect of having his wife and son at home.

Finally he curtailed the already shortened visit in order to have time to leave some directions about the hospital charges. He also left directions with his wife. "Tell Dr. Bolton in the morning to send me the bill as soon as he can conveniently. I forgot to speak of that. And I'd like to be clear about the amount before we make summer arrangements. You know, specialists' ways with accounts are very amazing."

When punctually at five o'clock Cawley came to his study, he found Jerry Bolton leaning against the door jamb. They waived preliminaries.

"What success, sir?"

"Considerable—that is, to be considered."

The boy dropped into a chair, prepared a cigarette, did not offer one to his friend.

"I've seen Lammer. Not much broken up really, Lammer; I should have expected more. Well," he sighed, "he will not take the matter up with the Dean and he does not insist that you clear out. But he does insist—quite legitimately it seems to me—that you are not to see his wife or write to her or telephone to her or send her any tokens." There was in his tones and inflections the faintest mimicry, which was not lost on the boy, who remained nevertheless intensely expectant. "He will send his wife away—to live with her people."

"Oh, Lord," cried the boy, "she can't."

"She may have to learn to," said the professor. There lurked in his voice something condemnatory which the lover heard and did not like. The woman he loved was blameless.

"The thing to be considered," continued Cawley, "is this: will you bind yourself, on the conditions Lammer names, to keep clear?"

In silence the boy smoked his cigarette down to the smallest butt; the man rested in his seat. Thoughts of a subtle association ran through his mind. He wondered whether this boy's birth had been a perilous coming . . . he was so gloriously human, fresh, firm, and powerful in his way . . . it was a great profession, medicine, with a conscious, firm technic and such great and tangible services.

When the fire of the cigarette burned Jerry's fingers he threw it into the grate. As he rose his body expressed a sad apology—like an actor's, with perfect sincerity.

"I can't, Mr. Cawley, I simply can't. I would, but I can't. I was a fool to think there was an easy way out."

"No," he was answered, "there is no easy way out." And the boy put his head in his hands on the fireplace mantel.

Professor Cawley sat down at his desk. "Dear Lammer," he wrote, "it won't do. It doesn't look as though Bolton would follow the way we have marked out. Nature has other ways that are harder but look easier. I am afraid he will prefer one of them. Faithfully, Peter Cawley." He addressed an envelope and sealed the note into it.

"Will you post this for me?" He aroused Jerry, who abstractedly turned the envelope around and read the superscription.

What happened to the boy in that moment the professor fully knew. He knew Jerry understood that his confidant had not played the game, and that the letter would make at least that much clear to Lammer. He rather expected the boy to back down, but Jerry took his hat and walked off.

Until after six o'clock Professor Cawley waited for him to come back, but

he did not return. When the professor went home to dinner he left his door ajar and a lamp lighted on the reading table. At half-past seven he returned to his study, which was still empty as he had left it. For a while he moved restlessly about, then he sat down and read. Reading and reflection upon some meditations written down nearly two thousand years ago by a wise man who happened also to be emperor brought him along to midnight. The sentence of Marcus Aurelius upon which he dwelt last and longest was, "Consider all the many things, both physical and spiritual, that are a-doing within each of us at the very same instant of time." At length, when the noisy college clock struck, he shook himself, put on his hat, switched off the light, and opened the door. There in the dusky hall, huddled miserably on the stair, sat Jerry Bolton.

"Why, Jerry. Come in, boy, come in!" Cawley led him into the study, where the boy stood for a moment blinking at the light. "Sit down."

Jerry sat in the chair by the reading table, put himself with his superb instinct within the circle of the glow. It went through the older man's mind that he had never seen a handsomer face. He noted that it wore all the marks of a struggle. A great thing to have so expressive a body, such a face—even the outward corners of the eyes were full of dread. Then suddenly an old Scots strain spoke in Cawley's blood and he said, "Well, man, out with it."

Jerry writhed under that; to be called a man wrung his heart, a child could have seen it. His confidence fell to the nadir. The dust of the earth when it is finest and driest is not lowlier. The professor's mind flew back to his first banter about boy love. There was nothing of the dying-calf look here. Was it possible that the man really loved the woman? Perhaps he had been wrong.

"Man, sir," said Jerry, "I'm a dog—a slinking cur."

It was Cawley's instinct not to speak upon that hint.

Jerry looked up at him, unforgettably besought his mercy, and said, "I opened your letter to Lammer, sir." He drew from his coat pocket some papers and the ragged envelope and handed them over, the symbol at once of his shame and his honor.

Professor Cawley became conscious as he held the white shuffle of paper that there was more than a note sheet and one envelope. For several minutes, with the boy looking up at him there, he had not the courage to inspect them. The rough torn edge of paper against his thumb turned the sorrow in his heart to pity. What the boy must have suffered through the long evening! Then he forced himself to look down at the papers. There were two envelopes—one torn open, the other addressed in close imitation of the first. The second had never been sealed.

Jerry, watching him, said, "I forged a fresh envelope. I was going to send it on so you wouldn't know I'd done it."

"*Eccovi*," thought the professor, "this child has been in Hell."

Jerry spoke, and as he spoke he rose and stood trembling. "But I brought them back, sir—I brought them back, because I honor you." Tears filled his eyes to the brim. "And I'm going to straighten out the other business in the straightest way."

They grasped hands and stood motionless, silent for several minutes, during which the older man beheld in the younger a spirit freeing itself. He knew then, after all, that he had not been wrong; it had been a boy's love. He saw the crisis of that love fall away, drop into the past, eclipsed in the new crisis of another honor. The boy's phrase for the flaming thing was now "the other business." In his mind he laughed at the incongruity of change and time, but his senses were busy otherwise. He laid a hand on the boy's shoulder and said, "You're very tired; get to bed."

Jerry, inarticulate, tears in his eyes,

put all the emotion that was in him into a grip of the professor's hand. As he turned to go the professor said, "And come along to the bookshops with me Saturday, say at three."

"Yes, sir. Good-night."

"Good-night."

When late Saturday morning Peter Cawley and his wife came down into the study from the room henceforth to be the nursery, they confronted each other over Dr. Bolton's bill. It lay there on the desk with some other letters, ready presently to leap out at them —the price of the precious morning. They had spent an hour of delight over the junior Peter's bath and with many glances had watched him greedily begin a breakfast which he couldn't stay awake to finish, hard as he tried. Then they had put him in his little bed, where he was at that moment lying sound asleep with his arms up, his fists clenched above his head.

Mrs. Cawley drew a check out of her first letter. "It's for ten dollars—from his Uncle Fred. It shall go into his account, making sixty-seven." She fell to chuckling over the note, giving no heed to her husband's quiet over his document. As she finished, she laughed and said, "Trade you."

They traded, but instead of reading Uncle Fred's letter he watched her. She was quick to see the situation in terms of their life. "Oh, Peter," she said in her most rueful tone, "that's two months' salary." He nodded, a little nonplused by this way of putting it. "And the hospital—?"

"Another month's, pretty nearly, my dear."

She came over to him, pulled at his sleeve. The tears in her eyes spoke for her; but she said none the less, risking a sob, "It's unjust."

He smiled at her, his winning smile. It seemed to her that he should not have smiled, yet her whole being was grateful to him for doing it. And what he said was one of the supreme gaieties:

"If we can bathe Peter Rabbit twice a day for a week we'll have made the little fellow pay for it himself."

She laughed, freeing the tears, and petted him. Still she was full of practical devices. "Peter Rabbit shall pay toward it his sixty-seven dollars—and there's still his Uncle Jim to hear from! Perhaps you could ask Dr. Bolton to reduce the amount; he's really very kind. And anyway, he ought to consider your income."

"He rightly considers what he's done for me. I told him the other day what high value I put on such service. Think of what he has done, and how, knowing what skill he has, I've had quiet days and restful nights. He's made me fit to teach summer school."

"You shall not teach this summer; I'm going to take little Peter and you away somewhere that's cheap—to Eastover or some place."

"Well, Throgg spoke to me last night. He's really all worn out—and I think he would be grateful to me for taking over his American History. I'm not Throgg, of course; but summer boarders must be content with what they get at learning's table."

"Oh, Peter." It was a very faint protest.

"I'll finish up the Clovis chapters and bring what I've written down to Eastover every week-end." That won her and he presently engaged with Throgg by telephone to give the course in American History.

In the afternoon, at Old Teal's Bookshop, Peter Cawley led Jerry Bolton at last to the book he sought for him. From a rack filled with treatises on sociology, government, and education, Jerry drew down *The Philosophy of Loyalty*. It pleased the older man as a good omen. For in all the chat about authors and books and collectors, free-and-easy talk interspersing comfortable browsing silences, he had hoped that this book would turn up. Yet he had set no signal. Now Jerry of his own choice drew it down.

"In good condition, too," said Jerry, "and only sixty cents. That puts me ten cents over my dollar. Hope you won't mind, sir, for I want it."

"Buy it. Royce is reason for going over." He took the olive-green book in his hand fondly. "Great old Royce!"

Josiah Royce had been his teacher, and he had heard him again when, twenty years after those undergraduate days, the *Lusitania* went down and he made the address in Tremont Temple. He told Jerry about that—the vast audience, the simple, white-haired man overwhelmed and overwhelming in his conviction. He spoke of the Germans, one of whom—on quite other grounds—ranked Royce with Plato and Kant. And there in the musty stall of the bookshop he aroused the reverence of the younger man for the noble heart whose loyalty to the great community had been steadfast, for the head that had not been bowed by the bludgeonings of circumstance. When the torch of the new reverence was well lighted he turned his steps homeward alone, for Jerry went off with his two books to Shorecliffe for the week-end. He felt queer himself not to be carrying a parcel of books, but his small economy did not weigh on him, for memories of the great teacher filled his mind and restored his heart.

Late Monday afternoon, while Mrs. Cawley was sitting by the open window in the little living room in Windsor Place, a young man came up the path. The laburnums were dropping their golden fringes across the window and the air was sweet. Her baby was sleeping so near by that she could hear him move his lips. She was in the mood for lovely things when she heard the footsteps.

"What a beautiful boy!" she said to herself.

Jerry Bolton took the chair she offered him as she explained that Mr. Cawley would be home very soon. "We are expecting him," she said. "You are Dr. Bolton's son?" she added.

"Yes, Mrs. Cawley."

"He is a very skillful doctor. My husband feels exceedingly grateful to him. I have been very ill, you see, and we know he saved our baby for us."

During Jerry's reply Mrs. Cawley thought a certain obvious thing that had to do with doctor bills at the same time that she wondered just how her boy would look if some day he should have such words to speak. She hoped quite honestly he would look not very different from this boy.

"Then you are even with father," Jerry said.

She looked at him in inquiry. "Even?" the rueful tone was inescapable.

"Professor Cawley saved my life the other night. I walked by the river for hours and I think, Mrs. Cawley, I'd have gone in if he weren't—well, what he is. You see, I did a terrible thing, but I couldn't drown myself because I had to tell him I had done it. And then afterward there wasn't any need." He smiled slowly.

Since Mrs. Cawley was a woman, he was telling her what he would never have told her husband; and since she was her husband's wife, the things he was telling her made her heart run and her brain stop dead still. Gradually there blossomed in the calm of her mind as she sat looking at the boy the thought that it was like this with Peter: you could never tell whether the interest was in Peter or in the human instances which seemed forever to be attracted into his daily way. It was perhaps a question for the artist viewing the facts from without; doubtless, as Peter's wife, she was prejudiced. To her the stories seemed always to be stories of Peter.

At that moment Peter came down the path. He was a bit surprised to see Bolton, to hear that Bolton had only a minute, since he was setting out at once for Yellowstone and a year's travel, which his father had said he would manage to afford somehow. He was sacrificing his year's work; it was in precarious condition anyhow. Next year

he should come back; he meant to make a try at the stage; he had no desire for anything else equal to his desire for that. He had figured it out of Royce's book somehow that acting was for him a man's job. He hadn't sprung it on the family yet—when they were at Shorecliffe they never took things of that sort easily. He would take along Royce's book; great luck to have stumbled on to it just now.

"And, sir, I'll have to shake hands with you to-day. It's my birthday. And will you mind if I write to you?"

He was gone in a flash.

"What a beautiful boy," said Mrs. Cawley.

"A man, my dear; you hear, he says he's twenty-one."

"Well, he's a boy just the same. If Peter looks like that—"

"No reason why he shouldn't." He kissed her, token of his admiration for her bloom. "At least," he added, "he's paid for."

"Paid for, Peter—"

"A note, my dear, against next year's salary. I stopped in at the First National. Fairbanks was very decent. I mailed the check as I came by the post office."

"For the whole amount?"

"All of it."

"Then he is paid for—and more," she added. A pressing sense of the unfairness of that payment came over her. A sentence—half a cry—formed itself in her mind, almost made its way to her lips. "To you who have saved that boy, not a penny from that rich surgeon!" But she did not utter it. She knew Peter. She said merely, with a sigh, "And more, my dear, and more." She saw that Peter had turned from the carriage where Peter Rabbit was sleeping, that he was smiling as he looked out through the laburnums. She looked too, and the sense of unfairness lifted a little. Out there the gate still swung slightly to and fro, for Jerry Bolton, freest of the free, had gone eagerly through it to his adventure.

PHILOSOPHY

BY W. H. DAVIES

WHO knows the perfect life on earth?
It lies beyond this mortal breath;
It is to give the same kind thoughts
To Life as we bequeath to Death.

It is to show a steadfast love:
As faithful to our friends that live
As our dead friends are to ourselves—
Sealed up from gossip in the grave.

But who can lead this saintly life
When friends are false and men unkind:
And every man will cheat a man
Whose trust, like faith in God, is blind?

Hang this pale fool, Philosophy!
Kind hearts obey themselves, no other:
Why like a saint can I take pain
And not inflict it on another?

BAEDEKER FIBBED

Adventures in Cherbourg

BY CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

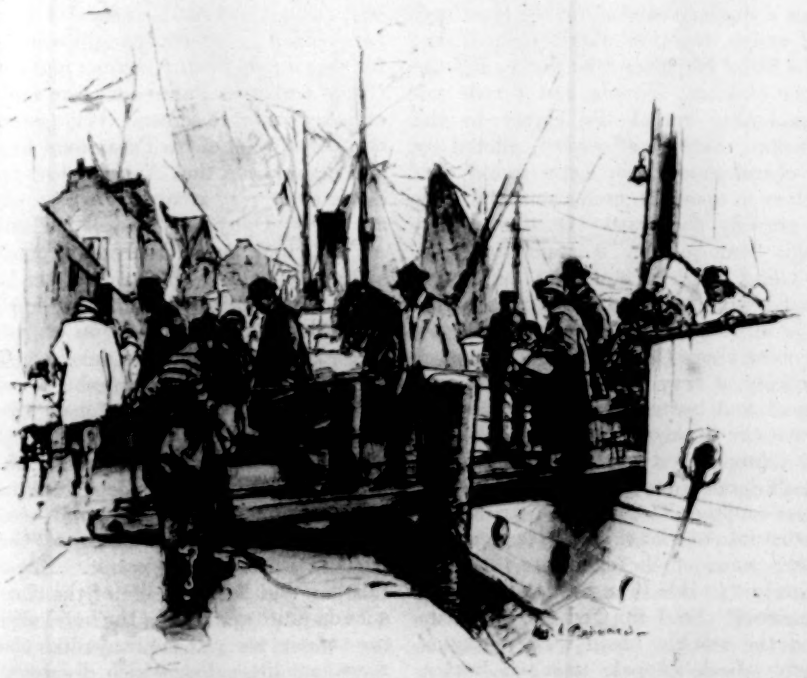
"I RESOLVED to renew at Cherbourg the marvels of Egypt," says the inscription on the statue of Napoleon, where the plump little emperor sits on a horse whose antic would probably have unseated him in real life. He does not specifically say which of Egypt's portents he proposed to revive; though by his gesture we gather that he means the vast stone breakwater on which shines the star of Baedeker, guiding pilgrims from afar. Myself, I was inclined to believe that a certain Swiss concierge (himself a true Bonaparte in physique) was a reincarnation of the asp. But nowadays, when we are more wonted to great engineering projects, the real astonishment of Cherbourg is the endless caravan of Americans who flit feverishly through the town without halting to draw breath. The Swiss concierge, in his field-marshal's uniform, harries them a little, inflicts a few cicatrices on the right-hand trouser; but most of them escape.

In the summer season the big liners come in from New York two or three a day. Every few hours you see the long strings of railway cars marked ÉTAT lining up along the quay to take the passengers to Paris. Our fellow-countrymen come shuffling down the steep gangplank from the tender—perhaps the tender *Nomadic*, or the *Traffic*, or the *Lotharingia*, or the *Welcome*—names so much less imaginative than the *Sir Richard Grenville* at Plymouth. After a brief frenzy in that little blue-and-white-striped shed of the *douane* where the whiskered, cloaked, and sworded *apéritif* officials look so much fiercer than they really are, they climb into the train. At once they fill the restaurant cars and order wine; or you see them sitting patiently in the first-class carriages watching the dusty quay and throwing their money to the ragged urchins who frequent the *gare maritime*. The lovely little town that lies across the basin is hidden from them by the shed. And after all, hasn't Baedeker told them that Cherbourg is "comparatively uninteresting"? So, unless the ship happens to arrive in the evening, they all buzz straight on to Paris. If they land late they go to the Hôtel du Casino, one of those amusing nodes in the great network of travel where sooner or later you inevitably encounter someone you know. There M. Minden, the courteous manager, will greet them with his dark, melancholy, and secretly humorous gaze; and eventually teach them that the first syllable of the town's name is not without significance. Sometimes, coming downstairs toward nine or ten in the evening, you'll find the quiet little lobby suddenly buzzing with a new lot. The *Berengaria* is in, or the *Olympic*, or the *President Harding*. You'll see them sitting in the bar-parlor having a snack before retiring, or looking hopefully for a new copy of the New York *Tribune*. The only French client I ever saw at the Casino was a luckless lady just in from the States who had been abroad so long she had forgotten how to order wine. She came into the bar breathing exultation at her escape from the *régime sec*. Then, as the expec-

tant *garçon* waited for some order expressing the soul and talent of a connoisseuse, her face drooped. She couldn't think of anything . . . and ordered a grenadine—which creates in a French bartender about the same enthusiasm as asking a Liggett soda-twister for a beaker of lukewarm goat's milk.

But by the time you come down to breakfast you'll find that the overnight batch of Americans has already sped onward. Cherbourg has resigned itself to this state of affairs: so much so that if you tell them you intend to stay there awhile they'll hardly believe you, and unless you watch your baggage piece by piece they shove it on the Paris train anyhow. (*Crede experto.*) Those Americans who are still in the hotel when you enter the dining room are perhaps making themselves obnoxious to the head waiter because there aren't any hot-breads. As I was sitting happily with my *café complet* I could hear one elderly gentleman crying bitterly, "Hot rolls, hot rolls. I want 'em red hot!" Why do our friends go abroad at all if they expect everything to be exactly as at home? It is these creatures who account for that deeply submerged glitter in the manager's eye, and make travel so much more expensive for the rest of us. At any rate, Cherbourg is not such a bad place to study one's fellow citizens, for you see them at a moment of crisis when they are very keenly conscious of their nationality. With an almost defiant air they insist on talking English to the employees as though to prove and ram home the fact that there really is such a language.

I shall never forget the thrill and charm of that late arrival. It was one of those long June twilights when the *Lancastria* dropped anchor inside Napoleon's Egyptian *digue*. On the tender,



AMERICANS FLIT THROUGH CHERBOURG WITHOUT HALTING

anxiously attempting to gather into one corner his various baggages, paterfamilias was naturally too troubled to have a chance to enjoy the view of the harbor that lay so lilac in the evening light though there was, subconsciously, as one's eye noticed that long solid line of stone houses which fronts the sea, the odd realization that foreign countries are real after all, which quaintly surprises one anew at every visit. By the time we had got through the customs, rescuing all our pieces (save one, containing of course the baby's most urgent affairs) from being "expedited" to Paris, it was close on eleven o'clock. The Cherbourg *douaniers* and porters work like demons at that time of night, "expediting" one to Paris, for not unnaturally they are anxious to get home and to bed. And when the boat train, with a wild scream, had left, and there was a chance for the rest of us to be chalk-marked, all hotel omnibuses had gone for the night. Nothing remained but a baggage *camion*, on the front seat of which, together with the chauffeur, the Swiss Napoleon, the nurse, and the four children, Titania and I rode triumphantly round the corner to the Casino. Shortly afterward, piloted by a chambermaid, we again found ourselves in open air, under stars, crossing a gravelly courtyard. Quite a surprisingly long journey it seemed. Up a winding stair, in a distant annex, we found some very clean little rooms with a jovial aroma of chlorides and windows opening above the beach. With magical rapidity a tray of hot chocolate and bread and butter was "made mount" from the kitchen, and it fell to me to administer these delights to two small damsels (aged five-and-a-half and three-and-a-half) who had been hastily thrust into one large bed. They gargled down some of the chocolate, inquired eagerly "Is this France?" and fell into nescience. So I finished the chocolate and the crackly bread with plenty of curly whorls of pale unsalted butter. At about the same time, in the dining room downstairs, one of our fellow passengers was saying, "Some of that doughy French bread? No thank you!"

I am always for arrivals late at night. You can't see your surroundings, and the next day you wake into a new world. From my bedroom window eight hours later I looked out upon the sunny courtyard of the hotel and an ancient in a blue apron cutting grass with a scythe.

The Casino—where we stayed two weeks—is perhaps a little symbol of the whole matter. There is one wing of the establishment which is the hotel proper, devoted mostly to the one-night ravishment of Americans. But then you pass through a little door into the casino itself, and are in France. A terrace with blue tables fronts the harbor and the pebble beach; behind this is a dance hall where a very gay and violent little orchestra gives an "*apéritif-concert*" every afternoon. The tiny Citroëns and other queer boat-shaped miniature automobiles keep driving through the courtyard, and the *bons bourgeois* of Cherbourg drop in afternoons and evenings for dancing and *petits chevaux* and even (twice a week) a Paramount film shown on a very minute screen. The operator was very proud of his Paramount films, and assured me that America had produced some very great film artists, such as "Bébé Danyelss" and "Guillaume Ar." It took me an appreciable ponder before recognizing the name of the latter. At the *apéritif-concerts*, where you sit with your Raphaël-citron or your café-cognac watching the dancing, you enjoy the cheerful French habit of taking the whole family along for an afternoon sip—grandmother, babies, and the dog. It would be nice to believe that the young men are all poets, for those broad-brimmed black hats and something odd about the shape of their trousers certainly suggest it. But all this gay and harmless life of the casino goes on quite apart from the hotel which the tourists see. It is always like that: there is a little door which divides the France that is exposed for the traveler

A TOWN THAT GOES PLACIDLY ABOUT ITS OWN CONCERNS

from the France that goes placably about its own concerns.

But of course the real life of the town is across the revolving bridge, past the upper basin where the Polish square-rigged corvette *Lwow* is lying, past the docks where the English tramp steamers are taking daily the endless stream of crates of new potatoes. Across the bridge you find the taxicabs drawn up, a compact little squadron, and among them, if you are fortunate, perhaps you'll find Lucien Le Cornu, kindest of guides to the enchanting old towns near Cherbourg. His only sorrow in life is that a hundred and fifty Americans have gone touring in his car and taken photos of him, but have never sent him a print. This has now been rectified. If you don't find Le Cornu at his station at the bridge-end, the thing to do is to go to the Café Continental near by where they'll give him a "*coup de téléphone.*" M. Le Cornu was a godsend to us; he is friendly, reasonable, a keen enthusiast for the old architectures of Normandy, and his French has a special clarity and penetration into the unaccustomed transatlantic ear. He has a delightful humor too. Our first week or so at the Casino, we, with four urchins, were somewhat the oddity of the estab-

lishment; but then arrived a very wealthy New Yorker with six children, several maids, five cases of Walker-Gordon milk, and occupied most of the ground floor of the hotel. The next morning, before he departed for the château he had rented at Dinard, I saw him musing pensively among his mountains of impediment which filled the lobby. This is where M. Le Cornu enters the anecdote, for a fleet of seven limousines was deployed in the courtyard to transport the party. Four of these were loaded with the baggage, and of this freight squadron Le Cornu was commodore. While the passenger detachment sped to Granville for lunch, Le Cornu halted his heavy quartet at Lessay for a brief *déjeuner*. The four thirsty chauffeurs sat down at the scrubbed wooden tables of the little Hôtel Félix; the natives crowded round to inquire the meaning of these four vehicles packed inside and out with trunks, baby carriages, golf bags, and what not. It must have looked ominously like another flight of King Louis Philippe; and indeed on that very day President Millerand was vacating the Elysée. What is it, what is it? cried the troubled Normans; for the French are always subconsciously prepared for some sort of *crise* or *coup*. Lucien took a long pull at his cider. "Well," he replied gravely, "you've heard of the American kings—the cattle kings, copper kings, petrol kings? This is *le roi des bagages*."

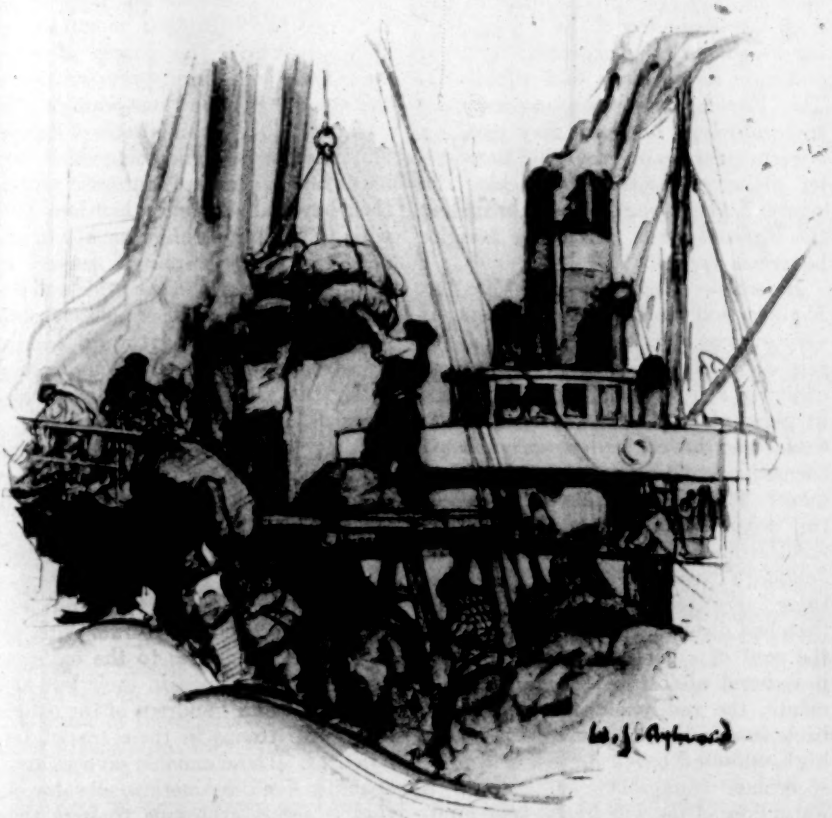
Excellent Lucien! I still seem to hear the clear yelp of his rubber-bulb horn as he twirls through those Norman villages, taking us to Barfleur, or Valognes loved by Barbey d'Aurevilly, to Greville where Millet was born, or past de Tocqueville's château near Cherbourg, which surely ought to be a place of pilgrimage for Americans; or to Bricquebec, whose Trappist cheese you'll do well to sample, and to the Nez de Jobourg, that fine rocky beak blown by the Atlantic wind. Well named Le Cornu: you know the canorous double note of those French motor-horns, the exhale and the in.

But we were crossing the bridge and entering the town itself. Perhaps it would tempt the ladies to linger awhile in Cherbourg if I confided, on Titania's authority, that they'll find in the rue du Bassin one of the world's best coiffeurs; and not to make it too easy I'll only give the translation of his name, Mr. Burningfire. More frequented by me was the little photograph shop across the way, where I see good Mme. Vaslot's face of almost agonized intensity as she listens wildly to my French, wondering what unforgivable syntax is coming next. Then, with a sudden radiation of light she grasps my intention. I had seen, in her window, a printed placard remarking how many "*situations presque inénarrables*" can be preserved with a camera. "*Mais, madame,*" I tell her, "*toute la vie, c'est une situation presque inénarrable.*" She applauds. This leads us on to discuss a small dog that is in the shop, who has had his tail cut off flush with his rump. He is trying, in spite of this—can we say handicap?—to express his pleasure in the good society where he finds himself. I attempt to carry on my argument. "*Voici, madame, encore une autre situation presque inénarrable. C'est bien cruel à couper comme ça, le petit chien se trouve embarrassé parce que la queue c'est l'organe des émotions chez les chiens, son organe de sensibilité.*" With a rush of syllables she and Mr. Vaslot approve this doctrine, and hasten to explain that it is not their animal but a neighbor's. Their pretty young daughter, embroidering behind the *caisse*, is politely trying to smother her grins.

After a round of the bookstores—where perhaps you may be disconcerted to find *Tarzan des Singes* in the window, flanked by *Rip, l'Homme Qui Dormit Vingt Ans;* and where you buy your *Petit Larousse*, that heavy but indispensable little traveling university—it may well be that you stop in at the American Express office to say hullo to the agent, Mr. White, and change some money. If you happen to be interested

in books and plays, Mr. White is just the man to gossip with, for he used to be chauffeur to Mrs. Deland and also to Winthrop Ames. Mr. Ames used to have him read play MSS. now and then, and I was tempted to get his opinion on a script of my own that was in my trunk; but he was giving me nineteen and a half francs to the dollar, and I didn't want to do anything to lower the rate. Or perhaps Titania lures you into the Grands Magasins L. Ratti (Mr. Ratti is the Wanamaker of Cherbourg) to buy a waist for the urchin. Here the hilarity is extreme when it is discovered that French urchins wear a kind of webbed corset with which their smallclothes are kept aloft; there was great grievance in the urchin's bosom when he was made acquainted with this garment. I have promised it shall be quietly dropped overboard before we lift Sandy Hook again. A little quiet study of the wine merchants' windows provides good suggestions of new vintages to ask for. Vin d'Anjou, for instance, which costs two francs twenty-five per bottle in the town, though it rises to five or seven at the hotel. (At hotels where they cater to Americans it is hard to get them to serve you *vin ordinaire*. The little man with the green apron comes for your order, and unless you are very stiff with him he'll send you something with a label on it.)

To be perfectly fair all round, Titania

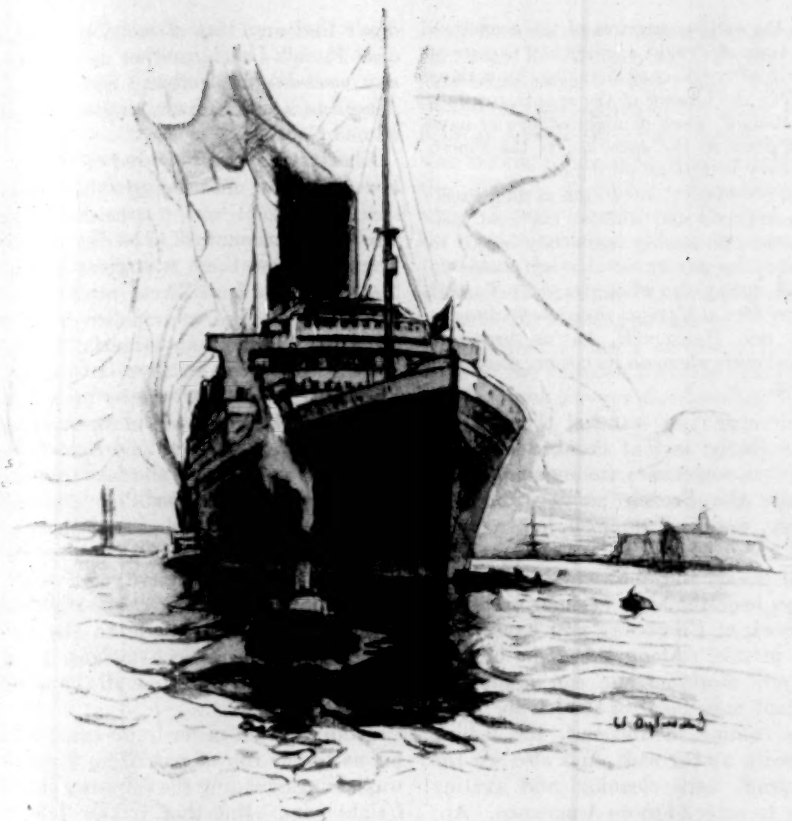


FRANCE SHIPS FROM CHERBOURG HER PRODUCTS TO ALL THE WORLD

and I went one evening to a meeting, presided over by the Mayor, held by the *Ligue Nationale contre L'Alcoolisme*, followed by an uproariously bad movie, "The Double Life of Dr. Moraud." But the film kept breaking and finally they quit with it unfinished, just at the point where the luckless Dr. Moraud, eminent surgeon and secret helot of *eau de vie*, is about to trepan the fractured skull of his son's fiancée; but on the way to the hospital, while his motor was having a *pneu* changed, he has dodged into a groggery to indulge himself. He totters to the operating table with palsied hand . . . here the celluloid snapped again, and the Mayor got up and said that the operator had had such trouble with the machine that they would have to call it off. Without any of the ironical booing we should have expected, the large audience rose calmly and sifted out. The French take their movies very tranquilly and, odd as it may seem, on a warm clear summer evening they prefer sitting outdoors and watching the sunset, fishing along the docks, or sipping the Raphaël-citron that is the favorite bourgeois *apéritif*.

In fact the "light sane joy of life," as Kipling said in his famous poem, is very evident. It seems based on a certain calm acceptance of necessary facts of living, a simple and hardy jocularity in plain pleasures that is sedative to those who have too long accustomed themselves to the Broadway temperament. The stone hamlets of the Cotentin, original home of so many of our race, are now as gray and lichened as Jobourg's Nose itself. There is something very pitiful about those rude thatched dwellings taking shelter under the pent of a gorse-gemmed hill. Life is reduced almost to its animal rudiments; the ruddy old women jogging back from Cherbourg market in their high-wheeled carts have an almost speechless tranquillity, lulled into a warm doze of the wits by the lyric humming of thin little telephone wires in the breeze. The dusty byways are patterned with the nailprints of their frugally bossed footgear; on the very soil one reads the mark of their pious and necessary thrift. Larks, little mounting flutters of song, keep earnestly pushing up the sky for fear it will tumble. By the village churches are the washing pools, always with a cross or sacred effigy to bless the wholesome work; the women kneel to paddle the linen just as they would kneel to pray, and hardly know one from the other; nor does it greatly matter. Surely the great clerics need not be alarmed at the government's withdrawing its embassy from the Vatican: the church's share in French life is not pillared upon embassies. And if they all wear black when they approach the church, what race has more reason to? See the little war monument at Barfleur, where the names of seven Renoufs of one family are written on the stone. It makes one wamble a bit to think of the million villages of Europe, all those frugal people going about their hard and harmless concerns, cutting their hay and arranging their local fêtes with the children riding on a *petit manége* (or merry-go-round) turned by hand, and meanwhile the pride and stupidity and harassment of politicians can slide the whole thing toward fiendish catastrophe. Then one can understand better the grimness of the Communist placards, pasted on the stone walls of country barns, calling on the *ouvrier* and *paysan* to throw out their bourgeois deputies, and hallooing generals in the Chamber as "assassins."

We spent one long sunny and windy afternoon at the Pentecost horse-races, to which all Cherbourg turns out, from the neighborhood aristocrats with silk hats and field glasses to the old gray-eyed peasant women in their lace-and-linen coifs, and hundreds of the colored Senegalese troops in their scarlet bell-hop caps. These amiable savages are so absurdly like the American elevator-boy that it seems grotesque to hear them jabbering French. I suppose they make



CHERBOURG IS JUSTLY PROUD OF HER HARBOR

in a year about what a New York hat-checker pockets on a Saturday night; —but I don't know that they're less happy. One consoling feature of human life is that wherever you go you find the people quite innocently certain that to be where they are and to do what they are doing is the normal and sensible thing.

But as agreeably revealing evidence of the French enjoyment of simple pleasures I clipped a little piece from the Cherbourg paper, describing how *La Musique* of Hainneville, a sort of singing society in the suburbs, made its first picnic of the season. I please myself by translating with faithful literalness:

At 1 hour 30 the musicians, assembled on the Place de la Mairie, announced by the execution of a morsel the approaching departure for Urville; then, in the name of all the members of *La Musique*, a magnificent object of art was offered to the leader, M. Henri Avoine, on the occasion of this first expedition. Very much touched by this gesture of sympathy, M. Avoine renewed his promise to do all his possible to develop and lead to worthiness the work undertaken.

At the issue of this little manifestation, *La Musique* put itself on the road, followed by about 120 persons, whose number continued to augment all the length of the traject, attaining approximately 450 near Querqueville, and that in spite of the storm, menacing more and more.

All went well as far as Urville, where the excursionists arrived toward 4 hours.

Unfortunately the storm, which burst out almost at once, hindered all the world from taking its diversions, whether on the beach

or in the various quarters of the coquettish little town of Urville, and one had to content himself, after the crust-breaking, by making a ball in the interior of the spacious restaurant Renard, when it might otherwise have taken place in the open air, in the superb shrubbery of this establishment.

The return effectuated itself in some excellent conditions and without the least incident, the rain having completely ceased to fall and the gayety not having ceased to prevail during the whole traject. Toward 8 hours 30 *La Musique* re-entered triumphantly into Hainneville, having been acclaimed everywhere on its course, going and coming.

Wherever you wander, through the astoundingly ancient crooked lanes of the town, sometimes among smells that explain the French passion for perfumery, you find yourself led back toward the harbor. To me, since childhood, docks and railway sidings have always been the most fascinating places to prowl; at Cherbourg you have them both in one. Along the *digue* beyond the *gare maritime* one can study the constant movement of the harbor: pilot boats coming in and out, the fishing fleet with amber sails, and also see the restaurant cars cleaning and getting ready to cater to more Americans. Apparently the stewardesses of those cars live in them and cook their own meals, for you'll see them, bare-legged, early in the morning, washing down the woodwork, a little waver of smoke coming from the kitchen stovepipe. If it's one of those bright mornings of early June, as blue as an alcohol flame, the railway men who are off duty will be down on the shingle, paddling. Frenchmen always seem to be able to take a few hours off during the day to go wading. Very likely they are picking up kindling; for when the urchin and I wanted a billet of wood to make a toy boat, we scoured the beach and environs for many furlongs without finding a single scrap. Finally we had to go to the boatyard and beg a small piece left over from the fishing smack *Bienheureuse Therèse*, which they were building. But if you don't find any bits of wood lying idle on a French beach, neither do you find any housekeeping refuse. Some of our American seaside towns might well be named Cannes.

Cherbourg is justly proud of her harbor and proud of her shipyards. When the *Mauretania* was overhauled there lately, on account of a strike in the English yards, there was great exultation in the town. Then, on her first succeeding voyage, a propeller dropped off. This elicited an editorial in the Cherbourg *Eclair*, pointing out that no work had been done on the propellers while the *Mauretania* was in the *chantiers* of Cherbourg. In fact, said the editor, perhaps it was exactly the fact that our Cherbourg workmen *hadn't* overhauled the *hélices* that caused one of them to falter under the excessive strain of the hitherto-unheard-of celerity at which the vast vessel was marching after the invigorating repairs made to the machine by our expert mechanicians. Local pride, happily, is the same all the world round.

Titania would never quite agree with me as to the fun of patrolling the railway sidings, reading the *étiquettes* on the freight cars. But that is how I learn my French, such as it is. The study of posters, advertisements, municipal notices, all sorts of random *affiches* I find more useful than a phrase book. I didn't begin to get the hang of the subjunctive until I found it on the label of my matchbox. "*Ne jetez jamais vos allumettes avant qu'elles soient entièrement éteintes.*" And sometimes the bills-of-lading pasted on the sides of freight cars will tell you more truth about what's going on than the daily paper. While some of the journals were expressing alarm that the first thing M. Herriot and his "bolshevik" government would do would be to evacuate the Ruhr, I found freight cars loaded with gun carriages marked for *l'Armée sur Rhin*. For the most part, though, I found those quaint little wagons (with their famous legend *Hommes 40, Che-*

raux 8) loaded with matters more to my pacific taste: potatoes and carrots from the Farmers' Syndicate of Barfleur, or officers' horses from Saint Lô coming to take part in the races.

Meditation along these docksides gave me excellent opportunity to fortify my verbal resources. Amply provided with nouns of all sorts, my methods of putting them together in trains of speech are as primitive as the French way of shunting freight cars with an elderly horse. It was on the sidings of Cherbourg that I invented my trick to avoid the embarrassment of genders—always use all nouns in the plural and without qualifying adjectives. Do not say, for instance, *I love this old church*, for then you've got to know whether "church" is male or female. Say rather *One loves churches*. This lends a plain and even a quite lofty flavor to one's style, full of an eighteenth-century tincture, a Ben Franklin aphoristic and moralizing touch that must be soothing to the French ear. And indeed one is perpetually charmed by the infinite courtesy with which they hear us mangle their pronunciations. I was trying to imagine what would be the English phonetic equivalent for some of my utterances. When I ask the way to a village church it probably sounds to the native as though some one said to me, at home, "Ow wass it pleeze pozeable for locating ze sharsh?" These difficulties, and one's necessary limitations to the simplest formulæ (avoiding all *situations presque inénarrables*) have their charms, however; particularly for one whose trade is to deal in language. One uses one's own tongue so glibly, the words arriving in the mouth almost unconsciously, that it is an enormous advantage to study seriously, at a mature age, the actual hooks and couplings by which a foreign speech is put together

THE OLD BARRACKS GATE WAS A TRIUMPHAL ARCH DURING THE WAR

—how, to pursue my railway metaphor, these little baggage trucks of nouns and adjectives are made into trains, conjunctioned to the engine of a verb, and puffed off to carry their cargo to some destination. You find yourself looking (with a new respect) at an English sentence to remind yourself just how it is done. Was not one of the secrets of Mr. Conrad's rich appeal that he always dealt with English in the tenderness of one to whom it came not by birthright but as a long arduous acquisition? So you go about your rounds in the town, picking up a phrase here and there, sticking in a subjunctive now and then for good measure, acquiring the dainty technic of shopping, and blundering in and out of places that look for all the world like square-meal restaurants but which serve only liquids. "Don't the French ever *eat* anything?" cried Titania in despair, one evening when we had tried three or four cafés looking for some supper, but could find nothing but *apéritifs* and music. Of course one learns the stunts in time; just as the pipe smoker can even learn to inure himself to that Scaferlati tobacco; but at first the instinct of the foreigner leads him with unerring certainty to do the wrong thing.

Our dallying in Cherbourg was not mere indolence, nor due entirely to the picturesqueness of the town. There we were, solidly based on two of the very few bathtubs in the Cotentin—a great advantage to travelers with small children—and these large china receptacles constituted our G.H.Q. while prospecting for a summer home farther down the coast. That was why we covered so much country with M. Le Cornu, and as an introduction to French ways of living and thinking I urge househunting. You see innumerable domestic interiors of all sorts, and you learn, away from the life of hotels, how wrong are those travelers who insist on thinking of the French as rapacious. I recall one of our early expeditions when we passed a traveling coffee vendor, sitting on his little cart which was being pulled through the dust and hot sunshine by two hardy mongrels. His dogs were both so like an animal I was once greatly attached to, a certain Mr. Gissing, that I couldn't resist asking him if it would "*dérange*" him if I took a photo. He was quite pleased, cried his dogs to a smart trot, and came gayly along while I snapped the lens. In the subsequent palaver he spoke very fast and with a difficult accent, saying several times that it was very warm, and something about a "*bistro*" a little farther along the road. This I didn't quite grasp, but supposed he was suggesting that having taken his picture I might now stand him a drink. But when I began to haul out some money I was embarrassed to find that he had been offering to treat *me;* and this though we had spun past him in a car and probably looked to him like millionaires. The situation was painful but we got by it all right and he accepted, after some protest, a five-franc note. He said it was too much money for a drink, but I insisted that the dogs also should have one. And at this moment the urchiness created a diversion by falling into a deep ditch of water hidden in the long grass at the roadside. When we left him our friend was sitting happily at the *bistro*, enjoying—if the sign was to be trusted—*Consommations du Premier Choix.*

By now, of course, settled householders in a Norman village, Titania and I know the essentials of rustic technic. We know how to bicycle into a strange hamlet, pick out the most promising café, and take our lunch sitting at a bare table in the kitchen, looking into the mouth of an enormous fireplace where a kettle of sausages is simmering over a charcoal fire; where the bare table is spread with knives and a huge haunch of bread, and you get your share of the great platter of vegetables that goes round to the teamsters and others who are on the adjoining bench. And you see the copper utensils on the wall, the war helmet in the place of honor over the hearth, and the mother-of-pearl

clock. The two-franc *pourboire* you leave behind must not be given as a tip but as a gift to the small girl who watches shyly from the corner. These delicacies of deportment were beyond us in our early days in Cherbourg; but it was M. Le Cornu, I think, who set us on the right road. If you will note what are the hostelries approved by Baedeker, then you can find us at the opposite end of the town. Never, unless you introduce the topic, will your hostess admit that she knows you are foreigners. But she gives away her awareness by one invariable sign. She'll ask you if you would like to have tea with your meal.

And now, as I look back at my memories of Cherbourg, it is evening, that soft gradual dusk; and though it may be drizzling a bit you stroll along the docks. Across the bridge, now out of use while the lock gates are open, the special train for Paris, crammed with the *Berengaria's* passengers, is just pulling out. Waiting for the bridge to reopen is a whole cross-section of the French provinces: the tiny trolley car with two girls as conductor and driver; the workman with his string-bag carrying home two bottles of wine; the market-cart with the dog underneath doing his best to help pull; small boys in black pinafores; a woman in *sabots* with a fishing pole; a little Citroen (like a yacht's dinghy on wheels) with a little man in it, equally minute and dapper, on his way to dance and game at the Casino. Those delightful little Citroens! Even the name sounds fragrant, and I feel sure they ought to smell not of gasoline but of perfumery. Nothing is so precious as those first impressions of a foreign soil; never again are your eyes quite so sharply alert to the valuable comedies of contrast. And those passengers whom I see now, rolling in their lighted compartments toward Paris, may perhaps be right in hastening so wildly toward the capital. But I have a strange feeling that all the breath and essence of France may not necessarily be in Paris; and sometimes one wants to do one's devotions singly, not among other thousands.

And so when the time came to leave Cherbourg it was with the surprised feeling, not at all anticipated, that one had made a new friend, a friend who could not henceforth be omitted from one's happy memories. On that last evening, smoking a pipe along the quay, I met a young man from the real-estate agency who had joined some of our excursions and had been specially patient with our absurdities. We had a stroll together, and his English being about on a level with my French, we promised to correspond each in the other's language. His letter happens to be in reach of my hand, for I have been using it to prop up one leg of my typewriter, the table in the thatched cottage where I am now writing being a bit uneven. I take the liberty of copying a bit of it, as I can think of no better testimony in honor of French friendliness.

Do you remember, (he writes), of the nice evening passed in Jobourg? A evening like that one was too short. Yes, because it is always very tedious to leave some nice people. I think the little Christopher (*he means the urchin*) is pleased to pass her holidays in the beautiful country of the France. I want he must be enjoying of the France and of the French people for he must be latter a friend of the France. I think, dear sir, that you can manage with your French. I think so because you speak already very well. May be after your stay in France it shall be impossible for you to speak English. It must not.

I am pleased to send you this little letter and be sure if you may be I am a friend for you.

I think that the typewriter will march very steadily with that little wad of affectionate simplicity for a support. A common phrase in France nowadays is "*Plutarch a menti*"—"Plutarch lied." You see the book of that title in all the bookshops. And, as far as Cherbourg is concerned, Baedeker lied too.

A YEAR OF WORLD POLITICS

The Events of 1924 and their Future Significance

BY HENRY W. BUNN

(In this survey of public affairs throughout the world from November, 1923, to November, 1924, Mr. Bunn, an experienced observer, expresses his personal opinions frankly and freely. Needless to say, they do not necessarily coincide with our own. They furnish, however, a coherent basis for an intelligent forecast of the immediate future.—*Editor's Note.*)

ON the whole, the twelvemonth from Armistice Day, 1923, to Armistice Day, 1924, has been a prosperous one for our country.

Congress, in the session lasting from December 2, 1923, to June 7, 1924, left undone a great deal that it ought to have done, but it accomplished one piece of legislation of great and another of supreme importance: the Tax Revision Act and the Immigration Act. To say that the latter is the most salutary law passed since the adoption of the Constitution is perhaps not exaggerative. It saves us from submergence by racial stocks very different physically and psychologically from those which founded the Republic; it enables us to preserve the national stamp which, rightly or wrongly, we prize. The Tax Revision Act leaves much to be desired but it has brought great relief to the man of moderate income. A constitutional amendment vesting Congress with the power to deal with the question of child labor was passed by the Congress and has been submitted to the States. There was infinite discussion by the Congress of the farmer's misfortunes, but little or none of the palliative legislation proposed for his behoof was consummated. The session ended superbly with a good old 100-per-cent American filibuster which did to death some important legislation.

Satisfaction over the Immigration Act was marred for many of us by the provision of that Act which flouted Japanese susceptibilities, quite stupidly and unnecessarily, for the object proposed could have been achieved by courteous and inoffensive means.

Among the many achievements or developments of the year on which we have reason to felicitate ourselves are the following:

Regular transcontinental air-mail service between New York and San Francisco, to include night flying between Chicago and Cheyenne, was instituted on July first. Daily service in both directions throughout the year is being provided.

Six American army aviators in three planes, under the leadership of Lieut. Russell H. Smith, have circumvolated our little planet, being the first to do so; a sporting feat of the first magnitude in a year of great sporting feats.

As usual, our athletes won far more points at the Olympic Games than those of any other nation. But if you should group together the Scandinavian countries, including Finland (with a combined population of only about thirteen millions), the points total of that group would be 127 as against our 94.

The rapid steady increase of our murder and suicide rates has continued; and it is peculiarly gratifying to note the marked improvement in the artistic quality of our murders. Murder, of

course, is our national art, and we are fast becoming a nation of artists. We are producing more and better murders year by year. A "Murder Day" is indicated; and some patriot should offer a $50,000 prize for the most beautiful murder, the judges to be chosen from the citizenry of Herrin, Illinois. All in due course, too, we should address ourselves to the artistic improvement of our suicides; but one thing at a time.

Our national self-esteem has survived unimpaired one of the most noisome of political scandals. Such malodorous incidents are the price we pay for our unexampled high average of virtue. A balance must be struck between Ormuzd and Ahriman. Where almost all are of the loftiest integrity there must be a sprinkling of scoundrels of the first water, of an ineffable bouquet.

I forbear comment on the election campaign; a subject of which the reader is probably weary.

When, late in 1923, Stanley Baldwin, the British Conservative Prime Minister, went to the country with his proposal of a general policy of protection, he learned the important lesson that in Britain it is futile to challenge brusquely the principle of free trade; the souls of Bright and Cobden go marching on. The Conservatives found themselves with only a plurality of seats in the new Parliament, in contrast with their handsome majority in the old, and when Parliament met in January the Liberals joined the Labor members in censuring the Baldwin Government, which fell with a sickening thud. There followed one of the most interesting and important episodes of recent times, the ten-months' experiment of a Labor Government headed by Ramsay MacDonald.

Obviously the life of that Government depended on Liberal sufferance. The Liberals proved long-suffering. They were primarily minded to give a notable exhibition of British fair play; in fact they gave an almost fantastic exhibition. Labor was allowed "ample scope and room enough" in the domestic, foreign, and imperial fields.

Had the Labor Party been willing to shelve for the nonce their extreme and distinctive proposals, much of use could have been accomplished by way of social and economic legislation with the cordial co-operation of the Liberals and, for that matter, of the Conservatives. But the Labor extremists, panting for the Millennium *à la Russe*, would not have it so. Under pressure from these gentlemen the Government sponsored, instead, preposterous proposals such as the Rents Bill. Moreover, these same gentlemen were for substituting fisticuffs and Billingsgate for normal procedure by the Commons. In the domestic field Labor accomplished very little.

Mr. MacDonald is widely credited with triumphs of the first order, *in re* the Dawes Plan and at Geneva. In the opinion of this writer those triumphs were mostly specious. Of course Mr. MacDonald had nothing whatever to do with the evolution which was consummated by the Dawes Plan. By a piece of tactics at least in the worst of taste if not in bad faith, he nearly ruined in advance the London Conference summoned to devise the machinery for giving effect to the Dawes Plan. The success of that conference was due to the French, who evolved the arbitration formulas. At Geneva Mr. MacDonald and Lord Parmoor (the ineffectual British Labor representative on the League Council) represented not the British Empire but the Millennium. Their feet were off the ground. It is only surprising that they did not levitate out of the Hall of the Reformation and away to the Pacifist Limbo.

But I am not overmuch concerned to contest the popular opinion that Mr. MacDonald scored brilliant successes in the above connections. He came his destined cropper in foreign policy in his dealings with Russia. On August fifth, negotiations in London looking to a general (and a subsidiary commercial) treaty between London and Moscow

were broken off by the British representatives because of the grotesqueness of the Russian demands. The next day, at the urgency of Mr. MacDonald, the negotiations were resumed and almost immediately the treaty—embodying, it would seem, the grotesque terms—was signed. Now why did Mr. MacDonald intervene? Not, one may be sure, because he wanted such a treaty. Lloyd George's assertion that he acted under pressure from the gunmen of his party has never convincingly been challenged. And Lloyd George drew it mild when he characterized the treaty as both "fake and folly!" It is scarcely fitting that the British Empire should be at the mercy of a minority of wild men of the Labor Party.

The Labor Government was doomed from the day in August when it subscribed the Russian treaty. It was defeated on October ninth on a minor issue which it chose to make a matter of confidence. General elections were held October 29. The Government resigned on November fourth and was succeeded by a Conservative Government.

It is proper to say that on October 29 the British people expressed disapproval of the domestic and Russian policies of the Labor Government. The new Parliament will be made up approximately as follows: Conservatives, 410; Laborites, 150; Liberals, 40. But those figures are deceptive. The Conservatives did not win a popular majority. The popular vote was approximately as follows: 7,250,000, Conservative; 5,400,000, Labor; 2,800,000, Liberal. If the Liberal Party should be extinguished, as some (I think foolishly) predict, and its membership should be merged in the Conservative and Labor ranks respectively, no doubt the Conservatives would have a majority; but it would be none too secure. It behooves the Conservatives to show circumspection if the dangerous experiment of a Labor Government vested with real power is to be averted.

The Labor Government's conduct in the field of intra-imperial policy was creditable. It handled the Irish Boundary question with perfect correctness. Bound to be governed by legal rather than equitable considerations, it took the best legal advice and followed it. There is, however, as everyone knows, danger of lamentable consequences in the Free State should the Boundary Commission's award disappoint the popular expectation in that State of considerable territorial accessions by the award; of a blow-up in Ulster should the Commission alter the boundaries except by way of minor "rectifications." The Labor Government's manner of dealing with developments menacing to the Empire in India, Egypt, and the Sudan was in the best imperial tradition. But please note that at the very moment the Government was addressing the malcontents with the voice of Chatham, the National Council of the Independent Labor Party was manifestoing in language emphatically encouraging to resistance to British rule.

It were scarcely fair to find, in the rejection by the Labor Party of the unanimous recommendations of the Imperial Conference of Premiers, proof of lukewarmness towards the interests and wishes of the outlying parts of the Empire. The Imperial Conference recommended that the application of the principle of Imperial Preference be extended, and that a great naval base be created at Singapore. There are cogent arguments against those proposals, and Labor's rejection was made effective in the Commons by Liberal votes. But it will be (and in my opinion should be) the prime concern of the Conservatives, returned to power, to reassure the daughter commonwealths and to encourage intra-imperial relations of understanding and co-operation. A happy compromise between the principle of free trade and that of imperial preference is indicated. About half of British external trade is with the outlying dominions and colonies; and the proportion is bound to increase. The Empire's prime need is for genius of the first order to address

itself to the problem of an efficient imperial machinery.

In the French general elections of May eleventh a combination of the parties of the Left and Briand's National Radicals (Center) overthrew Poincaré and his Right group. This swing Leftward marked the passing of the war state-of-mind; it is no longer considered necessary to subordinate domestic to foreign policy. Poincaré's promises of adequate reparations having proved fallacious, his programme of tax increases was the more resented. The French therefore lent their ears to M. Herriot, head of the Left coalition, who promised to drop Poincaré's tax increases, to raise the salaries of State employees, and without new taxes or increases of old rates to balance the budget.

Of course M. Herriot has not found it possible to fulfill those promises; *au contraire*. The new budget tops the previous one by 3½ billion paper francs. The State employees are to get their salary increases, to be sure, but only by the expedient of dropping 20,000 of them from the rolls. Not only are Poincaré's tax increases retained but there are to be new taxes and further increases of old rates. And tax enforcement is to be strict as never heretofore. Election promises are and always will be the same all over the world, for ever and ever, amen.

But happy would it be for the world if all falsifications were as beneficent as those of M. Herriot. M. Clementel, Herriot's Finance Minister and one of the ablest financiers in the world, is making a heroic effort to rescue the fisc from the disaster threatened in consequence of the terrific debts incurred for the conduct of the War, for reconstruction, and for pensions—the heaviest debt burden borne by any people in the world. He is making arrangements to consolidate the floating debt. He has abolished that sham, the separate "budget of recoverable expenditure" (*i.e.*, expenditure for reconstruction fantastically supposed to be recoverable from Germany). He may avert disaster. If so, it will be only by a hair.

M. Herriot is a pacifist in the better sense of that word; unlike Mr. MacDonald he staunchly served his country in the War. It was he with his arbitration formulas who made the success of the London Conference. At Geneva, unlike the millennial MacDonald, he made really fruitful and practical suggestions looking to a machinery of pacification.

But Herriot's tenure of power is precarious. The loss of the support of any of the member groups of his coalition would ruin him. His own party, the Radical Socialists, resemble the more moderate section of the British Labor Party. The so-called National Radicals resemble the British Liberal Party and will give no support to extreme proposals. On the other side are the Unified Socialists, genuine rip-snorting Socialists, whose millennial bouquet can be sensed a league away: Herriot's gunmen, who are like to do for Herriot as MacDonald's gunmen did for him. Then there is the clerical issue, not unlikely to cause fatal embarrassment. And unless M. Herriot is most discreet he may like Mr. MacDonald find himself in a mess through his dealings with the Russians, whose interesting Government he has just acknowledged. To-morrow we may have to go up Salt Creek to find M. Herriot.

The French and Belgians won the Economic War of the Ruhr, to be sure, and thereafter Poincaré's "productive guarantees" really began to produce. But Poincaré perceived that, all things considered, the net yield therefrom would never equal what France could get under a programme of co-operation with the British, mild as such a programme must be. The Dawes committee was a natural evolution from Poincaré's new state of mind, induced by recognition that his victory was Pyrrhic. The intention to appoint it was announced by the Repa-

rations Commission in November, 1923. The Washington Government, though it could not officially designate the American members, unofficially blessed the appointments of General Dawes and Mr. Owen Young.

The committee met in January and on April ninth submitted their report embodying the Dawes Plan, so-called after the chairman of the committee, though it is understood to be mostly the product of Mr. Young's genius. That plan presents an elaborate machinery of which the ultimate product is to be German reparations. It contemplates an "introductory period" during which payments shall be graduated, rising from a total of one billion gold marks in the first year to approximately two and one-half billions in the fifth year, the first "normal" year. Moreover, an "index of prosperity" is to be calculated each year, beginning with the first "normal" year, from an average of the showings of several previous years, and if this indicates a German capacity to pay beyond the "normal" figure an addition is to be made to the latter; but on a modest ratio so as not to discourage German incentive.

The Dawes committee were silent (it was outside their mandate) as to how long this schedule of payments should run. Certainly it is not intended that it should run for ever. The plan is only partial and tentative. Presumably, all in good time, when the workings of the plan have sufficiently been observed, the Allies will decide on a new reparations total and will modify the Dawes Plan accordingly: a total to replace the figure of 132 billion marks ($33,000,000,000) set by the London Conference of May, 1921. It is indeed a most unsatisfactory feature of the present phase of the reparations problem that the full extent of the German obligations is left undetermined; but on the whole it is better so. The Germans know (and it's the psychology of the thing that matters) that they may count on a determination, in due course, that shall be consistent with the sensible and magnanimous spirit of the Dawes Plan. Observe that the "normal" yearly total of payments under the plan is to be the equivalent of $625,000,000, which is equal to five per cent interest on $12,500,000,000. That carries us back to the good old days, for that was the total of the A and B bonds under the London schedule of 1921. I leave the hint undeveloped.

A study which takes account of all significant considerations will show that the Dawes Plan (and the consummating arrangements, consistent therewith, to be expected) permits Germany to get off, to a preposterous degree, more lightly than France from the War burdens. Yet that plan is admitted by French economists to be as favorable to France as any arrangement that could be hoped for. Such is the bizarre structure of economics and finance that the victor in a great war must, *in his own interest*, consent to suffer more in his pocket than the loser. The fact, established beyond peradventure, puts a severe strain on the French sense of humor.

The Dawes Plan is the key to German politics of the past twelvemonth. From November to April, Germany lived in breathless expectation of the committee's report. A new Reichstag was elected in May to pass on the plan. It was finally accepted; but the German legislation called for in it was carried by only the narrowest of margins. It remained doubtful whether the plan would be fulfilled in good faith. The Reichstag was dissolved in late October and new elections will be held on December seventh. The result should definitely show which are the stronger: the elements which stand for honest fulfillment of Germany's engagements to the Allies, or those which would repudiate them. I opine that the majority of the German people appreciate Allied clemency and are sick of the vaporings and swashbuckling of Ludendorff and his like.

Some say there is no such thing as efficiency in Spain. But there is at least

one exception: the censorship. In consequence our information of Spanish developments in the past twelvemonth is most meager.

The Military Directorate headed by Primo de Rivera still survives; but, one suspects, most wobblingly. To be sure Primo de Rivera from time to time reassures the world, proclaiming that his programme of economic, educational, administrative, judicial, and other reforms is being surely, however slowly, put in execution. Unfortunately, he has to admit, the régime of military rule must continue until graft has been deracinated and administration purified. "This," he ruefully concludes, "will take some time." And the King adds a word by way of confirmation. "To make Spain safe for complete restoration of parliamentary government will take some time," echoes that good sport the King, whose forgoing of the delights of Santander for the cares of government has touched everybody.

Yes, it will take some time to deracinate *caciquismo* and all its fruits. And it is gravely to be doubted that the Military Directorate will last so long. Notices in quite a contrary sense to the above—*i.e.*, as to improvement of internal conditions—leak past the censorship from time to time.

The latest and perhaps the last Spanish imperial effort is ending in complete failure. All the gains made in Morocco since the beginning of the forward movement in 1911 are to be relinquished and only a few towns (Melilla, Tetuan, Ceuta, in chief) with limited hinterlands are to be retained, if indeed even so little can be held against Abdul Krim and his Berbers. *Sic transit gloria.*

One shudders a little, thinking of possibilities in Spain. Oh for another Visigothic invasion! But, Visigoths not being available, might not 100,000 Ku Klux Klansmen fill the bill? We could spare them.

At the general elections of April the Italian Fascisti won a whooping victory. The country, it might seem, was by way of becoming completely fascized. In a kind of despair the Opposition now raised its head. The Communists began to commit outrages of the old sort, to which some Fascist organizations responded with reprisals quite out of proportion to the outrages. It now appeared that the Fascisti had become roughly divided into two groups, the "Legalists" and the "Savages": the former deprecating further use of extra-legal methods, the latter demanding a free hand in ridding opposition. This phase culminated in June with the murder of the Socialist Deputy Matteotti; the work of a gang of Savages of a type familiar in the history of revolutions, some of them men of criminal temperament, some of them fanatics.

Despite the obvious sincerity of Mussolini's expressions of horror and disgust, the incident dangerously compromised Fascismo. It was in fact a godsend to the Opposition, who have exploited it to the full. Opening the new Parliament in May, Mussolini told the Camera (three-fifths Fascist) that the parliamentary system was about to be tested under conditions the most favorable to be imagined. On the result depended whether that system should be continued in Italy or be replaced by some other. But, addressing the same body shortly after the Matteotti affair, Mussolini declared that thenceforth the country would be governed constitutionally through Parliament, that the Fascisti proposed to eschew extra-legal methods, to purge their party of undesirables, and to pursue a policy of national conciliation. To be sure he added that Fascismo principles would be defended at any cost, and that to the Opposition demands for resignation of the Government, for dissolution of the Fascist militia, and for new general elections his answer was a "firm, categorical, and solemn *No.*" But though the words of this answer were bold enough the tone lacked that *insolenzia* (we have no word exactly correspond-

ing) which of old gave so distinctive a flavor to Mussolini's utterances. The Opposition have turned a deaf ear to all overtures of conciliation. They will not abate a jot of their demands. The Opposition groups withdrew from Parliament in June and they swear they will not return when Parliament reconvenes in December. Obviously there is an *impasse*. When and how will it be broken?

Preoccupied with his domestic problems, Mussolini has been unable in the past twelvemonth to assert himself in the field of foreign policy; which is perhaps as well for all concerned, though the world would always be willing to sacrifice a few Armenian orphans (as at Corfu) for the delightful spectacle of Mussolini in swashbuckling vein.

In the last twelvemonth Turkey has continued to proceed grimly along the path marked out for her by Mustapha Kemal Pasha. In nothing is the greatness of this man more evident than in his hatred of shams. The Caliphate has been a sham ever since about 900 A.D., when temporal power passed from the Abbasid House. When, in the 16th century, the last Abbasid prince died, the ruling Ottoman Sultan added the high-sounding title of Caliph to his other numerous titles without attaching any special significance to it. So the matter stood until the nineteenth century, when certain Western pundits discovered (what had never disclosed itself to the Moslems) a close resemblance between the Papacy and the Caliphate; that is, they bestowed upon the Caliphate a pontifical character, which it had hitherto lacked.

Those professors started something. That prime scoundrel Sultan Abdul Hamid (1876–1909) saw the possibilities in the idea and, with German help, exploited it in furtherance of his grandiose Pan-Islamic programme. Mustapha Kemal decided to puncture that Grand Sham. First, as will be remembered, he deprived the Sultan-Caliph Mehmed VI both as Sultan and as Caliph and sent him on his travels. Then, with his tongue in his cheek, he caused Mehmed's nephew, Abdul Mejid, to be made Caliph with only "spiritual" functions. Of course, as Mustapha Kemal foresaw, Abdul Mejid (though against his wishes) became the center of furious underhand political intrigue. Therefore at the instance of Mustapha Kemal the Angora Assembly, in March of the past year, abolished the Ottoman Caliphate and in turn ejected poor Abdul Mejid.

Another sham, then, done to death? No, not exactly. But I must omit the Arabian tale of how old King Husein of the Hejaz, thinking to revive the Grand Sham, lost all, and his dream of Arabistan went glimmering.

The lover of China (and who does not love the land of Li Po, of Ma Lin, of Po Chü-i and of Lu Fu?), if he be a philosopher and really knows his China, will not be overmuch perturbed by the recent Celestial developments.

Politically, there seems to be a return to the situation prior to July, 1920, when the Anhwei Party was thrust from power. The inner governing group of that party —the flower, the attar thereof—were called the Anfu Club. Between 1917 and 1920, Tuan Chi-jui being Premier, the Anfu Club went far by concessions, secret agreements, etc., (in return for Japanese money) to subject China to Japanese control. The situation stinking intolerably to Heaven and the Chinese people boiling with wrath, the Anfuites (as stated above) were ejected —the toe of Wu Pei-fu being the main instrument of ejection. Well, after four years, through the treachery of his chief subordinate Wu Pei-fu has in turn been ejected and the old gang is back, along with that super-bandit Chang Tso-lin, Super-Tuchun of Manchuria. Tuan Chi-jui, one hears, is to be President.

So, taking counsel of philosophy, I observe as follows: Let the Tuchuns rage and the barbarians imagine a vain thing! China has known many periods of politi-

cal chaos worse than the present one. That toughest of fabrics, the Chinese civilization, has survived them essentially unimpaired, and in due course a political fabric sufficiently answerable to the needs of the people has in each case again been established.

So shall it be again! "How soon?" you ask. Oh, maybe a hundred, two hundred years. Chinese processes, you know, are secular.

Interpretation of Japanese domestic politics is an affair of *nuances* and requires space not vouchsafed here. The present cabinet, installed in May, is a coalition headed by the Kenseikai leader, Viscount Kato. Kato inherits from Count Okuma, who is reputed to have been a genuine Progressive in domestic policy.

But it is Kato's foreign rather than his domestic attitude that intrigues us. His record on the former head is not reassuring. It was Kato who drew up the Twenty-one Demands on China. Of all Japanese statesmen of note he is reputed to be the least affectionately disposed toward the United States. The coalition cabinet, softly following a period of great political turbulence, looks to this writer like a union of hearts created by common indignation on account of our Immigration Act. The peculiarly sensitive Japanese national pride was desperately affronted by that Act. If it demands satisfaction, must have balm, that should not be surprising. The Japanese were flattered by the Washington Conference. It seemed unreservedly to acknowledge Japan's equality with the great Western Powers. Japan was, I think, honestly minded to observe the rules "indicated" (rather than prescribed) by the Conference; rules implying the magnanimous co-operation of equals in the work of pacifying the world.

The Immigration Act, you might say, destroyed the spiritual fabric evolved by the Washington Conference. It created in the Japanese a profound distrust of our good faith. As they see it, it released them from the obligations implied in the Washington Agreements. Now recall that by the Naval Treaty we surrendered our power to exert aught but "moral" pressure with respect to Asia, and that our "moral" influence in Japan is now minus zero. If, then, the Japanese should resume their so recently abandoned policy of exploitation and domination of China, ought any one to be surprised or for that matter especially shocked? Of course it would be improper to suggest that Japanese hugger-mugger intrigue may have had its part in the recent development in China, but it has to be remarked that this development is in the highest degree favorable to re-establishment of the one-time Japanese strangle hold on that unhappy country. It is, moreover, proper to point out that Chang Tso-lin was permitted to use what is in effect Japanese territory (namely, Manchuria) as a base of operations against the Peking Government. Domination of China would be balm for wounded Japanese pride.

For many months the Japanese and Russian diplomatic agents at Peking have been in conversation. Some astute persons are expecting emergence therefrom of an intimate Russo-Japanese alliance having for its main object a combined programme for the "salvation" of China. Moscow and Tokyo relapsed into militarism, clubbing their benevolence for the behoof of China, is a sweet thought: an intimate alliance with Russia, a Western Power of by no means the second rank—that too might be balm of sorts for wounded Japanese pride.

It may turn out all right but I think I am justified in throwing out the above terrifying hints. And observe that I am not disposed to denounce the Japanese. If I were a Japanese, with *Jidai makiye* and the battle of Tsushima in the back of my mind, I think I might react as above suggested to the American Immigration Act. "Not an insult," you say; "at worst a snub." Ah! as between the two I should say an insult contained gunpowder; a snub, lead fulminate.

MRS. EBEN PAUL

A Story

BY ARTHUR JOHNSON

MRS. EBEN PAUL was sitting in her breakfast chair. It was also her reading chair and her darning chair and her snoozing chair. In fact it was the only comfortable chair in her narrow sitting room, the other appointments of which consisted of a worn brown velours lounge, two straight-backed chairs upholstered in the same material, a clock, a marble shelf on iron brackets above a fireplace which had never drawn, a radiator, and a cherry table with a towel cover. Behind where she sat was the door to her bedroom which contained a bed, a bureau, a washstand set with chrysanthemum-decorated crockery, a smaller radiator, and a table to put medicine bottles on.

Like all the rooms of the hotel Number 561 smelt of cooking—cooking left over from day to day and week to week. But Mrs. Eben Paul's sense of smell was not very good, nor if it had been would she have been likely to notice now, so accustomed was she to the aroma of her quarters. Besides, her be-lambrequinned window gave on the city's most fashionable street; at least that was the way the street where "the widow of our late beloved selectman has now taken up her residence" was described in the Friday Social Notes of the North Ashton *Beacon* twenty years ago.

She put down her coffee cup. She pulled back the faded garnet window-hangings and peered forth. She noted that the street was divided into two thoroughfares, a strip of park between. The automobiles on this side went one way, those on the other side went the other. She noted these familiar facts afresh because to do so was somehow an outlet for her quickened energies this morning. Whence came all the automobiles? Whither were they going? Who lived in the big pink house on the opposite corner? Mrs. Paul had steeled herself against such mysteries for years. This morning she could not help wondering. City life was different. People didn't get together much, like in North Ashton.

But it was her fixed obsession to resist the thought of North Ashton! How could she for one moment have fallen into making the ridiculous comparison now? She smiled deliberately. . . Some touch of spring in the strip of park may have unnerved her this morning. Perhaps the swelling of the buds on those sensitive twigs of the upper branches she looked down upon awoke a relic of the same youthful fervor which first determined her to get away from North Ashton—a determination she should never allow herself to regret.

Though here how few people there really were to talk to. If she succeeded in forming an acquaintance it always happened that the person was about to leave. Of the six true friendships she had made in the hotel, four were dead and the other two, the sisters, went now to Thomasville, Georgia. Of course there was the visit to her dressmaker. There was the girl who sold gloves at the department store.

She nodded her head. She swallowed to gain courage; but it hurt her to swallow when she was agitated. Her

hand was tired holding back the faded garnet hanging. She let it fall again, darkening with its dingy shadow half her breakfast tray. She rubbed one hand about the other. Her skin was dry and powdery. She must remember to get some lotion at the apothecary's when she went for her prescription.

There was a knock. It was the colored man for the tray. It always pleased Mrs. Paul to have him come. He always said good morning and something else cheery besides.

"Steak no' good, m'm?"

"Why, very good!"

That the cuisine of the Wetmore was the best she had taken for granted twenty years ago. As "a banquet three times a day" had not the North Ashton folk heard it rumored!

"You well this mornin', m'm?"

"I am very well indeed, I thank you."

"Want prunes for change 'stead them baked apples to-morrow, m'm?"

She reached for a mangy velvet bag on the radiator and, examining coin after coin as they chinked through her dry fingers, retained a dime which she dropped gleefully into the big swarthy palm held forth. It still thrilled her to give the tips.

But he was gone presently. She was alone again. She must wash herself. She must unpin the false hair from over her crimps and comb them out and get dressed.

Resignedly she took up the three letters he had brought—two postmarked North Ashton, the other— One was from Adoniram Bennet, the trustee, who sent every week a terse column of accounts on lined foolscap, carefully worked over and written out by his daughter Elvira, with a paragraph scolding her for her extravagance. Mrs. Paul put them bitterly aside. The other was from Mrs. Betson, to say the old apple tree had come down in the last storm. She must answer Mrs. Betson and tell her to have the Jones boy (who was now nearly forty) chop the tree for kindling and put it in the south shed. He could get the key at Abner Mansfield's as usual. Poor Mrs. Betson! She was always so kind! And Mrs. Paul hadn't had her down now this five years. Mame's clothes were scarce fit nowadays for the city.

The third envelope Mrs. Paul opened with a gayer, more inquisitive touch. It was a fine large handsome envelope, and in it a card, oh so beautifully engraved, which read:

Tamanaka and Company invite you to attend an auction sale of rare Japanese and Chinese art to be held in the parlors of the Hotel Wetmore on the afternoon of April the twelfth at two o'clock.

MRS. EBEN PAUL WAS SITTING IN HER BREAKFAST CHAIR

She read it through twice. She gloated over its grandeur, its elegance, its flourish. She read it again. The import of it began to sink in upon her mind. She hadn't been to an auction since she used to go see Silas Waldron, the Town Constable, officiate in the days when he was courting her before she got intimate with Eben, and the possibility of going to a glorified city auction linked her up with the ardor of her youth. Moreover she had read a book once entitled *The Orient and Its Treasures*. Vaguely she recalled that there were such things as Ming vases and Ching lacquers. Even the word "Rrama" was wafted back to her through the wasted years. She recalled the very evening she had looked it up in the *American Encyclopedia* which filled two shelves of the black walnut bookcase at the old Paul mansion on the Row. She had longed to go to the Orient at the time. She had always intended to go some day. How wonderful that this should have happened at last! Visions of adventure loomed before her. The invitation was as a personal appeal. She pressed it proudly between her thin fingers, wondering: What shall I put on? What shall I wear?

She pushed back the faded garnet hanging once more and looked out. What a comforting scene it was after all! How lively! Whereas in North Ashton the snow would be only just melting, the sleighs would scrape over the bare places, the lumber wagons be splashed with mud. . . .

Warm as it was though outdoors this morning, she didn't dare leave off her sealskin yet. It was yellowed, it was worn at the cuffs. She tied her bonnet strings in a drooping bow which filled the V at the neck. She was a short frail woman, with a withered face and eyes now lusterful and darting. She pinned the narrow veil over her forehead to keep her gray-brown hair from blowing. She stepped alertly into the hall and shut the door. It stuck a little at the bottom, but she pulled it with an impulsive hand. Her hands were small and delicate. The point-edged brass tag on the key jingled as she turned the lock. She saw her cluster-ring of diamonds flash reassuringly as she shook the knob.

The elevator boy took off his cap for her. It flattered her to have him do it. Slow as the elevator was, it always seemed but a second down—too brief. Opposite the door another negro was mopping the black-and-white squares.

"Mornin', m'm."

He saluted, suspending his labor until she had passed by. It made her step grow lighter. She went to the office to leave the key. The clerk usually made her rather scared—not so much though as the one they had two years ago; but this morning she didn't have to brace herself to greet him. She nearly beamed.

"Thanks. It's warmer this morning, Mis' Paul."

He was so polite. She clattered in quick little unsteady steps to keep from slipping across the wide marble-tiled floor to the door. A taller negro in pseudo-livery opened it.

"Yes, Mis' Paul," he grinned.

Delightedly she stepped forth. Oh, it was like spring, it was like the spring! She tried to take a deep breath into her lungs. The thought of the auction flitted through her mind. Absent-mindedly she pretended to herself as she walked along how really difficult it was to find time for anything in a place where there was so much to do; just now for example she must—on top of everything—go to the apothecary's.

On her way down the busy street she saw a florist's window opposite and decided to go over. She held her head back, waiting for the trolley car to pass. The draught took her skirts so that she had to reach down to catch them, ducking her head and holding her muff to her bonnet. The car was followed by a long funeral procession which she watched aloofly, unimpressed. There came a succession of trucks and motors and taxicabs. A policeman beckoned to her, calling, his strong arm flung up against

"YOU WELL THIS MORNIN', M'M?" ASKED THE WAITER

the traffic. She ventured forward responsively.

"You are all right, madam. Come along."

Everybody was so kind! The lilacs all abloom in the florist's window were so beautiful! She must write Mrs. Betson that very day and tell her that here the lilacs, real lilacs, were out. Poor Mrs. Betson liked to know what was going on! Mrs. Paul wanted to enter the florist's shop and see the lilacs closer but she persuaded herself she hadn't time.

The apothecary's was generally empty at this early hour and she enjoyed going there then because the clerks in their nice white coats left off polishing the soda fountain to follow behind the counters her movements in front of them as she would step here and there looking into the cases. Often she would buy a little bottle of perfume which she could not enjoy, or some wintergreen lozenges which disagreed with her, or just any trifle to please them. To-day she drew from her muff the empty bottle for the prescription which Doctor Bowker had given her years ago to take a teaspoonful of after eating three times a day. A blush flooded her small sensitive face as she saw the dark stain on the label and the piece of soiled Christmas-holly-ribbon which she had tied round the neck so she could more easily tell the bottle from the others on her table in the dark.

"Good morning, Mrs. Paul," the clerk said, extending his hand across the counter to take the bottle.

"Oh, I'm sorry I didn't have time to wash it. I just caught it up—it wasn't quite gone, you know—but I poured the last dose into a glass. For I thought so long as I was coming up this way—Yes, thank you. Yes."

"Will you call for it? This afternoon, Mrs. Paul?"

"This afternoon at . . ."

Suddenly she remembered the auction. That she should have an important engagement was unprecedented.

"I'm so sorry. You see—could you send it this once? I would be so grateful to you. Mrs. Paul, Mrs. Eben Paul, Hotel Wetmore. Yes. Yes, indeed. Oh, yes. Thank you so much."

The clerk said nothing more but followed her peregrinations, the counter between. At last she had her lotion. She had gone the rounds. Another clerk, a pretty youth, opened the door for her. There was nothing to do except pass out through it. He smiled a little but his smile slackened when he met the vivid intense blueness of her eyes.

Such an attractive store! There was nothing like that in North Ashton!

She sniffed the air, almost surprised not to find the old-time flavor in it. For the sky was so deep and clear, and there were white rolling clouds wandering through the vista down the cross street. Every few steps she would stop and turn and gaze along the empty sidewalk, smiling aimlessly, gratefully. Whenever she saw anybody coming she started at a faster gait, conscientious to appear in a hurry to get somewhere. . . .

In those days before the sisters went to Thomasville she hastened to the dining room the moment the doors were open and sat on there raptly with them till the doors were closed. But in these days she was seated alone, except when a homely transient or two turned up, and it was conspicuous to stay in the dining room too long alone. So she would venture in timidly midway through the meal, securing thus a glimpse of those who came early and those who came late.

This noon however was different. She had to be on time for the auction, and if she dressed herself up beforehand her clothes might get mussed; so it was better perhaps to eat early and dress herself afterward. Besides, it would be nice to go into the dining room once again as soon as the doors were open and have no fear of staying too long.

"A tiny bit ahead of time, m'm?" asked the majestic negro as she entered.

"Yes, I am ahead of time, but I've a very important engagement to-day," she said gayly and nodded, waiting as usual for him to precede her toward her chair.

She followed him then as staunchly as she could, gauging her frail footsteps carefully, her hands pressed to her rustling skirt.

"He's the auction man, m'm!" the head waiter explained in a whisper as he pushed her up.

Only then did Mrs. Paul collect herself sufficiently to notice that a gentleman was already eating at her table.

She tried to keep calm. She swallowed, making her lips go out and in as if with some relish of an aftertaste. She tried not to stare at him so. She tried to read the bill of fare. She twisted the rings round and round on her fingers. She fidgeted with her little lace collar, her meager sleeves. She tried to straighten her bonnet, shifting it first this way and then that in vain. She ordered things that she had never dared order before and nothing that she would dare to taste.

The auctioneer went on eating everything imperturbably, his napkin stuck between two buttons of his fashionable low-cut plaid vest. He barely glanced at her. He was much grander than Silas Waldron ever was even in the days of his youth. He was thinner. He was darker. He was more mysterious and forbidding. His mustaches were shorter, and his hair, brushed back pompously from his high forehead, glistened like a real actor's. A sapphire gleamed in the center of his stiff white shirt-front—such a jewel as Silas would have coveted; and his splashing black bow tie was better than the one she had once brought home to Eben from Saratoga.

She grew conscious that the scattered people were noticing them. She saw how everyone looked as they came in,

nudging and whispering. They probably thought she had come in early to-day because of the auctioneer . . . And if she talked to him they would probably gossip about her as in the old days folks had gossiped about her and Silas Waldron and Eben Paul! Hadn't she known what the world was like then? She had almost forgotten, perhaps. But with this stalwart man beside her she almost remembered. By his side she could almost recapture a spark of her youthful zeal to triumph over the world . . . She could almost feel again as she looked when with her bright hair and curling red lips she arrived from Portland, Maine, to work in Abner Mansfield's dry-goods and notions store. The gossips had said then that she was spreading her nets for Eben Paul but she'd never get him—just as they had said when he died that she couldn't be hired to leave the old Paul Mansion on the Row. She had shown people then and she would show people now. . . . Never since she had shaken the dust of North Ashton from her feet had she felt so in the limelight as she began to feel all at once seated beside this handsome stranger at the table. It was not a chance to delay over another second.

DELIGHTEDLY SHE STEPPED FORTH INTO THE SPRING MORNING

She moved her chair so she could face him more naturally. She half smiled as she looked at him. She stopped smiling with her lips and smiled with her eyes, then lowered her eyes and let the smile return if it would to her lips. She coughed and took a sip of water from her tumbler and made a weak little sound in her throat. She unsnapped the black bag in her lap, raising her knees by her toetips to keep it from falling, and took out her handkerchief and pressed it for one second to her lips—a characteristic gesture, executed somewhat differently when she was a girl. Then she snapped the handkerchief back into the bag with a click, lowered her knees, placed her be-ringed hands on the tablecloth, palms down, and glanced about at the gaping newcomers. She suddenly passed the bread to him and smiled. He shook his head.

"Or you'll have a pickle perhaps? These are meant for both of us."

"No, thank you, madam."

When he raised his eyes to say this she put all the sparkle she could into hers and murmured scarce audibly:

"I suppose—I hear—you are versed in *The Orient and Its Treasures?*"

"What, madam?" And at a loss he took his great watch from his vest pocket, thinking she must have asked him the time.

"Aren't you going to be the master of ceremonies to-day?" she asked.

"Pardon, madam?"

He leaned his head closer and she repeated what she had said right into his very ear. Then he leaned back and looked at her.

"I mean—the auctioneer!" she said playfully.

"Pardon. I didn't understand."

"I've heard about blue Ming vases and Ching lacquers and—and—*R-r-r-r-mas*, you know."

He eyed her up and down. "You have some to sell, you mean?"

"No, sir. But I have a book about them." And as he continued to look at her suspiciously she was impelled to add: "Not here of course. Not here."

He raised his eyebrows and puckered his mustaches, which gave him a still more doubting expression. He had finished eating, his crumpled napkin was in one hand, and he held a toothpick im-

patiently between thumb and forefinger of the other. If she didn't say something more very soon he would leave.

"North Ashton!" she exclaimed involuntarily, and searched his face in desperation, trying to smile, trying to open her dim eyes wider, her lips going out and in despite all her efforts at self control. It was like the warmth of summer to her when he tilted back his chair and laughed.

"North Ashton! So that's where you live, madam?"

"No, no! I wouldn't live there for anything! I live in the city! Can you imagine me living there? Have you ever seen it?"

He nodded, his chair on a level again as if he was going.

"Isn't it a terrible place?" she pursued uncontrollably. "I could never have stayed there a minute except for my husband. He was so prominent he couldn't leave. It was so small, so narrow-minded. Nobody understood if you cracked a joke. Any fun at all was considered sinful. They'd criticize you if you wore a—a low neck!" . . . She rushed ahead, telling him how she had determined to get away and see life, to have adventures and not grow like the inhabitants. She told him how she had kept the old Paul Mansion on the Row shut ever since her husband died, although it was the only really big house in the town—and so comfortable, so expensively furnished. She told him about the Lincrusta Walton wallpaper, the ebony easel in the long parlor, the imported Brussels carpets, the crayon portraits done by Drew. She told him things she had resisted mentioning or thinking of for years. Not even to the sisters had she often spoken of North Ashton. Why did she let herself go so now? Was it the spring? Or was it—was it what she had given up hoping ever to feel again at first sight? She sat back, her pocket handkerchief to her quivering lips, ashamed.

But the next moment she was glad of what she had done. The auctioneer had become so interested. He put down his napkin and put away his toothpick and leaned his elbows on the table beside her. His breath smelt strong of whisky but Mrs. Paul did not notice it.

"You're going to the auction?" he asked more intimately.

"Yes, thank you! I certainly will! Oh, yes!"

"Let me give you a hint then, madam."

She nodded, with a flutter of her frail dry hand to signify how attentive she would be, and tried to alternate the smile on her lips and the smile in her blue eyes as of old.

"Listen, madam. I've sold off all kinds of things—from North Ashton to San Francisco. Beds, bed linen, kakemonos, houses, horses, pigs, chairs, diamonds" (pointing with his thumb to her rings), "pictures—everything. And if I were rich like you to-day, I'd never let these bargains pass. I'd bid—bid all I could. That's my advice. I can tell you it's only for lack of storage space these goods are being sold at all. At a loss—at a loss of seventy-five or a hundred per cent, I calculate. The most marvelous *objay dar* that ever crossed the western seas into our estimable country. You won't let them all go by you, madam?" And in a deep low voice be added, "Of course, I wouldn't say this to everyone!"

Summoning all the fervency at her command she smoothed her lace front and prepared to pledge herself, when the majestic head waiter interrupted them with a message.

"I've got to fly!" the auctioneer said. "I've got to put the finishing touches on the altars of sacrifice. Don't forget me!"

"Oh, I promise!"

"And your name, madam? Just by way of convenience, you know."

"Mrs. Paul—Mrs. Eben Paul!"

He wrote it down in the long book he had whipped from his pocket for the purpose.

"I'll help you start the bids!" she cried shakily, but with a spark of the

"YOU'RE GOING TO THE AUCTION?" HE ASKED INTIMATELY

enthusiasm that had once so inspired Silas Waldron. "I wish you success, Mr.— Mr.—? Your name, sir?"

"J. H. Simonds, madam. Till we meet again!"

She put out her small hand, wavering and weak in its nakedness. At first he did not see it. Then he hesitated. Then he took it, giving a curious glance around him and a bow to her, and was gone.

The whole dining room seemed desolated. She was alone at the table before her empty plate. But she must compose herself. There had to be partings like this in life. One had to learn to take them philosophically. She tried to smile again in that way she smiled of old. She picked up her handkerchief from the table. She had difficulty in stooping to pick up her black bag which had slid to the floor. She was out of breath when she recovered it, but she had the presence of mind to take as many coins as she could manage from the bag and slip them through her numb fingers onto the table—enough tip for her and Mr. J. H. Simonds. She tried to smile again when she snapped her handkerchief back into the bag. She must make a dignified exit from the room. All eyes, she fancied, were fastened upon her. She tried to stand. The majestic head waiter sprang forward to help her. But at the blueness of her eyes he stepped to one side and let her falter forth alone.

For once the elevator moved too slowly for her. For once her narrow parlor looked too bare and bleak. For once her best black and white silk, as she drew it on and hooked it before the stark oval mirror of the bureau, looked less fancy than it should. She saw the loose folds of her throat droop over the tight upright lace-covered choker of her dress as if they had shriveled from too little using. She protruded her lips, pursing them aspiringly into a point. She got accustomed to her appearance. It seemed better now. She smiled appreciatingly. She removed her bonnet and put her hands to the sides of her hair, pushing it back or pulling it down until it became her best. She got out the carved tortoise-shell lorgnette Eben had given her from the small bureau drawer and looped the cord over her head.

She looked at her watch. Half an hour still to wait! What could she do meanwhile? She ought to rest and save her strength perhaps. . . . She undid the prescription which had already been delivered by the apothecary. She took a teaspoonful of Doctor Bowker's medicine for after eating, although she had eaten nothing. She dropped into her snoozing chair by the be-lambrequinned window and pulled back the faded hangings. . . . A mist was gathering over the strip of park between the two thoroughfares. The touch of spring seemed to have vanished treacherously from the sky. "I hope it won't rain," she thought to herself; "Oh, I hope it won't!"

Crowds and crowds were pouring into the great parlors of the Wetmore. The best hotel negroes, arrayed in bright Oriental costumes, were conducting ladies and gentlemen thither. One of the most splendidly arrayed of them approached Mrs. Paul to ask where she wanted to sit, and she remembered how Eben said the few times they went to the theater together that the choicest seat was halfway back in the middle; then remembering that she had never agreed with Eben, she asked to be ushered nearer the front. Such furs, such jewels, such bared glowing throats! If only Mame Betson could see! But the front was crowded and she was retreating drearily when a deep strong voice proclaimed:

"In the first row, Mrs. Eben Paul—I have reserved a chair for you!"

She turned. Robed in gold and scarlet she beheld Mr. J. H. Simonds on the platform, a Ching lacquer wand aloft in his right hand. She flourished her glove at him—a signal that used to charm Silas Waldron so; and keeping her head decently bowed to shield herself from the envious throng, she rustled down the aisle.

"Thank you, thank you, thanks so much, Mr. Simonds."

His black-and-white striped trousers exceeded her wildest hopes of what city trousers could be. Like a prince he strode forward on the platform, cleared his throat, and pointed his wand to the countless objects that were to be sacrificed. She smiled at the strange array with an air of connoisseurship, unclicked her black bag and slipped a lozenge into her mouth.

"Number One, Ladies and Gentlemen, is a blue Ming vase. What am I offered for this jewel of the Orient?"

Half turning in her chair, she raised her eyebrows at the silent throng reprovingly.

"For this exquisite rare old Ming vase, worth—"

Mr. Simonds adjusted his glasses on her. She unfurled her tortoise-shell lorgnette and gazed back up to him.

"One hundred dollars, at the very lowest, Ladies and Gentlemen. Will nobody start it at fifty? Fifty? Forty then? Who will offer me forty dollars—it is a libel to think of it, Ladies and Gentlemen—who of you will be wise enough to offer me forty dollars for this rare vase?"

She leaned forward, her hands on the rail of the platform, all her rings twinkling.

"Ladies and Gentlemen, will you not help me? Yes. *You* will? You? *You?*"

How could she keep still another second.

"Name your own price, at least, if you will be so kind. Name *any* price, please, to start them. Thirty? Twenty-five? I hear twenty-five? Do I hear twenty, then—twenty? Twenty? Fifteen? Fifteen? Ten then, do you say ten? Who will offer me—"

He was looking full at Mrs. Paul again, smiling and raising his wand. She nodded her head rapturously.

"Thank you, madam. Thank you for that favor. I am offered then ten dollars. Who will say fifteen? Sixteen? Seventeen? Twenty? Twenty-five? Thirty?" . . .

The bids were coming in thick and fast, so distractingly that they seemed

to shatter her hold upon the auctioneer. These grasping people were trying to take him away from her, as in the old days they had tried to take Eben Paul. . . . But what would Adoniram Bennett say if she spent so much?

"Seventy!" she cried out, whatever Adoniram might say, rising to her feet unafraid.

And she stood while the others kept their seats and the bids soared higher. She had not been so in the thick of things since—

"Seventy-five! Seventy-five!" she called out.

Triumphantly she glared through the ensuing silence.

"Going at seventy-five. Eighty? Do I hear eighty? Going, sold at—going——"

He was weakening for her sake; he wanted her to win! She was sure of it.

"Sold at seventy-five dollars to Mrs. . . ."

He looked at her smiling.

"To my friend Mrs. Eben Paul."

He stopped to jot the sale on his book. She sat down in glory. She drew on one of her gloves. She felt so superior to the others that she didn't care what kind of glances they turned on her. She had felt assurance from the moment Mr. J. H. Simonds gave her a seat ahead of them all, but now her supremacy was proved. What did it matter how Adoniram Bennett scolded? Hadn't Mr. Simonds said these things were bargains? Didn't she trust him? She could sell them if necessary for twice all she paid.

Hardly a sale went without Mr. Simonds appealing to her personally in the course of the bidding. If he seemed at all bashful or in a slump she focused hard upon him till she caught his eye as she had learned long ago to catch Silas Waldron's to encourage him at some crucial point. An electric-like understanding existed between them. . . .

"You will help to start Number Nineteen for me, Mrs. Paul?"

"Certainly, Mr. Simonds. Five dollars!"

"Five?—Ten?—Fifteen?—Twenty?—Thirty?—Fifty?—Eighty?—One hundred?—Two hundred? Three? Who will bid three hundred? It is a true bargain! Gone to my friend Mrs. Eben Paul."

"You know so well what I like, Mr. Simonds!" . . .

"Number Twenty-five will especially appeal to you, Mrs. Paul."

She smiled coyly at him and shook her head. "Why do you say such a thing, Mr. Simonds? How could you? You know I haven't room for it!"

"Will not anybody help me then?"

Silence.

"Nobody?"

Public spirit is dead, thought Mrs. Paul—as her husband used to say about North Ashton. "I'll help you!" she called out at the top of her voice. "One hundred dollars! There now!"

But the women with their gleaming jewels and their furs and bared glowing throats were raising her higher and higher. Their jealous bids rang out deafeningly around her like rifle shots. She rose to her feet again to defy them—but saw Mr. Simonds shake his head gravely. How kind he was to give her these hints at his own expense! It warmed her heart's blood anew. Every eye was fixed on her burningly. She hadn't had such attention since she had taken the leading part in the "Mousetrap" to help pay off the mortgage on the old parsonage. Though now she had only to sit back languidly and fan herself while her audience vied with one another in vain for the favor of Mr. J. H. Simonds. It was bliss just to listen to his singsongy voice. The bars of her will were let down. She could allow her mind to wander fitfully through—whither it would. She no longer resisted the thought of North Ashton.

For a moment she fancied she was driving with her father to interview the carpenter, whose wife kissed her and gave her some oxalis bulbs.

Or walking in the woods with that red-haired boy who always stayed so long

over the counter. It was Sunday afternoon—the buds were just breaking. They sat on a stone wall near where a brook crossed the road through a culvert and made a gurgling sound. He asked her to marry him, and she refused the third time, and strolled home flushed and happy, her hand in his, the hermit thrushes singing in the odorous twilight.

"Only twenty-five dollars for this choice *r-r-rama*, Ladies and Gentlemen? What are you thinking of? You, Mrs. Paul . . ."

She started and realized the sudden need of bidding. And the choice *r-r-rama* was knocked down to her after a struggle. . . .

But the wagon of the wholesale dealer was at the door of Abner Mansfield's; she was choosing calico prints stamped with garlands of roses and delicate green vines—always knowing so well what would catch the eye of the housewife. And there must be a box of those red glassies and a box of the plaid chinies for the boys. The girls would like the jump-ropes with the yellow handles best. . . .

She was jumping rope herself on the tar walk of the Portland grammar school. "Come in with me, come in with me, come in with me!" she chanted in rhythm with her leaping steps. She saw the red cheeks and eager mouth of her playmate, Nellie Martin, as, guarding a half-eaten pickled lime in her hand, she sprang forward and together they j u m p e d—j u m p e d—j u m p e d—to the changed tempo. . . .

It was dark inside the schoolhouse. Why did the girls all leave her like that? She called to them, she screamed. But she heard their merry voices drifting farther and farther away. She tried to get up. There were heavy footsteps. She tried to get up, but she couldn't move hand or foot. The steps got nearer. The door opened. It was Eben. Oh, how glad she was to see him! He smiled tenderly, pityingly, down on her. He had a knife in his hand. "I'm sorry. I'll be careful. It won't hurt so much as you think." "Oh, don't, *please* don't, Mr. Simonds! Stop! Help! Help!" But she straightened her legs out obediently. "Right at the ankles, you know, just at the ankles," Mr. Simonds said. "One blow will do it." He was awfully kind to her. She felt the edge of the knife. It didn't hurt—she liked it. It was pressed harder and harder. . . .

"Number 175—"

Had she been dreaming? She gave a cautious glance to the right and the left. She was thankful that Mr. Simonds was so busy he never once looked her way. When he heard her voice again his whole handsome face lighted up. His teeth shone through his mustaches as he winked for her to bid higher.

Afterward—after it was all over—he leaned forward from the platform and said:

"I was so afraid you'd lose that Ching wand, Mrs. Paul."

"Why, really, Mr. Simonds?" she wondered huskily.

But she had such a hard time at the close to get in touch with him. There were so many many people came up to ask foolish fussy questions and make out checks and give orders for sending. Nevertheless she waited proudly, patiently, until at last he stepped aside and came to her. He stooped and hesitated, not seeming to know quite what to do. She leaned toward him, her head back to keep her hat from tipping.

"You must be tired, Mrs. Paul."

"Yes, I am tired. Oh, yes, yes. Very tired indeed," she answered blinking. "You must be, too, Mr. Simonds. Do I look tired?" she asked giddily.

Another woman had got hold of him. Mrs. Paul struggled against a rising tide of loud buzzing voices. She saw things go black before her. She remembered that when she was a child her mother never let her go to crowded places.

"Mr. Simonds, Mr. Simonds—"

She would have fallen had he not caught her. He carried her—Oh, so gently!—to the nearest chair and knelt

"WHAT AM I OFFERED FOR THIS JEWEL OF THE ORIENT?"

by her side. "Keep back, keep back!" he shouted to the envious women.

"I'm all right now, Mr. Simonds. How much do I owe you? How much in all?"

"Not more than ten thousand at most, dear Mrs. Paul."

"I owe everything to you, dear Mr. Simonds—everything!"

He shook his head. She thought there were tears in his eyes.

"Don't worry about me!" she begged.

But how could she ever pay ten thousand dollars? This year of all years—when Adoniram warned her the interest was getting so low! Of course she could try to sell the old Paul mansion on the Row. But if she couldn't sell it she

would have to give up this beautiful city life and go back. . . . Already she pictured herself on the slow branch train, steaming and whistling its way to North Ashton. She knew all the fields and clumps of forest and desolate lonely farms she would have to pass.

"I have ruined myself for your sake, Mr. Simonds!" she cried as he clasped her to his breast.

Mrs. Paul awoke in the chair by the be-lambrequinned window where she had been dozing ever since she dressed herself after luncheon. It had grown so dark that she thought at first she must have fainted again—till she heard the familiar knocking on her door grow louder and plainer.

It was all she could do to stand up. Her feet were like ice. But she turned on the light somehow and opened the door.

"Head waiter sent me to knock, m'm, thinkin' you dozed, maybe, way you sometime do."

The clock on the mantel shelf struck seven cruel strokes. Each one struck Mrs. Paul's forehead and cut piercingly down to her feet. She blinked her eyes faster and faster.

"The auction? I suppose the auction is—all—over?" she asked humbly.

"Great success, m'm. Auctioneer said when he left he never see more magnificent people. Millions of 'em. Pity you's missed it, m'm."

She nodded and smiled at him.

"Want me t' bring up little somethin', Mis' Paul?"

"No, thanks. Thanks very much. You're so kind. I'll come down—if I want anything. Good night."

She shut the door. She shut her lips tight together. She managed to take off her best black-and-white silk and put it away. She got to the closet and covered her shivering frame with her thick purple wrapper. She drew off her tight boots and pulled on the worsted shoes Mrs. Betson had knitted. She took another teaspoonful of Doctor Bowker's medicine and crept into bed.

An awful gust shook the window. The radiators were pounding, snapping, snarling. Everything apparently went on just the same. Everything!

DREAMS

BY LIZETTE WOODWORTH REESE

NOW you are fallen asleep,
And sorrow has let you be,
Too golden a thing to weep,
Dream, if you will, of me.

Dream of an old road set
With many a wild quince tree;
Though all else you forget,
Dream of the spring and me.

A GENTLE PASSION FOR MENDING THINGS

BY GILBERT P. SYMONS

IT came to me clearly the other Sunday at matins. I was at the lectern reading, "Behold, they that wear soft raiment are in kings' houses." My hand left the stump of the brass eagle's tail and fumbled disapprovingly at the fine lawn of my surplice. Soft raiment there. No mistaking that! Outwardly the Second Lesson went on in my best manner, but inwardly I was settling the matter once for all with a panicky conscience: "Look here, I'm done with this. Dull preacher I may be; but give me credit for my devoted hands. You know that heart and soul I'm a good hard-working tinker."

And as I turned about for the Benedictus, an angel in a white cotta ministered unto me. He is the second treble on the cantoris side, ten years old and the image of his mother. We had agreed only yesterday, when soldering a radio set, not to add grief to mischance by reporting to our women-folk a certain brown acid stain in the watch-pocket of my good vest. His open mouth was full of holy sound, but two of his fingers were poking hard at the region of *his* watch-pocket, plainly indicating that at no time would the oath be forgotten, that the secret was safe, and that all would be well.

My cherub on the cantoris side would swear before witnesses that I really am a first-class old tinker at heart. He knows that what makes that heart outwardly so hard is not even a vest-pocket prayer book, but my shiny combination pliers-wire-cutter-and-screw-driver in a dull leather case; my *vade mecum*.

Do the nave and transepts ever suspect how the chancel can go on performing its sacred office with a mind roving out of doors? Here was our best treble voice in full seraphic flight and behind it a mind dawdling on earth in a basement workshop over the delights and dangers of an old soldering iron! And here was the parson booming a fair bass while thinking back twoscore years upon the first tinker he ever knew!

We called him "Tinker-in-the-Lane." That was the cry raised by scullery-maids to their mistresses when they heard him chanting (in the Dorian mode):

> "Scissors to grind!
> Umbrellers to mend!
> Any ole kettles?"

He went through our quarter like an angel in disguise, leaving a better world behind him in so far as grindstone or soldering-iron, glue-pot or pincers-and-wire, or hammer and rivets, and a sunny nature and moderate charges could affect it.

Was it our old Tinker-in-the-Lane who lighted in me the passion for mending things? Or did his breezy passing-by but fan the tinker spark that had dropped down into me from the brazier of some ancestor? That is too hard to decide. One thing I do know. There is no school for tinkers; just as there never, surely, will be a tinkers' union. It is not a profession or craft. It is a vocation. That is to say, one is called to it, lured into it away from some other occupation. Some of us carry on for long (behind the mask of learning or the law) a sort of bigamy, but sooner or later we hope to send Hagar into the wilderness and live decently with Sarah. There is that great surgeon, Doctor James G., my good friend. I will not be so bold as to say that he thinks of me as *his* good friend, but my claim

holds in respect of him. He has done now with keeping folks out of heaven with his bright scalpel, and lives on a farm. Let him be conducting ever so distinguished a guest down to see the falls, and there happens to be a tiny bit of steel in the road. Can he pass it by, as befits the host? No, he will clandestinely snatch it up and mumble, "Hmmm! Good little lag-screw." And the good little lag-screw finally gets into the cigar box with other little lag-screws in that workshop at home which is really his holy place. Tinker, you see!

Some of us break away boldly and make a living of it, unabashed. I get such into my kitchen once in a while, and, if the cook can be withdrawn, wait upon them obsequiously with fresh coffee and my best cigars. One gentleman does not question another gentleman too closely about the past; but few of these back-door guests of mine get away without referring to escape from former servitude. Most of them had been soldiers or sailors. One clever umbrella mender confided that he had once been a bank clerk, and that though he had never, never been in jail, that was near enough for him, God knows. An oracular saying! If there is a sinister implication, I am not the one to press it.

The fact is that to me and others so inclined, this old world has a pathetic way of falling to pieces and of mutely appealing, like the Greek corpse upon the strand, for someone to lend a kind hand for pity's sake.

Manufacturers and artisans who go to work by the hooter affect to despise us. They think themselves a robuster race, creators indeed, because, forsooth, they fashion things *de novo* out of whole stuff. All we tinkers ask in our defense is for some one to tell us how long this world would get on without those humble attentions by which we replace into life the things which fall out in the march. Your manufacturer puts things together passably enough for a state of rest, but without affection and with no knowledge of who shall use them. Let the rack of use once begin, and then who is it that weeps to mark how screws work loose, nuts drop off, edges dull, springs break, seams open, bearings shriek, and frail parts rend?

Some good souls lose their temper over this side of life, and mention the devil or the perversity of things. I am more inclined to think that an alarm clock, for instance, after having been banged into existence in a factory, has a right to go by fits and starts, or even to stop altogether until one of us with a little kindliness in him makes sympathetic inquiry what might inwardly be the matter with the poor thing.

I cannot impress you too strongly that we stand in the midst of a falling world. Heraclitus, our ancient brother, in his philosophy put it into two words: πάντα ῥεῖ, which I might paraphrase as "screws will work loose." The gods have made it so, but the heart of the born tinker leaps up when he thinks that no matter who is to blame for the condition of things perhaps he can mend the matter.

To illustrate. That second treble of my choir once hove a pebble through a diamond quarry in one of the nave lights. It is true he was aiming at a sparrow in the rain spout; but he aimed too low and, instead of hitting one of God's sparrows, he hit one of God's windows. I saw him do it and caught him before he could flee. He was amazed at the look upon my face, for it was the tinker's look of serene delight at something more to mend. We gathered up what glass fragments had any size, and down in my shop under the altar I showed him how the glass-stainers bind it all together with channel lead. Meanwhile, I gravely warned him that I could do no such marvels with God's broken sparrows, but had as only recourse my other and more formal office, namely, to bury them.

I am proud of that mended diamond with its cobweb of lead. The different-colored bit of glass I was obliged to put in sparkles at me at times like a friend. And I fancy that, though my second treble fidgets during sermon time and

prays for me to be done, our joyful visit to the workshop and the handing of tools up the stepladder have bound him to holy Church for life.

There are times when certain members of my flock may think I am beaming at them with love, and with approval of their right behavior. Love them I do, but it is far more likely that I am recognizing a pince-nez cured of palsy by my jeweler's screw driver, or a lens I have more than once snapped back into its bezel. God bless you, a man can smile at times for just pride at good little things he himself has done!

It is perhaps a little pagan to say it, but I am right sorry that neither Saint Dunstan nor John Bunyan left us any account of their struggles to master the tinker's trade. Poor fellows! Both of them were so driven to mend kingdoms that their humbler tools must have rusted away, and there was never time to spare to write of early days.

But we tinkers do have early days. I mind well that early day when I redeemed a little Swiss clock from the rubbish heap of a spring cleaning. It was a nice little clock, only it would not go.

What man has put together, man can often take apart. The reverse is not so true (as I discovered). And yet, although the tangle of springs and wheels never again assembled in the body, I myself was something more. In the first place, my heart was enlarged—that is, I had a more confirmed pity for clocks that couldn't go. Then too, I had won a clearer notion of what makes clocks go (certain reasonable adjustments being postulated). Moreover, hope redoubled in my breast; more faith in myself next time, and some hope for some other clock in remoter future.

There's the end of the whole matter of growing to be a tinker. The man or boy who becomes discouraged or disgusted with his clumsiness is not fit to be a tinker. Why! a tinker is nothing but an embodiment of clumsiness, glorified by pity, by boldness, by perseverance. Thereout grows, I believe, that uncouth saying about a thing being "not worth a tinker's dam." It is not that we are easily profane. It is rather that often we are sorely tried. We have so to work from the outside of things (a great hardship!) whereas the maker worked easily from within; we have, I say, so to fiddle with substitutes which fall just short of fitting that we fail thrice where we succeed once. A man, even a tinker, can bear just so much and then something must let go. A tiny screw drops into the shavings. The pincers slip at a high moment. We ejaculate some relieving sharp word. It is nothing, gentle bystander: a sound—a breath; aimed at no one; no malice; nothing really profane. Let it pass. You see? "Not worth a tinker's dam." An angel, I hope, would allow of it.

On the contrary, I would even claim without vainglory that we are, as a class, reverent. How am I moved to worship a Providence which can arrange for the stiffness of gray iron and the toughness of steel! Mark how long-suffering is copper wire. What obliging complaisance lies in lead, and withal what reliability! How inspiring to worship is the faithful strait way that glass will crack along the scratch of a diamond; or the sweetness of a bubble of tin-solder settling down to its appointed place. I have sung "*Gloria Patri*" to *Tonus Regius* in the sanctuary, and—I have tapped "one-two-three" with ball-peen upon the head of a neat and obedient rivet—and meant the same thing!

Then, we are not without thanks for great discoveries. Blessings upon Archimedes who gave us the screw! All honor to him who found that a tallow candle is a good flux for solder, and hid it not! There should be crowns for the men who first mixed putty, and boiled lacquer, and tempered steel. Again, how admirably is this world arranged to the tinker's mind. Poor worm! he makes nothing. He finds all to hand. Is there a hole in a copper kettle? What of it? Is there not the remainder of the kettle to

build on to? Is a key lost? Abides not still faithfully in the door concerned the hole the said key went into, and the wards it used to pass—clues aplenty? Has a chair lost a leg? The three remaining members can be trusted to supply length and pattern for a new one. O yes, life is most marvelous and admirable to us tinkers. Since you have mentioned our innocent cursing, forget not also our heartfelt benedicites.

Then note the elevation of privilege to which the tinker's person is raised. Men seek him out. Housewives welcome his return. Children are glad at his appearing. Can we say so much for all professions? Take the case of a certain silver teapot. It first stands in an emporium, for sale. The purchaser enters merely to look about, as it were. Mercator praises the teapot to the skies. Emptor demurs that he has seen fairer teapots, but how much might it cost? Mercator, spurning cost, swears that it is worth *so* much. "Nay," cries Emptor, "It is worth but *so* much." The silver teapot is already tarnished by the lying breath of these two false men. It has known nothing but to be manufactured and cheapened. And Emptor, having made a good bargain, gives it to his spouse, vowing that it is but a trifle from the fair. What a world of knavery all through!

But teapot sees service. For lustrums it is a household god, until one day its handle comes away. Its mistress is filled with woe. All else is forgotten or neglected. She seeks out the mender of things in his humble place. Her arts of winsome appeal fly flags upon her cheeks before even her treasure is unwrapped. Could the good man put back the handle? He has put back so many things. ("Good man," mark you. Oh, what sweet payment in advance!) The good man is all sympathy. The teapot might well be his own. He is touched with human distress. And then a silver teapot is no sooty kettle. He shakes his head. He will try. He will try for the lady's sake. It is a nice bit of work with the blowpipe, a nice bit of brazing, and afterward one more woman will have kind words for him for life!

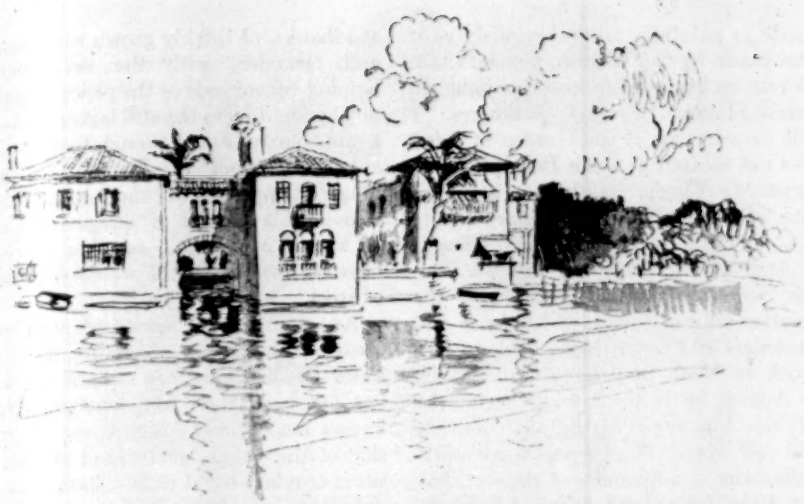
I ask you, friends: Where is the comparison in human contacts between selling a new teapot and mending an old one? In the market you read, "Let the buyer beware!" It is a sort of warfare. In the tinkery you breathe, "Let us have hope." It is a sort of peace, and charity and graciousness abound.

Oh, I see what I must do. When at last they put me out of my stewardship I have another choice besides, "Dig I cannot: to beg I am ashamed." I am resolved what to do. I will take my little pension and buy an artless cottage under a hill, among countrymen, far from hardware stores. And against it I will lean my dream workshop with a chimney for a Franklin stove and my little forge. *I* shall not be on the shelf, but all my little boxes shall be there, marked "split rivets," "screws, blued, 1-inch, round hd.," and all the rest. I will hang up my hacksaw, my snips, and my try-square. There shall be drawers for my files and chisels in a bench with vises. My three pictures shall hang there in good light. In the best place, our Saviour at work in Nazareth over an ox-bow. Below Him John Bunyan in Bedford jail; and over near the forge, St. Dunstan tweaking the Devil's nose with his tongs.

They will come. People who need me will come. I will smoke a pipe with an ancient rural while I file his saw. I will place a chair for the dairymaid, and watch for her smile after I have mended her birthday brooch. A little child will climb upon my knee, and together we will see what can be done for splinters-in-the-hand or for a broken toy.

No pay but in kind. What with being a parson who was ever at heart a tinker, may I not yet achieve that harmlessness of the dove mixed with serpent's guile which is the way into people's lives?

And then there is such a thing (rarer than silver teapots) as mending a broken heart!



A VENETIAN EFFECT—LAKE WORTH

HUMANITY AT PALM BEACH

BY W. L. GEORGE

PALM BEACH — sea, land, and heavens—is wholly beautiful.

Palm Beach is America's social back door.

These two phrases sum up my impression of the Playground for Millionaires, but no bitterness hides in the contrast. The impression does not arise from the prejudices which some of the residents of Palm Beach ascribe to Main Street, meaning by Main Street the people who cannot afford to winter in Florida. The European who knows his Deauville, his Monte Carlo, his North Berwick, cannot take up a Puritanic attitude and cast over Palm Beach a sulky eye. Indeed, I see no harm in calling the resort a playground for millionaires; why should millionaires not have a playground? They must be given a chance to play somewhere! The millionaire status does not exclude a playful disposition, yet many people would like to suppress Palm Beach. But what a disturbance would arise if Palm Beach tried to suppress Coney Island.

Still, a place is more than those who live in it, so let us for a while ignore the social butterflies and turn to those other butterflies—yellow striped with black, orange, or crimson—which flit in the eternally warm sunlight among the scarlet blooms of the hibiscus. The quality of the South rises about me from those few words—from the impact of color and its suggestion of heat. Between the lake and the ocean, in the square mile or less which makes up the real Palm Beach, more beauty has been created than in any other part of the United States.

It is a strange experience to come swiftly from the North, from the frozen country, to pass through the endless wastes of Georgia and the Carolinas, where only and ever the pines rise from rough grass, where civilization is being

made as painfully and laboriously as it was made by the Western pioneers and, as one exchanges darkness for light, to reach Florida, the land of flowers. I tell myself that if the Garden of Eden was not located at Palm Beach it is because Mr. Flagler was born a little too late. Flagler! His extraordinary repute floats in Palm Beach long after his death; if Andrew Jackson took Florida from the Seminoles, he left to Flagler the creation of its legend. Florida is still conscious of Flagler, looks back to him much as Noah may have looked back to Adam; he is the Great Origin, the "Prince" as some of the old residents still call him. Flagler was a romantic millionaire, a millionaire of the sort that Mr. Gerald Stanley Lee called inspired. Once a bankrupt, he entered the Standard Oil group, rose high, and made a fortune. Seeking a use for his money he bought eighteen miles of sandy foreshore, telling himself "The Gulf Stream flows only a mile or so away, warming the winters, cooling the summers. This is fairyland. I will people it with transitory denizens." Flagler dreamed, and in his cosmic dream saw hotels as stars, bungalows as planets, the railroad to Key West as his Milky Way. He invested forty millions of dollars in land and legislature, seeking no great return of cash but much of pride. He decided to give America a Riviera, and he has done so. He wanted the joy of creation, and he created. Some may say that what he created is vulgar, but no creation is altogether vulgar. Nature creates the louse, as also the orchid: no doubt with equal delight, equal relief of fecund impulse. Thus Flagler created cities out of the void: joyfully, sensually, for the profound gratification of his temperament. And one wholly beautiful thing he did create—the railroad to Key West, running over the open sea through a hundred isles. For three hours, on a morning of turquoise and pearl, I enjoyed that astonishing journey over bridges under which the sea murmured, over tiny islands barren as sandbanks, or thickly grown with palms and oleander, with the sea always lapping by my side or the pelicans rising in lazy flight from the still lagoons. And I said to myself that though there probably was something Rotarian in the Flagler temperament, there must have also been a thread of imagination, or he would not, for so small a reward, have thrown across the waters a thread of steel.

As a rule, the works of man are greater than those of nature, but at Palm Beach that is not so because man has not been there long enough. His houses are entirely insignificant by the side of the palms, every kind of palm: silver-trunked royal palms, date palms, palmettos, fish-tail palms; grove after grove of coconut trees suspend over his head the menace of their nuts. Indeed, the main impression which rises from the vegetable side is one of threat. That is notably the case in the cactus.

If I were a poet I'd leave the roses to others and I should sing the cactus (in spite of the difficulty of rhyming). The cacti (or is it cactuses?) are delicious! So tall, so fat, so spiked. Some are bulbous like beetles, some twisted as snakes, some jagged as saws. They are of the tropics, the land of violent life: above all others there lives in my mind one kind of cactus which has a score of tongues striped green and yellow; seen in the twilight it looks wild and twisted, like an octopus in its last agony. By the side of these green demons the strident flowers stand in their locally fashionable crimson robes: the hibiscus, the equally red poinsettias, the red poincianas. Alone, the gentle mauve of the banana blossom and of the convolvulus interrupts the crimson melody.

You cannot make ugliness by by-law if nature is in earnest—beauty being in its essence a rebel against discipline. That is, so far as nature goes! As regards the beauty made by man, it is no more present at Palm Beach than it is outside Los Angeles, or for the matter of that, Cincinnati. The average

PATIO OF THE EVERGLADES CLUB

of the houses is pretty good, though too many have been turned out by the dozen from the same mold; many opportunities have been wasted by those who have built in white laths and roofed with slate; still, among the dullness stand a few recent houses in the Spanish style, generally made of stucco plastered green or pink. Those are charming, and I was privileged to visit half a dozen. Their piazzas are deep and cool; within, in the stone-flagged patios, trees grow and fountains play. All is sweetness and modesty; an idyllic simple life is lived and need not cost more than a few thousand dollars a week.

For money makes up the soil where are rooted the waving palms of the jungle gardens; under the deep verandas money casts a golden shade. At Palm Beach you feel money swooping about like a bird of pleasure as a relief from swooping as a bird of prey, let us say, in Chicago. The houses are not furnished, as you might imagine, with cane chairs and bamboo couches; in Palm Beach the simple life is conducted on tiles which come from Italian cathedrals, on chairs which may have been sat upon by Napoleon, on ivory beds, within sight of pieces of Georgian silver or Venetian glass which might make the

museums envious. You will say that is just luxury, and if the millionaires can afford it, why not? But there is more in this than appears. At Palm Beach one may progress a long way, sometimes by car and sometimes by furniture.

In other words, the essence of the real Palm Beach is not only to provide activity for the young, but to promote the social advancement of the less young. Have you ever seen a plantation of young fir trees? When they are strong enough they are transplanted to the forest. Palm Beach is a plantation where the rich are bedded out to take the air, the fashionable air, so that in due course they may be transplanted to drawing-rooms, to which, without Palm Beach, they might not have gained access so easily.

This does not mean that Palm Beach is merely an expansion of the Ritz Oak Room. It is athletic. Indeed, a kind friend, when inviting me to Palm Beach, said to me, "Here you will find ocean bathing, and wonderful deep-sea fishing, to say nothing of tennis, golf, and dancing; in fact, every kind of pleasure." When I arrived I found that I could add to these pleasures automobiling, cycle-chair riding, Mah Jong, every known game of cards, liquor, lovemaking, and the greatest game of all, which is called getting on in society. I viewed the place with the horror to which my mild and passive nature is subject. I saw that here was a place where you might "do," but not "be."

And I was not mistaken, for all round me young America was hurrahing and shedding dollars from every pocket, was playing all the games with the gusto and violence of which young America has the secret. I never seemed to be out of range of the remark "Honk!" made by an automobile, unless it was the remark "Whizz!" made by a golf ball, to say nothing of "swish!" in the direction of the water. I saw here the "Pleasure City" which Mr. Wells described in *When the Sleeper Wakes*, a place where everything is provided which can relieve mankind from thinking about life. At least, that is what I assumed. One can think about life on the top of an omnibus, but I have an idea that in Palm Beach thinking about life is unfashionable; in the case of most of its inhabitants a hibiscus blooming by the roadside a red hibiscus is to them, and it is nothing more.

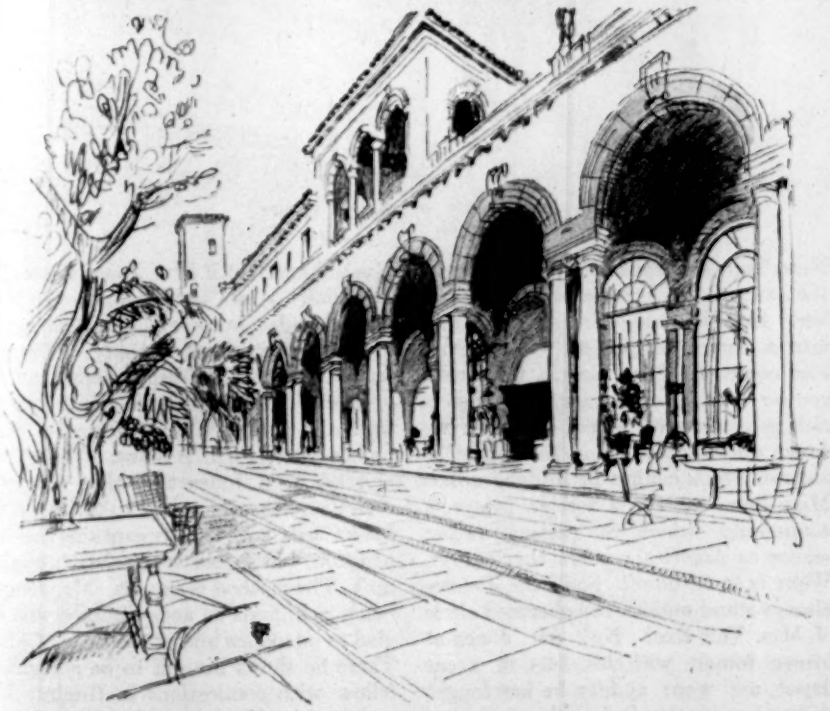
In other words, there is something gross about Palm Beach, namely, the fact that it springs from money, that root of all evil. For instance, a very modest house is rented at four thousand dollars for the season, but that is a house where Palm Beach will allow you to live merely because even at Palm Beach the rich are not allowed to do murder. If you want to "count" in the Palm Beach scheme your house will cost you $10,000 or $15,000 for the season. Even that is not nearly enough! If you want to throw your shadow beyond that of the coconuts, you must build your own house, spending at least $100,000; you must have grounds large enough to be visited by car; servants must spring from your marble floors as magnolia blooms from your trees. Thirty servants are not too many for those who would be kings.

Since we cannot all do these things we can form a slight idea of the Palm Beach quality by noting the prices: a sea bath costs $1.25, a game of golf $2.50, and so forth. If you cannot fall in with these prices, if you cannot buy a car too long for the average garage, if you cannot wear pearls so large that no one will believe them to be imitations, if you cannot change your clothes four times a day, you may be tolerated but you will arrive nowhere during your short three months, January to April. In Palm Beach one finds fleas and persons of moderate means—such is nature, and it cannot be helped.

I speak bitterly, perhaps, and unjustly, for much kindness was shown me in Palm Beach. Several of the millionaires opened their houses to me so cordially, with so much charm, that I hasten

to say that my remarks concern only the people I did not meet and a subject I do not understand: as everybody knows, this is the way magazine articles are written. My bitterness may arise from a disease which I will call Europimism. This is a mixture of Europe and pessimism, which afflicts Europeans very severely as soon as they land in America. Sir Alfred Mond developed it so acutely that he said he felt like a pauper. The European watches the sable coats go by in half dozens, instead of one at a time as in Europe. He sees dollars fall like sixpences; he observes diamonds big enough to stop up decanters—and Europimism develops. The European begins to feel very poor, coming out of a wretched, starving Europe into a country where gold is flowing; his clothes, his car, his house—all that is outclassed. He feels hopeless. He cannot struggle against the abounding wealth of America. He is not jealous, for these orgiastic riches float in a region far above his bank book. He merely smiles feebly and pushes away his ice water with a wan air. Finally he flees: and I, for one, fled from New York to Palm Beach. It was a pretty solution! When I arrived Palm Beach was just taking the dust sheets off (for that resort, as an Irishman would say, hibernates in the summer) but it was already quite rich enough to give me a fatal attack of Europimism. Almost at once I was submerged in the golden flood, confronted with the social obligations of the place: with the Everglades Club, so exclusive that Hebrews are not admitted; the Beach Club, also exclusive, but only as exclusive as it can afford to be. I met people, and at last the social mechanism was unfolded to me through what I may call the conquest of Mrs. Van Exe.

Mrs. Van Exe is a Knickerbocker. In



LOGGIA OF THE CASA FLORENCIA

RESIDENCE OF JOHN C. PHIPPS

New York she knows as few people as she can: thus everyone wants to know her. But one cannot burgle one's way into a dinner party, and as Mrs. Van Exe comes to Palm Beach, there is a gentler way. Let us assume a newly rich person named Jones. Between the Jones world and the Van Exe world lie abysses which cannot be bridged unless Miss Jones marries a foreign prince, a commodity which is getting rather scarce as America corners the market. What is to be done? Shall the Joneses always stand outside the charmed circle of Mrs. Van Exe? No! Mr. Jones at fifteen fought with his fists in a car depot, and won; at fifty he has fought railroad magnates in board rooms, and won. Shall he be defeated by Mrs. Van Exe? No! Not if Mrs. Jones knows it. Especially Miss Clarissa Jones. So Mr. Jones builds a house at Palm Beach and arranges for a daily supply of liquor from Bimini. He brings more automobiles than he can ride in, the cook from the Jockey Club, a cargo of diamonds from Fifth Avenue, a cargo of clothes, Mrs. Jones and Miss Clarissa Jones, and then he starts. (In fact, it is Miss Clarissa who really captains the expedition, but father is suitably brought up.) The method is simple. Mr. Jones, being rich, finds an acquaintance who is glad to introduce him at the Beach Club. There he shows himself to be a regular fellow with connections in Bimini; he makes friends, most of whom swear never to see him again when they go

home. As the men grow friendly the women come to dine. They discover with a certain irritation that Mrs. Jones owns terrific furniture, the corkscrew of the Borgias, and Queen Elizabeth's umbrella stand. They are shattered, and thus Mrs. Jones has got them. While the dinners go on Mrs. Van Exe takes no notice, but at last Mrs. Jones comes to know enough people to be able to give a reception. People come because they want to see Queen Elizabeth's umbrella stand and to gain an idea of the Jones wealth. In due course Mrs. Jones knows everybody except Mrs. Van Exe. The Knickerbocker lady, who had been contemptuous, is now annoyed, which is next door to being interested. So, when the time comes—in a club room, in a drawing-room, or even in the sea—Mrs. Jones is introduced to Mrs. Van Exe. Mrs. Van Exe cannot get away. It is not like New York, where Mrs. Van Exe could shut her door or hide in the City Aquarium. In Palm Beach she finds herself in a space less than a mile each way, where Mrs. Jones and her cars are careering in every direction. Mrs. Van Exe sulks, but at last she wearies. She has to know Mrs. Jones since all her friends know Mrs. Jones. If Mrs. Jones is clever she may go on knowing Mrs. Van Exe in New York, and she will not have gone to Palm Beach in vain.

TREES GROW WITHIN THE STONE-FLAGGED PATIOS OF THE HOUSES

Social progress can therefore be achieved at Palm Beach, and this because the resort is too new to have crystallized like Newport. The sets which have already formed are fluid; for the moment they are made up of people who have drifted together. Just as men make their financial position in the West, they can still make their social position in the South. The time will come when Palm Beach visitors will be classified, when there will be a set of Brahmins and various sets of pariahs, but it is not yet.

Here I shall be told that there are no classes in America, and that the saleslady mixes on a beautiful footing of equality with the oldest families in the land of the bean and the cod. Holy simplicity! One easily believes what one wants to believe. The truth of the matter is that classes exist in America as they do elsewhere. The evidence of it is the struggle at Palm Beach among the classes which have recently succeeded in rising a little higher. America is uniformly kind, but, as I know it better, I ask myself whether it is always quite so kind to persons of lesser oddity. I am a writer, a curiosity, and people are nice to me—but how does any set treat plain Harry Dubb of Centerville?

For instance, we must not forget that Palm Beach is divided into three sections namely, Palm Beach itself, West Palm Beach, and Gus's Baths. West Palm Beach is cheap and separated from greatness by a lake. Gus's Baths is plainly vulgar—all drug stores, phonographs, and bathing suits. Between these three portions yawn abysses which the real-estate agents are slowly filling up, but which are at present seldom spanned by visiting cards. Palm Beach is plainly hostile in its attitude to the stranger. If you have a house, a club, or a hotel—go to it, and you will be welcome, charmingly received as I was; but if you are a cheap wanderer you will not in the whole of Palm Beach find a single seat where you may sit for nothing. (Free seats exist, however, in the outer darkness of West Palm Beach.) Also I observed a continual growth of hedged-in beaches marked "Posted" or "Private" in ferocious lettering. The attitude is simple and was expressed to me by several residents: "People of moderate means are not wanted in Palm Beach. We have made this place the playground of the rich; let the smaller fry go to play elsewhere. Let them go to Gus's Baths. Let them go to the . . . where they like." You can perceive the Palm Beach attitude if you ask a resident what the place is like in the summer, for he will reply,

THE "EDNA M."

MONEY MAKES THE SOIL FOR THE WAVING PALMS

"Oh, I don't know, there's no one here except a lot of caretakers"—and you should hear the contempt with which he says "A lot of caretakers." Thus it is rather pathetic to hear other residents proclaim the democracy of Palm Beach. At that resort we find a section called Royal Park, near Chilian Avenue, where small houses have been built costing about five thousand dollars. It lies modestly behind the Ocean Boulevard, and there simple lives are located. It is quite possible that in this modest zone a man may sit on the piazza in his shirt sleeves. That is the democratic region of Palm Beach. As regards pleasure, the people who believe in Floridian democracy remind me that the amusements are not exclusive, that for a dollar you may attend the tea dansants and the Saturday-night dances at the hotels. These people honestly believe that Palm Beach is democratic, and they resolutely ignore two facts, both of which are important. The first is that anybody who can afford it can indeed build a tiny cottage at Palm Beach, but that will not make them *of* Palm Beach. To be *at* but not *of*—such is the fate of the small people. So long as the center of Palm Beach is in the Everglades Club and in the houses of the millionaires, so long will the place remain undemocratic, and I see no reason why it should become otherwise.

A second fact that goes against the fiction of democracy at Palm Beach is the element of land speculation. For the last twenty years, and especially for the last five years, speculation in Palm Beach land has been intense. Most of the people I talked to seemed to have built a house or bought land as a speculation. Conversation was full of stories of houses built for $5,000 and sold for $18,000; of sea-front lots bought at $20 a foot, and now worth $700. Most of the people I met had speculated, or were doing so. This provides another key to the democracy of Palm Beach. The small people are in many cases clever speculators who are holding their houses or land until the time comes for them to sell at a profit. But true democracy in the untidy sense is impossible at Palm Beach, and no country except America would try to invent it. The American has convinced himself so completely that all are free and equal under the Stars and Stripes that he feels guilty if he must acknowledge that anyone is being exclusive. He feels that stratification would make the Fathers of the Revolution turn in their graves, and so he protests that democracy exists, even when it is the one enemy against

which a locality is fighting. But I will not argue, for as the larger houses come and it becomes impossible to live at Palm Beach on incomes less than $100,000 a year, the average American will be convinced that here is an island on the edge of his democratic land.

It is, as I have suggested, pathetic, all this struggling against the obvious, and it is made all the more pathetic by the fact that another struggle is engaged at Palm Beach, namely, the struggle between Continental ideas and American ideas. There exists in Palm Beach a rich but serious man who on Sunday nights invites large parties to sing hymns and hear good music in his ballroom. Likewise, one of the golf courses is shut on Sunday, but two are open. There are dances on Sunday night, while the Puritans conduct a constant campaign against the culprits. In other words, in Palm Beach you can witness the endless turmoil and conflict of modern American life. You see pleasure organized and fighting against the simple life, but while in the rest of the States the Puritans are strong and pleasure finds itself censured, hunted into corners, at Palm Beach the case is contrary. Here pleasure and wealth are the masters and will stay the masters because, as the settlement falls more and more into the hands of the rich, the Puritan section will find itself expelled . . . taking with it many thousands of dollars, the value of the land on which gray ideals refused to grow. Here pleasure is organized with so much money behind it that it becomes an invincible vested interest, almost an industry.

Personally I do not deplore this. In the first place, there is no reason why rich people should not create a community of their own, just as poor people do. There is no reason why Palm Beach should not be the judge of its manners and its morals. Any man is entitled to live at Palm Beach, just as he may live at Main Street. But since Palm Beach lets Main Street alone, it seems to me that Main Street might return the compliment. Palm Beach is not the place I should choose to wander in—for its wealth is oppressive, and in its early stages often vulgar—but I will not join the chorus against it. I agree that Palm Beach exhibits a good deal of snobbery, but, on the other hand, it is doing for America work that should not be despised. It is one of the few places where Americans are licensed to enjoy themselves without bothering about being useful, progressive, or moral. It is teaching people to be lazy, self-indulgent, and pleasure-loving. In this American life that is mainly made up of intense labor and disregard of leisure, it is providing the salt of idleness, the flavor of life. Palm Beach is assisting what is being done in the golf clubs and in a few uptown clubs: it is creating a class which looks upon work as secondary and which may, therefore, divert itself later to the arts, to polite conversation, and to sport. That class is what we call aristocracy; and since democracy must remain crude until it produces an aristocratic section, since only wealth and the use of wealth can make an aristocracy, Palm Beach is entitled to say, "I know I am foolish; I am vain, and indulge in rather mean rivalries; I boast about my money and despise those who have less; I am rather vulgar; but all the same I am human; I am trying to enjoy myself and to teach others to enjoy themselves, displaying good manners if they can, and good humor at all times."

THE GEORGE AND THE CROWN

A Novel—Part III

BY SHEILA KAYE-SMITH

SYNOPSIS OF PARTS I and II—The "George" and the "Crown" are two inns in the little Sussex village of Bullockdean. Daniel Sheather, the son of the landlord of the "George," has acted as a go-between for Ernley Munk, the son of the well-to-do proprietor of the "Crown," in his courtship of a country girl, Belle Shackford. But when, after a series of quarrels, the engagement of Ernley and the voluptuous but tempestuous Belle is broken off, Daniel ventures to inform Ernley of his desire to court Belle, to which Ernley offers no objection. Belle, still secretly in love with Ernley, is friendly with Daniel but when overcome with jealousy at Ernley's attentions to another girl, she agrees to marry him. The sudden death of Ernley's father leaves Ernley independent and free to marry. Belle is overwrought to think this freedom comes too late for her happiness. Finding that she is to become the mother of Ernley's child, she breaks off with Daniel but makes him promise to keep the news from Ernley.

IX

DAN was a conscientious soul, and he would not break his promise to Belle. On the other hand, he took his promise very literally. He had promised not to see her till, the earliest, next week. Therefore on Sunday morning, immediately after breakfast, he set out for Batchelors Hall.

By this time he had settled himself into the conviction that he had only to see Belle in order to persuade her. His mind was full of a flood of despairing eloquence, and he hardly realized how little of that tide would actually rise to his lips. Her reasons for refusing to marry him, which still seemed so arbitrary and mysterious, could surely never stand before the torrent of his love, his pity, and his pride in her.

It was an altogether unexpected blow and backthrust of fate to find when he came to Batchelors Hall that Belle was not there. She had gone away.

"How is it that you didn't know?" asked Lucy.

Daniel shivered in the ice of her gaze.

"Reckon she must have made up her mind unaccountable sudden."

"Reckon she did. But it's queer her not having told you. . . ."

Her eyes still froze him—they were like the pale-blue cracks in ice.

"Is there anything the matter between you and Belle?" she inquired.

"No—there ain't nothing."

"Because," continued Lucy—"if you back out now, reckon Dad ull have something to say to you."

The freezing process changed disruptively to one like burning alive. Dan suffocated and blazed.

"I back out! I tell you. . . I dunno what you mean. I'll marry Belle tomorrow if she'll have me. You haven't got no right to speak so."

"Oh, very well, don't lose your hair. Only it's strange your not knowing where she is."

He suddenly realized the need for prudence.

"Where is she?" he pleaded.

"Over at her cousin Loo Dengate's, at Heathfield. It's queer your not knowing."

Dan was so stricken that his first thought was to tramp over at once to Heathfield and find Belle. But his second thought reminded him that it would take till night to go there and back on foot, that he could not fail the George at its Sunday-evening opening, and that if he waited till to-morrow he could have the trap and avoid a domestic uproar. So he set off drearily homeward, down the drive and over the flat fields of the Dicker, across the river Cuckmere at Monkyn Pin, then on to the chalky roots of Firle.

He did not particularly want to go home but there seemed nothing else to do. His own company was intolerable with its questions and regrets, and there was no other company that seemed better to-day. Mr. Marchbanks would be busy all the afternoon with his church and catechism—besides, he was inclined to take Jess Harman's view of Belle Shackford and had not been too well pleased to hear of Dan's engagement, though he had said very little. As for Ernley, he was even more impossible. For one thing, Dan had promised not to tell him anything, and knew that he could not now be ten minutes in his company without telling him everything. For another, he had something of that strange dark attitude towards Ernley which Belle had had towards Pearl Jenner. He knew that it was really Ernley who had robbed him of Belle—or rather, and more humiliating still, he had never really had Belle so that he could talk of robbery. Belle had always been Ernley's—all the time that she had clung to Daniel and given him kisses and promises she had really been Ernley's, in a far more final and terrible way than any of them knew.

No, he had better go back home, and pour out ale and whiskies, and wash and polish glasses, and lean over the counter and talk of ships and horses to the Sunday loungers between Lewes and Newhaven. Then he would help his mother clear up and lay the tea, and perhaps she would give him a little kindness—though she must not know what he was feeling. Then in the evening he would go to church and perhaps find more comfort in the homely smells and drawling melodies of Bullockdean worship—get back in time for the evening's traffic—and then tumble into bed and be tired enough to sleep.

He was hurrying on, dragged by these urgencies, and had nearly reached the top of the Bostal Way when at a turn he met the district nurse coming down towards Alciston. He wondered vaguely whom she could have been visiting on the wilderness of the Down, when he remembered Lucy's reference to old Gadgett's illness—the shepherd's cottage stood remote in a hollow near White Lion pond. There was no housing close to Batchelors Hall and for years the old man had lived two miles from the center of his work. Dan had always been fond of him, and now felt uneasily remorseful for having neglected him during the thrills of courtship. If he had the nurse in, the poor old chap must be pretty bad.

"Good morning, Mr. Sheather."

Daniel had not met the nurse, who lived at Berwick, more than once, but it was characteristic of him that those who met him once always felt well acquainted.

"I've just been talking about you," she continued, "to old Mr. Gadgett at White Lion Cottage, but I never thought to meet you so far from home on a Sunday morning."

Daniel wondered how much she knew about Belle—blushed, and mumbled something about Sunday being a good day for a walk. Then—

"How is the old fellow?" he asked. "I only heard to-day as he's been ill."

"He's sadly, I'm afraid—not likely to leave his bed, though perhaps he'll stop there a month or two before he's carried out. He gets wandering at

times—takes me for his daughter, who's been dead forty years. But I hope some day you'll go and see him. He says you promised him long ago, and he's got something to show you."

"I dunno whatever that can be. But reckon I'll go in some morning. I haven't time to-day."

He must hurry back home, and pour out ale and whiskies, and wash and polish glasses, and lean over the counter and talk of ships and horses to the Sunday loungers between Lewes and Newhaven—help his mother clean up, and lay the tea—and go to church—and then back into the bar—till at last he was tired enough for sleep.

Daniel was wrong in his idea that by deferring his visit till Monday he would be able to make it comparatively without protest. It appeared that Monday was the day of James Munk's funeral.

"Go over to Heathfield! I never heard of such a thing!" cried Kitty—"when it's the funeral this afternoon."

"I can't help that—and I don't care for funerals."

"Then you are a wicked boy."

"Come, come, my dear," pleaded Tom—"he never was so thick as all that with poor Munk. If you and I go, and Chris, reckon there won't be any harm in Dan taking the trap over to Heathfield to see Belle."

"He saw her yesterday," said Kitty, for Dan, alas! had been deceitful—"I can't think why he must see her again to-day, especially as she go to Heathfield. Why can't she stay at home?"

Dan looked sullen.

"I can't help it. I must go."

"Must go! Hark to that—hark to the boy. And what will your dear friend Ernley say if you 'must' go?"

"I don't care what he says. I'm going."

In the end he went. When Kitty discovered that he hadn't got a decent suit of black clothes and not a single white handkerchief, she minded less. So Daniel drove off soon after breakfast, Ernley's British Warm buttoned up to his chin. The weather was cold and gray and lowering, and clouds of dust bowled up the Lewes road, powdering the banks and hedges till they too were as gray as the sky.

It was afternoon before he found himself in Heathfield's four-mile street, which runs dwindling from the spot where the yeoman named Iden smote down Jack Cade to where the little lanes of the Rushlake and Dallington Weald flow into it like small streams at Three Cups Corner. He had not much difficulty in finding the Dengate's house, which was just behind the inn, but it was altogether a tougher matter to get speech with Belle.

"I'm sorry, but you can't see her," said the Dengate cousin who opened the door; "she came here to get away from you," she added with disconcerting frankness.

Belle, then, had not been ashamed to tell of the rupture—at least not to tell her cousins, though her father and sisters had had no explanation. Daniel had not expected this—he had somehow expected her tongue to be tied as his had been. He was now in unanticipated difficulties, but on one thing his mind was made up—he was not going back to Bullockdean without seeing Belle: if he had to hang round the place all night he would see her. So, finding there was nothing to hide from the Dengate cousin, he pleaded valiantly—he begged for just five minutes of Belle; he would shoulder the guilt of any false pretences necessary to obtain the interview; he had come fifteen miles to see her; if she could see him this once he promised to give up and never bother her again; but if she wouldn't see him he would have to keep on at it till she did. This last consideration may have been the one that influenced Belle, but the Dengate cousin was honestly won by his big dark eyes. The slightly foreign air of his emotion appealed to her Saxon stolidity, and at last Dan was admitted into the little best parlor of the Dengates.

Directly she came, the whole thing

suddenly appeared as folly. He had been a fool to pursue her all this way—his importunity had only put him further into her contempt. He should have let her be. She would finish it now—the little that had not been finished in the great barn of Batchelors Hall.

"Well, Daniel, reckon you might have let me alone."

She was more like a white owl than ever to-day: all the color gone from her cheeks, all her feathers—the feathers of her golden hair and her brave clothes—limp and draggled. She wore an outdoor coat over her blouse and in the buttonhole was a dead jonquil. Her boots were all over clay as if she had tramped the weald.

"You might have let me be."

"I couldn't, Belle."

"Why not? Haven't I suffered enough?"

"That's it. You've suffered too much. It's time you let me comfort you."

"Never."

"But why, Belle? Why? I don't understand."

"You don't understand that I can't have any other husband than my baby's father?"

"But, darling, I wouldn't ask anything of you—only to be with you and save you from being spoken of and treated bad."

"That ud be a fine life for you."

"I'd sooner have it than life without you."

"You say that now, but you wouldn't say it in a year or two. I'd never let you do a thing like that, and I couldn't bear it myself, neither."

"But, Belle, think what ull happen without you marry me. Reckon your father and sister ull go against you—maybe they'll turn you out. You won't have a penny—how are you to manage?"

"I'll manage well enough. I'll be all right."

For the first time he noticed that there was something sulky about Belle—something in the full drooping line of her mouth which hinted at sullenness.

"I shan't be any worse off," she said, "than if you'd never asked me, and reckon it was uncommon queer of you to ask me so soon after my losing Ernley and all."

His face went red—he was turning angry. Then he realized that she was hurting him because she'd been so terribly hurt herself, and his anger went its usual course into pity.

"Belle, maybe it ain't too late for you to have Ernley even now. We can't be sure as he's engaged to that girl; and reckon you've quarreled and made it up before this."

"He *is* engaged to that girl—he loves her anyway . . . I wouldn't touch him. I'd sooner die than him marry me now—marry me out of pity. Since I won't let you marry me out of pity, d'you think I'd let him?"

"I'm not wanting to marry you out of pity. I love you, Belle."

She sighed wearily as she saw the argument going back to its beginnings.

"Oh, reckon it's waste of time trying to make you understand. All I wish is that you'd leave me alone. I'm sorry, Daniel—I know I've treated you badly. But I can't help it—I must do as I feel."

"But what *are* you going to do?"

"I dunno yet. Stop on here a bit and then go back to father's. Now don't start 'and what'll you do after that?' I tell you I don't know. I shan't marry you and I shan't marry Ernley, that's all I know."

She turned wearily towards the door, and he knew he could not hold her.

"Belle," he tried piteously, but she shook her head.

"You asked five minutes and I've given you twenty—and we couldn't say any more if we talked all night."

She went stooping through the door, and suddenly he realized that it was closed between them.

X

Belle spent at Three Cups Corner some quiet, sullen days. Then she

saw that she could not stay there any longer. She must go home and face her fortune. She felt restored by that quiet week—the change of surroundings; her sense of isolation in her aunt's family, whose attitude was casual and whose curiosity easily satisfied; the freedom from manual work—all these things helped build up her mind into a form of courage. She had better go home while she felt like this.

So one afternoon she travelled downwards, leaving the wealden slope with its woods and its show of houses for the lonely reedy places of the Cuckmere winding at the roots of Firle. The family was at tea when she arrived, and during the meal nothing passed but the commonplaces of return, news of the Dengates, and news of the farm; but at the end of it Ted Shackford hurried the younger members out rather peremptorily.

"It's time you were off to Gadgett's, Nell, with those eggs. Tim will go with you."

"There's no need to start now," grumbled Nell, "it's the first time I've sat down this afternoon."

"You be off," said her father with such unaccustomed decision that she actually rose to go.

"Don't be a fool," Belle heard Tim whisper to her as they went through the door—"they're going to ask Belle about the baby."

So she was not going to be kept long in suspense. The racket was going to start right off this minute. She wished she could have entered into it without the disconcertment of Tim's words, without the blush and the prick of tears that they had brought. Still, it was just as well for her to realize what she was in for with her family.

Lucy remained seated at the table, blushing as red as Belle; Ted Shackford had risen and slouched about the room.

"When are you going to get married?" he asked suddenly.

"Never, as far as I know."

"How d'you mean?"

"I've broken off my engagement with Daniel Sheather."

"Broken it off!—when?"

"Before I went to Heathfield."

"*You* broke it off—yourself?—in heaven's name. . ."

"Don't be a fool, Belle," said Lucy; "you can speak the truth to us. If that man's let you down, Dad ull jolly well make him—"

"He hasn't let me down. He'd marry me at once if I'd have him, but I won't."

"Are you quite mad?"

"Maybe"—Belle laughed.

"But look here," continued Lucy—"we've a right to know why you've done this. Why do you send him away directly you know that if you don't marry? . . ."

"That's just it. I don't love him and I couldn't bear it."

"But if you don't love him why the hell did you get engaged to him in the first place?" cried Shackford.

"Because I thought I could love him some day, and I—I didn't know this."

"But are you so thick that you can't see that it's just this what makes it all the more necessary that you should get married at once?"

"Not to Daniel Sheather."

"Oh—I see—you're still thinking of Munk."

Belle winced.

"I'm not."

"But you must marry one or other of 'em."

"I shan't marry neither."

"I don't believe she's broken it off," said Lucy; "I believe it's Sheather's cried off now he knows."

"Well, I'll soon find out if it's that," said her father. "I'm going over to see him to-morrow."

"No, Dad, no! For heaven's sake leave Daniel alone. I tell you it's my doing, not his—I won't have him."

"Will you have Munk, then?"

"No—I won't. And besides, he's engaged to somebody else."

"Oh, is he? He thinks he can do

that sort of thing when he's landed you in this mess. I'll soon show him different."

"Oh, father, I'd rather die—"

"I think you're very selfish, Belle," said Lucy, "don't you see that it's not only you who has to go through this, it's all of us. And me hoping soon to be married myself—" Lucy held up her handkerchief to her eyes.

"I can't help that," said Belle sullenly—"if you like I'll go right away."

"That won't help us much," wailed Lucy, "people ull get to know of it just the same. Really, Belle, I do think you might consider your family a little. For years now we've put up with your goings on. I don't want to preach, but really I think you deserve what you've got—first it's been one man and then it's been another. Now at last you've got the chance of marrying and settling down and you won't take it."

"I tell you I don't love him."

"And I tell you that you ought to sacrifice yourself a little and not insist on that. Besides, you don't know whether you love him or whether you don't. You loved him two months ago."

"I didn't really."

"Then you were a fool, and you've no right to ask us to take the consequences of the silly things you've done."

"Would you marry Munk?" asked her father.

"No—no—not for worlds."

"Well, you've got to marry one of 'em—either the one who's willing or the one who ain't. I tell you I'm going over to see 'em both to-morrow, so you can choose which you'll have."

"Dad, you'd never!"

"By God, I will! I've stood enough from you, Miss. Reckon I'm an easy-going chap or I'd have learned you better ways. But now you've gone too far—dragged us all into the mud and then turned obstinate. This isn't the time for you to chuck a good offer of marriage. You behave yourself and try and undo a little of the bad you've done. If you won't marry Daniel Sheather you can marry Ernley Munk, and I give you till to-morrow to decide which."

Belle burst into tears.

"I can't be sorry for you," said Lucy—"you've thought of nobody but yourself all through. You don't know how it stands against a girl to have a bad lot for her sister. If you've got no shame on your own account, you might have a little on ours. Besides, this time next year you'll be jolly glad we made you patch it up."

"I won't! I won't! I'll die sooner than marry either of them. There's no good your going over to Bullockdean, Dad—I won't have either Dan or Ernley—and they won't have me, neither—you'll only have disgraced me for nothing."

"Disgrace! You talk as if that was something new for you. Disgrace! you're a walking disgrace, and if I was a man like my father I'd have given you the rope's end long ago and learned you morals. I tell you what's going to happen now. If by to-morrow morning you've given me your solemn promise you'll marry Sheather, I'll go over and settle up with him and there won't be any more trouble. But if you won't have Sheather you shall have Munk. I'll see him to-morrow, and if he's engaged to Princess Mary he'll have to chuck her and marry you."

"He can't—he won't—and I won't have him if he does."

"Well, I'll have a try anyhow. At least he shall know what's happened and what's expected."

"Don't!" cried Belle.

But Shackford, furious as only an easy-going man can be, had gone out, slamming the door.

Belle turned wildly on Lucy.

"You swine! You might have stood by me! At least we're both women."

She clutched Lucy's fair crimped hair in her hands as she sat at the table and pulled it about her ears. Lucy screamed, and Belle, suddenly more terrified of herself than of anything, ran out of the room.

XI

The next morning Daniel Sheather was serving in his father's bar when Ernley Munk walked in. He had not seen or spoken to Ernley since James Munk's death, and he felt horribly embarrassed at the sight of him in a smart new suit of clerical gray with a black tie.

"Well, Daniel, you're a nice one."

Daniel could not find a suitable reply. He felt acutely that he was indeed "a nice one." His rupture with Belle was now public property, and Ernley must have heard of it days ago and be waiting for the confidences due the event—though that same event may also have explained his callous ignoring of his friend's recent trouble.

"I made sure you'd be coming over to see me," continued Ernley. "Every night I've been expecting you, since the funeral—and before it too."

Dan still said nothing. Since the day which was to Ernley the day of the funeral and to him the day when he had last seen Belle, he had scarcely left the George. The condolences of his own family, mixed as they were with covert relief, had been hard enough to bear without the thought of enlarging their circle in Bullockdean. Relief and curiosity—covered by varying thicknesses of compassion—were all he had to expect from his friends, so he had kept away from them, preferring the company of the strangers who came to the George from Lewes and Newhaven. In their society he had drunk a great many bad whiskies and had even taken part in those mysterious shufflings with the names of horses and slips of paper which it had always been his business to detect and stop. . . . Now he felt ashamed. He saw that he had behaved badly and had treated his friends badly.

"I'm sorry, Ernie," he mumbled.

"So am I, old chap. Damnably sorry. You've been let in for a wretched business. Look here—can't your brother take over this bottle-washing for a bit, and you come and have a drink with me across the road? We may be interrupted any moment here."

Dan doubted very much whether Chris would be so obliging, but solved the problem by calling his father. Tom was only too glad to have his son get out of the place for a bit. He did not care for this solemn, home-hugging, whiskey-drinking Daniel, and was relieved to see him cross the road once more in Ernley's neglected company.

The Crown was wrapped in its usual noontide peace. The bar was red with sunshine that streamed through its bright curtains on to the clean sawdust of the floor and the polished table at which the farmer of Burnt Green and the farmer of Highbarn sat talking and drinking ale. From behind the counter Maudie Harman smiled a speechless welcome.

"We're getting ready for Easter," said Ernley as they went upstairs. "Two sets of people coming—one on the second and one on the fourth."

"Are you going to keep things going as they used to be?"

"More or less. I've got the same ideas as Dad—make a decent little country hotel out of this place. We're getting on that way. . . . Next year I may run up an extra wing. People seem to care less and less for going into 'Apartments' in the country—they got scared off that during the War. What they want now is a cosy little pub—that sort like it called a pub—which ull take 'em in at about three guineas a week. I shall give luncheons and teas as well—I'll put up a sign on the high-road this summer—but to private parties only, no beanfeasts or charabanc crowds. Now you could do that if you liked—it would mix well with your sort of business and wouldn't interfere with ours. As I've told you before, the only way for two pubs to exist in a village this size is for them to follow different lines and cater for different sorts of customers—and that's what the George and the Crown have done up till now."

While he rattled on in this way he was busy fetching drinks. He evidently did not want to talk of intimate matters till they had a bottle between them.

Daniel took the hint.

"You needn't worry about us trying to poach on your lay," he said bitterly; "we couldn't manage the charabanc parties even. I reckon you're right in saying we ought to keep to different lines, but you needn't talk as if ours paid as well as yours. You can't make much money out of drinks these days, especially when you sell drink like ours."

"Well, try some of this. It'll put a heart into you. It's a special malting of Truby's I was lucky enough to get a cask of, and am bottling myself. It's like wine—got a bouquet instead of froth," and Ernley passed his nose over his glass before sipping it.

Dan drank his in a less experienced manner, but if it did not actually put a heart into him, it put a tongue.

"I suppose that as a start-off to this scheme of yours you'll get married," he remarked.

"Married!—whom to?"

"Why, Miss Jenner, of course."

"Miss Jenner would not be flattered to hear you say so. She has set her hopes on something far higher than a country publican. Besides, she isn't at all the sort of girl I'd want for keeps."

Daniel stared.

"Then why did you trot her out like that in front of us all?—said you wouldn't come along to supper unless you brought her. I made sure you were engaged."

"I trotted her out, as you call it, because I didn't want Belle to think she was the only one who had got over our little affair and fallen in love with somebody else."

Daniel gaped as well as stared. Ernley's words seemed to him rather too glaring an example of the truth to be found in strong ale.

"That's what I wanted to talk to you about," continued Ernley.

"About Miss Jenner?"

"No—you fool. About Belle."

Daniel flushed miserably. Messrs. Truby's first malting was unable to make him face that topic in a gallant spirit.

"I thought you'd have come over and told me about it," reproached Ernley.

"I couldn't—I felt too bad."

"You were afraid, I suppose, that I'd say 'I told you so' or 'it's a good thing you found out in time.'"

"Found out what?" cried Dan with a start.

"That you weren't suited to each other. You were afraid I'd say that, so you kept away. I'm sorry you didn't come, for it ud have done you good. Your sort of chap is always the better for talking. I'm going to make you talk about it now, and you've no idea how much better you'll feel."

Daniel for some reason felt affronted. Ernley seemed to be patronizing him from the vantage of his free heart.

"I don't want to talk about her."

"But I do. I want to talk about her most particularly. I want you to tell me if the reason of her giving you up was that she's still keen on me."

Daniel was utterly taken aback and could not answer.

"Is Belle Shackford still keen on me?" asked Ernley, his eyes glittering.

Dan had by this time collected himself enough to remember that his vow of secrecy did not necessarily cover more than Belle's condition. He had not promised never to divulge her feelings.

"Well, reckon she is keen on you. But what difference does it make?"

"A lot."

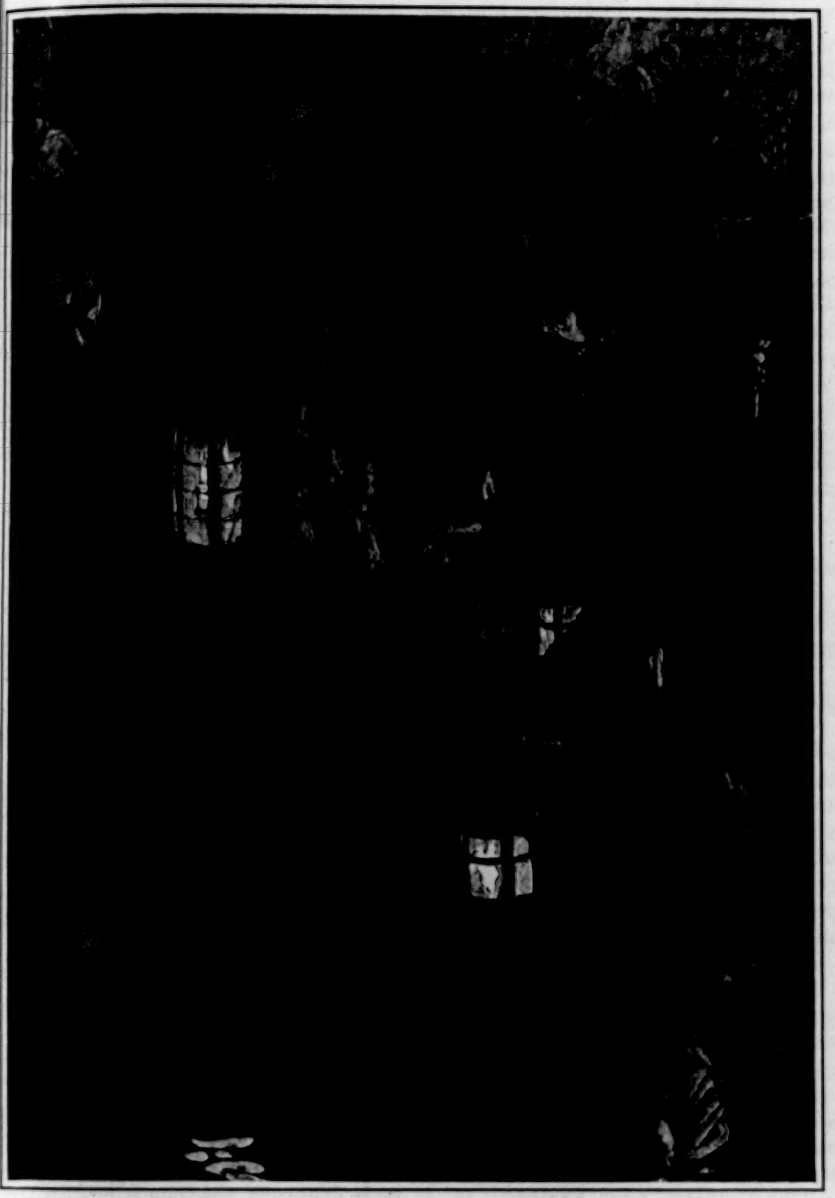
"You don't mean . . . you're not telling me that you're still sweet on her."

"I am. Keen and sweet."

Daniel spluttered.

"Then why the hell . . . why the hell did you let me? . . . I tell you I'd never have courted her if I'd known . . . you told me you were shut of her—it was all finished."

Ernley rose to his feet and came and stood beside Daniel's chair, his hand on his shoulder.



Drawn by W. Hatherell, R.I.

THAT NIGHT THEY DRAGGED THE POND AND THE CUCKMERE

"Look here, old Daniel. The thing's like this. It isn't your fault—I blame myself entirely. I told you I wasn't keen on Belle because I was too proud to let on that I was after all that had happened. I made sure that she'd finished with me, too, and I was afraid that if you guessed I was still fond of her you'd tell her somehow. Another thing I made sure of was that she'd never have you. When I found she would I was knocked over. Then I simply had to get hold of Pearl and trot her out. I wasn't going to let Belle think I still wanted her, and I wanted her so much that I felt everyone must know it. Then Dad died and I knew I was a free man and could have married Belle if we'd still been lovers. That made me pretty mad, you bet. Then I heard she'd broken with you. . . ."

The rapid flow of words was checked and he stared at Daniel.

"I reckon," said young Sheather, "that you think I'm unaccountable good-natured."

"Because I feel I can talk frankly to you about what I feel for Belle?"

"Because you can talk so calm about all you've made Belle and me suffer through not knowing your own mind and being too proud to speak it when you did. We've been in hell—both of us—through you. And now there's no good you talking of her caring about you still, for she won't have you, whether she cares or not. It's too late."

"How d'you mean?"

"Well, reckon she'll never take you on again now, for all that she won't have me. She told me she wouldn't. She told me she'd rather die. . . ."

He rose to his feet as he spoke and for a moment the two men stared at each other in silence. Then they were startled by a knock at the door.

"Who's that?" cried Ernley.

"A gentleman to see you, sir, downstairs. A Mr. Shackford."

There was a brief pause. Then Ernley said:

"Show him up."

"I don't want to see him," cried Daniel.

"Don't be a fool! You've nothing to reproach yourself with—it isn't you he's come after. I wonder what he wants out of me."

Daniel turned away and stood by the window. For at that moment he hated Ernley—who in the midst of all this tragedy and humiliation was happy and confident because he knew Belle still cared for him. He did not worry about her outraged heart or the barriers it had set up—he did not really care about Daniel's sorrow; he was telling himself what he had said he would never have told Daniel—that he and Belle weren't suited to each other and therefore it was all for the best that they had found out in time . . . "in time"—that was good—"in time" for Ernley still to have her . . . the Sheather worm was turning.

Shackford walked in.

"Hullo! Both of you here. That's what I want. I went to the George first and they told me Sheather was at the Crown. I want a word with both of you. Where's my daughter?"

The question was equally startling to both. Dan turned from the window and came forward into the room.

"Isn't she at home?" he asked, bewildered.

"If she was I'd scarcely have come all this way to ask you where she'd got to."

Shackford evidently meant to be unpleasant.

"Neither of us has the faintest idea where she is," said Ernley, "though we were talking about her when you came in. When did she disappear?"

"Yesterday evening—after a row with her sister."

"Then why should you imagine that either Sheather or I knows where she is?"

"Well, reckon both you men know more about my girl than I do."

Dan's memory was whirling with fears.

"I believe she's killed herself."

The words burst from him as he remembered her own. He saw her

standing before him pale and rigid—he heard her say "if you do, I'll kill myself. . . . I'd rather die than . . ."

"Killed herself! Why should she have killed herself," asked Ernley, "after a row with her sister?"

"I guess what the row was about. Reckon everybody was on to her, same as I was, wanting her to tell you or else marry me."

"I said she must marry one or the other of you, and I'd come over here this morning and settle with whomever she chose. I told her there was to be no getting out of it, not by her or by either of you fine gentlemen. Then I went off—and she fell upon her poor sister Lucy and hit her about—and then ran away goodness knows where."

"She's killed herself," cried Daniel desperately—"she said she would if Ernley knew, and you said you were going to tell him."

"Tell him! I reckon he don't want much telling."

"What do you mean?" asked Ernley. "What's all this about telling?"

"I reckon you know that the reason this man here has broken off with my daughter is that he'd no liking for all you'd let him in for."

"It ain't true!" cried Daniel—"I never broke off. I'd have married her any day, and she knew it. It was she who said she couldn't have me. . . ."

His voice tailed off as he looked at Ernley. All his calm assurance was gone now, suddenly broken like a bubble. His face was colorless and he clutched the back of a chair.

"Do you mean to tell me that Belle—"

"She wouldn't have you told," cried Daniel; "she said she'd kill herself if I told you, and now I reckon she's done it."

"How long have you known this?"

"Maybe a week or ten days. When Belle knew for certain she said she couldn't marry me, or anybody but you. So you needn't talk of my breaking off—" turning angrily on Shackford.

"And you knew that and never told me."

"She made me promise I wouldn't. She said she'd kill herself if I did. She said she'd rather die than marry you."

"You fool! You blasted, bone-headed fool! You believe everything a girl says when she's beside herself, and freeze on to a secret that may ruin two lives. I'll marry Belle the minute I find her, and you bet she won't make any fuss."

"You speak like a gentleman," cried Shackford. "I knew you'd do the proper thing if you was given a chance. I said the same to her. It's a lucky thing I came over. It's a lucky thing I wasn't like some people, listening to every silly thing a silly girl says."

Daniel felt these censures undeserved.

"If she didn't mean what she said, why did she run away like that?"

"She'd had a row with her sister, I tell you—pulled down her hair and scratched her face. That's why she's run away—she's ashamed of herself. But I bet she hasn't gone far—back to her cousins at Heathfield, most like, where she'd just come from."

"Well, you'd better go and look for her there," said Daniel, almost crying—"and then come back and drag the pond."

"I'll go over at once on my bus," said Ernley. "How did you come here?" he asked Shackford.

"I came on horseback, and if you're going to Three Cups I'll just ride quietly home again. You'll do your job better without me."

"You're just pretending you think she's at Three Cups," broke in Daniel—"you know she ain't there really. You know she's drowned herself."

But Ernley had recovered his old assurance.

"Don't be a fool, Daniel," he said—quite good-humoredly—as he went out of the room.

But when the afternoon came Daniel too had his legitimate reproaches which he was too human not to make. Ernley had returned from the weald—so much

faster the miles flew under the tires of his motor-cycle than under the wheels of the George's trap—and his quest had been in vain. Through his cocksureness he had lost valuable hours that might have been spent in search. He and Shackford had yielded to the fatal optimism of men who know themselves to be in the wrong and try to recover their self-respect through hope.

He was chastened by his failure. He no longer swaggered before Daniel, he no longer abused him. Indeed he listened to his advice and together they set off, in saddle and side-car, to make inquiries and notify the police. The evening passed fruitlessly. The police had no light to shed on the affair, and Belle's friends, either in Lewes or Newhaven, had heard nothing of her. Perhaps she had gone off somewhere by rail, but once again inquiries whether at Lewes Junction or the wayside stations brought no result. Daniel no longer said "she's killed herself"—he sat dumb beside Ernley in the side-car or followed dumb behind him up and down stairs and along passages. It was Ernley at last who said:

"We'd better get over to Batchelors and drag the pond."

The spring night had fallen as they bowled up towards Lewes from the coast. A faint greenish light hung over the Downs and the summit of the sky was full of stars. A keen wind blew in their faces, bringing dampness and chill. Dan shuddered and still was dumb.

Ernley's headlight rushed before them over the surface of the road with a flying gleam on the hedges. It lighted up the wheels and sides of passing wagons, leaving their loads in darkness—it lighted up the doors and steps of houses as they ran through Beddingham and Firle—and always it showed them half-a-dozen red yards of road ahead. As they rushed on Daniel had the absurd dream that if only they could reach the end of that crimson road before them they would find Belle. . . . But the red road was like the moon's path on the sea—it had no ending.

Neither of them spoke as the motor-cycle ate up the road and the darkness. At last it bumped into the drive of Batchelors Hall, lurching and creaking in the ruts, the engine laboring with the drag of mud on the wheels. The red light flashed over the puddles and the long canals in the ruts; it ran ahead of them into the yard and lay on the stones as Ernley brought the machine to a standstill.

Shackford stood on the doorstep. He too had lost his compensating hope and looked, like Ernley, hangdog and desperate.

"Any good?" he asked.

Munk shook his head.

"I'll get the men," said Belle's father, "and drag the pond; and if that's no good we'll try the Cuckmere."

That night, it seemed to Daniel, was full of water: the sight of it, red with the lanterns held over it; the sound of it, lapping against the shore and against the sides of the boat in which Bream, the cowman, put out with a long pole; the feel of it, oozing through the mud over the tops of his shoes. . . . The pond yielded a load of weeds, a stock of old ironware, and three little drowned kittens in a bag with a stone.

Between dragging the pond and dragging the river they had drinks in the house. Dan and the farm men had cocoa, but Ernley and Shackford had whiskies without much water. Lucy served them, fully dressed though it was one o'clock in the morning, and with the pretty hair that Belle had torn down piled high and brushed again. The tears ran down her cheeks and she spoke forgivingly of Belle.

"Of course I forgive her," she said. "She didn't know what she was doing."

Nobody else spoke much—even the whiskies did not seem to help Shackford and Ernley—and soon they all went out again. They dragged the place where the Cuckmere in its windings makes a bay, eating into the meadows by Hayreed. But here again there was no finding. After all, they did not really expect to

find. As Shackford said, Belle might have chucked herself in anywhere between Monkyn Pin and the Dicker. They had no special reason to think she would inevitably have drowned herself near home.

Daniel thought of White Lion Pond and Red Lion Pond and Jerry's Pond—all the dew ponds between the valley of the Cuckmere and the valley of the Ouse.

"She may have gone up on the Down," he said.

Both Shackford and Ernley thought it probable that she had. They had searched the Ouse and Cuckmere valleys, the two big towns, and the railway line. Also, during the afternoon, when Ernley and Dan were rushing about on the motor-cycle, Shackford had made inquiries at the two Dickers and the two Horsebridges, also at Hailsham, where he had interviewed several of the conductors on the Eastbourne bus route. The Down seemed the only hiding place left unchallenged. It was decided to make up a search party.

"Let me walk with you, Daniel," said Ernley when everyone scattered.

The dawn was white and only a few stars still hung in the north, above the Gate of Lewes. It was bitterly cold and the men shivered. They all carried lanterns, for it had been dark when they left Batchelors Hall, and the moving spots of light were like stars, making the Down look like a fallen sky.

If Belle were hiding—if she had sought only a temporary and not a final refuge from her oppressors—she might see those stars and go out towards them. She surely would be tired of hiding now—now that the Down's back was hoar with half-frozen dew and the dawn-wind searched the hollows. Ernley's face was pinched and his teeth chattered. He was almost failing physically. A day spent in the saddle of his machine, a night spent in dragging a pond and a river, all under the strain of sickening remorse and anxiety—and to finish all, too many whiskies . . . no wonder he was done for. Daniel, whose physical labors had been less, whose physical strength was greater, and who was not suffering from a reaction after too much alcohol, was still comparatively able-bodied, though—dreadful and humiliating to realize—most unconscionably sleepy. He waited for Ernley while he puffed on the steep slope; he slackened his pace to match Ernley's tottering progress.

"Don't you think you'd better get home?" he suggested at last.

"I couldn't. I couldn't rest till she's found—alive or dead."

They walked on a couple of furlongs. Then Ernley said:

"Do you think there's any chance of her being alive, Dan?"

"Maybe there's a chance; maybe we'd think there was more than a chance if we weren't so terrible scared. She's been gone only a day and two nights. Reckon she could have hid herself for that."

"If I find her," said Ernley—and in the gray light Dan could see that he was crying—"if I find her there's going to be nothing good enough for her. Oh, Dan, how am I ever to pay her back for what I've made her suffer?" His voice, though hoarse, was quite calm in spite of the tears that ran down his cheeks. It was only physical weakness that made him cry. The grief of his heart was beyond tears.

"Don't think I fail to realize what you suffer, Daniel. But it's nothing to what I do. It can't be. You've nothing to reproach yourself with. You've been kind and manly and decent all through. I haven't. I've been a swine—a proud swine and a cruel swine."

Dan tried not to listen while Ernley spoke. "Reckon you're tired out," was all he could say. "You'll be ill if we go any farther—you'd better get home."

The day was quite clear now though the sun had not yet risen. Their lanterns were no longer stars—merely opaque orange splashes on the whiteness of the morning.

"I can't go as far as Bullockdean," said Ernley.

"Then we'd better turn back for Batchelors. Besides, your bike's there, and Lucy can give you some breakfast before you start."

He was relieved to find that Munk had given way, for he was obviously unfit to go searching much farther. By daylight his face looked far more ravaged than it had looked in the glow of the lanterns. His body, gassed and wounded, bore the stigmata of war and was always liable to sudden collapses. Dan gave him an arm as they turned backward, and his friend seemed glad of it. Sheather was glad too. He loved to expend physical care and protection, though he shrank from the sick-nursing of souls. With Ernley's body he was tender.

"There—hang on to me. I'm strong as a horse—you can put all your weight."

They went on half a mile, Munk occasionally stumbling but always held up by Dan's sturdiness. When they came to the dip of the Down, where the slope ran swiftly towards Alciston, he stopped and shuddered.

"I can't go down there. I feel giddy."

With memories of the same symptoms in earlier "attacks," Dan was practical.

"There, there—don't worry—don't try. Sit down."

Ernley collapsed in a huddled heap upon the hoar dew. Dan sat down beside him with supporting arm, and was immediately conscious, as the other in his nervous straits was not, of the wet striking up into his limbs.

"Reckon you shouldn't ought to sit here. You'll get rheumatics."

"I can't help it—I'm done."

Dan looked round him for an unlikely stone. Nothing broke the whiteness of the half-frozen dew, but he suddenly realized the turning to old Gadgett's cottage at the top of Bostal Way.

"Look here, if you can walk just a hundred yards, there's Gadgett's cottage we could go to. Then you could sit by the fire and I'd get you a cup of tea." He stood up himself and seized Ernley under the armpits.

"Now then—up you get."

Ernley groaned, and Dan brought his knee in ungentle contact with his spine.

"Get up, Ernie."

This wasn't his first encounter with his friend's devil, and he knew that Ernley possessed must be treated in direct contrast to Ernley unpossessed. He must be bullied and ordered about, just as on ordinary occasions he must be looked up to and treated respectfully. It was characteristic of Dan that he slipped quite naturally into the latter mood when the need for the former had passed.

He soon had Munk on his feet; and part threatening, part coaxing, part hauling, guided him over the Down to the head of the Bostal Way—then along the little chalk path that winds among the blackberry bushes till at last they were on the step of Gadgett's cottage.

XII

The morning was still colorless, for though the sun had risen there was no pomp in the east, which was iron-gray with clouds. The Down's back, under its coat of rime, was gray too, like the hull of a man-o'-war—even the cottage had assumed the prevailing tones of gray and white, with pits and streaks of blackness where the shadows fell. White Lion cottage and a couple of disused barns stood about a hundred yards from the pond at the top of the Bostal Way. On either side of the doorstep daffodils were abloom, but as dredged of color as the lanterns which Daniel and Ernley still foolishly carried were dredged of light.

"The place ull be shut up," said Munk.

"No, it won't. Reckon he's got to leave the door open for the nurse. Anyways, I don't suppose he'd lock up—that's a high-class custom."

He proved to be right. The door was on the latch, so he pushed Ernley in and through into the kitchen. The fire was laid and Daniel soon had a light in it, with the kettle on to boil. He propped up Ernley in the wicker armchair with his feet on the grate and the hearthrug over his knees.

"And now while the kettle's boiling I'll go upstairs and have a look at the old man. Maybe he's heard us come in and is wondering what it's all about."

He ran up the ladderlike little flight and listened for a moment outside the bedroom door. Not a sound was to be heard. He pushed the door open and looked in. The curtains were only half drawn, so the daylight was in the room, smiting the light of a small fire burning smokily in the grate, and the flame of a single candle on the dresser beside the bed. In the mixture of daylight, firelight, and candlelight he could see the old man lying asleep in the bed; and in a chair beside him, an open Bible on her knee, her head fallen sideways on her shoulder, her legs stretched out forlornly in tattered stockings, slept Belle Shackford.

Daniel stood and gaped—shut his eyes to make sure he wasn't dreaming, then opened them and gaped again. It would be hard to say when he would have recovered the use of his faculties if Belle had not waked up.

"Hullo," she said dreamily.

"Belle!" gasped Daniel.

She woke up fully and sprang to her feet.

"How did you get here?" she whispered.

"How did *you* get here?" faltered Dan.

They faced each other, almost terrified. He did not dare tell her Ernley was in the house.

"Oh, Belle! I've been nearly dead because of you. What in the Lord's name are you doing here? Reckon your Dad's out searching the whole town after you."

There was a slight stir of the forgotten figure in the bed.

"My dear . . ."

"It's all right, father—I'm here."

She went to the old man's side and stooped over him.

"I'll get you your tea in a minute."

"That's right, dearie—that's right. 'Tis only I had a dream about your mother and your Aunt Hetty."

"I'll put on the kettle straight away."

She moved across to the fireplace.

"I've a kettle on downstairs," said Daniel.

"What made you come? How on earth did you know I was here?"

"I didn't know—leastways I guessed—anyways I've put the kettle on."

"Who's the young chap?" came from the bed.

"He's Daniel Sheather, father."

Daniel was growing more and more confused.

"Has he coming a-courting you?"

"No, dear, not he!"

"Well, I'm glad of it, for I'd be sorry to lose you yet awhile. I've had a bit of a cold, Ma'as Sheather—a bit of a cold, und just a touch of rheumatics in my boans, so as I can't get out on the hill just now. Howsumdever, my young darter has been looking after me fine, and I reckon to be out in a day or two."

Dan did not know what to say. The situation was beyond him. However, he was spared the burden of carrying on the conversation, for at that moment a loud fretful voice shouted from downstairs.

"Where the hell have you got to, Daniel? The kettle's boiling over."

Belle jerked herself upright on her knees beside the fire.

"Who's that?"

Daniel stuttered.

"It's Ernley," cried Belle.

She looked towards the door, then out of the window. She was like a hare when the pack has cornered her.

"Let me go!" she cried frantically, "let me go!" Then—"Daniel, don't let him find me."

But her panic had betrayed her and

her voice had reached Ernley in the kitchen below.

"Daniel! who's that upstairs?"

For a moment Daniel thought Belle would climb out of the window. She made a movement towards it, then suddenly seemed to turn into wood. A footstep mounted on the stairs and she stood like a wooden woman in the middle of the floor, staring over Daniel's shoulder through the open door behind him. Then, also quite silent, Ernley came into the room and took her in his arms, still as of wood.

Daniel did not see her return to flesh and blood. After he had held her stiffly and silently in his arms for a few moments Ernley led her away, and the next thing Sheather became conscious of was the kitchen door shutting behind them.

"Who's the young chap?" asked Gadgett.

"Ernley Munk—from the Crown at Bullockdean."

"Munk . . . Munk . . . It's Pepper at the Crown. I hope Pepper ain't courting my young Ellen. He ain't a straight chap. He chalked me up a quartern pot when I'd only had a pint. I won't have my Ellen courted by a chap who can't measure his ale. . . . Say, young feller, she's gone out wudout making my tea. Reckon I'm parched fur a cup o' tea."

It was Dan's usual lot, somehow, to be making tea while the skies were falling. Evidently fate refused to take him seriously in a tragic part. While Ernley and Belle fought downstairs for the life of their wounded love, he pottered about the bedroom with the kettle and tea cups, shook up old Gadgett's pillows and made him comfortable, gave him his medicine, and answered obligingly to the name of Jack.

Once he crept down and listened at the kitchen door. A curious silence brooded within—then he heard a faint movement and a still fainter voice . . . evidently love was not being healed with words. As he went upstairs again there was a stir in the house behind him and he saw that the nurse had come in.

"Hullo, Mr. Sheather!" she called. "I never expected to find anyone here so early."

"Don't go into the kitchen," pleaded Daniel.

"And why not?"

"Because Miss Belle Shackford's in there."

"Miss Belle Shackford! You don't mean to say she's found?"

It struck Dan as incredible that the nurse should not know of her presence in the cottage.

"It's odd as she ain't been found before, seeing as she's seemingly been here all the time."

"She can't have been. I was here at six o'clock last night."

"Reckon she went and hid when she saw you coming. I brought Ernley Munk in here to make him a cup of tea—as he was feeling a bit ordinary—and there was Belle sitting beside the old man, and him thinking she was his daughter who's been dead ten years."

"He takes every female he sees for his daughter. Many's the time he's called me Ellen and told me not to start walking out with their shepherd at Place. We must see about getting him into the infirmary some day soon. I've let him stop on here, as he seemed so set on it, but most days he doesn't know or care where he is."

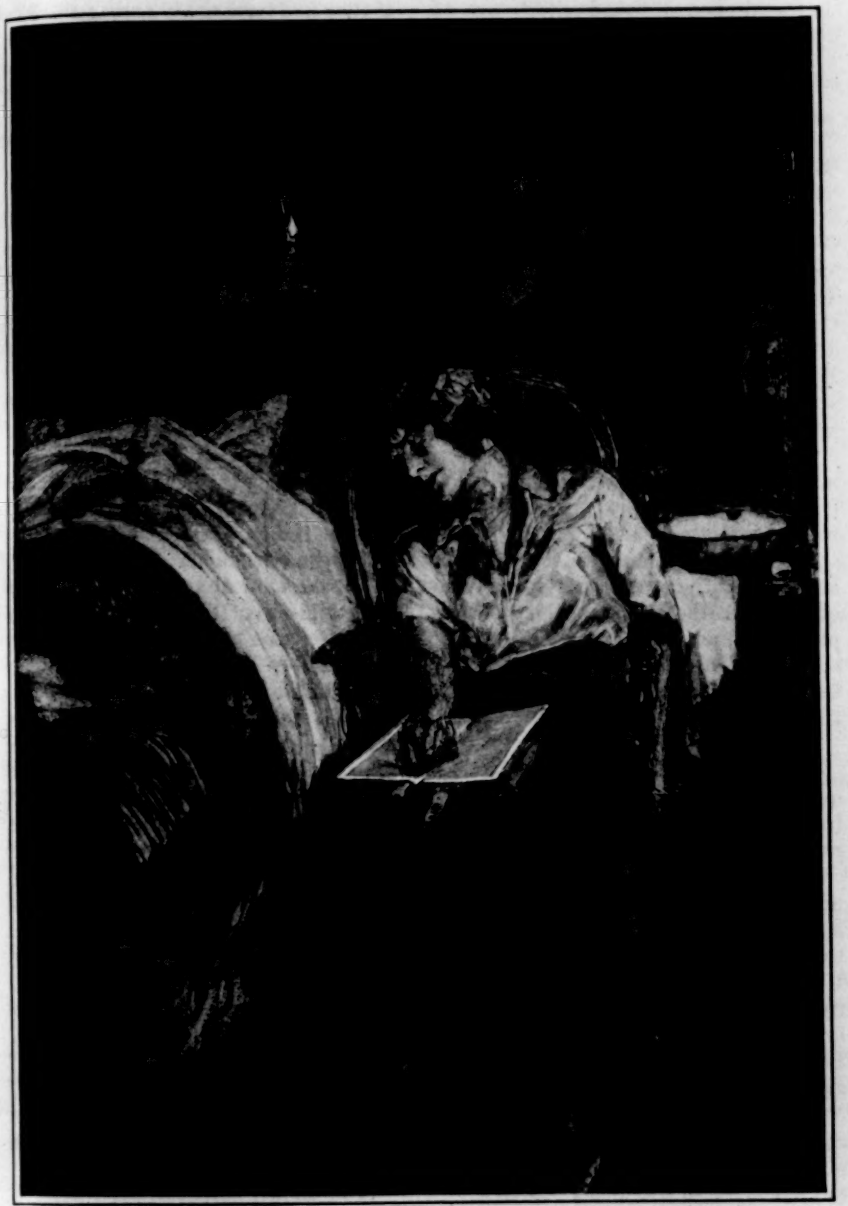
She had come into the room and went bustling over to the bedside.

"Well—what's this I hear about you? You've been sheltering a lady."

But old Gadgett was unequal to raillery, and confused by these flitting females. Dan thought it best to rescue him from the nurse's ministrations.

"I've given him his medicine—and his tea along of it. Reckon he won't want much doing for him. If you're going back to Alciston it ud be Christian charity for you to call over to Batchelors and tell 'em there she's found."

"It ud be better still if I took her



Drawn by W. Hatherell, R.I.

DANIEL FOUND BELLE ASLEEP BESIDE OLD GADGETT'S BED

back with me. What's she doing down in the kitchen all by herself?"

"She ain't by herself."

"Oh!"

The nurse looked wise, and at the same time as if she expected further enlightenment. But Dan said nothing. He stood with his back to her, drumming at the window.

"Is Mr. Ernley Munk with her?"

The rumor of Belle's troubles was now up and down the two valleys of the Ouse and the Cuckmere.

"No, he ain't," snapped Daniel—which was a pity, as the nurse ran into him and Belle at the bottom of the stairs and thenceforward had no high opinion of young Sheather's truthfulness.

They came into the bedroom together and found Daniel sitting on the low chair beside the bed, where the old man was dozing off again.

Seeing them standing together, he knew instinctively that they were reconciled. But there was nothing triumphant, nothing rapturous about their reconciliation. They stood stiffly side by side, without word or caress. Evidently they had come by stormy paths to peace.

"Hullo," he said awkwardly.

"It's all right, Dan," said Ernley in a quiet, rather flat voice. "Belle and I are friends again, and we're going to be married as soon as ever it's possible."

There was no display of rapture to make him jealous—scarcely indeed the appearance of ordinary happiness. None the less, Daniel felt sore right through. He had not realized till then that up to that very moment, in the face of the impossible, he had been hoping that Belle might change and turn to him again.

"It really is forever this time," Munk continued, with a faint smile. "We're not going to quarrel any more. It hurts too much, doesn't it, Belle."

"Yes, it hurts," she nodded.

"And we're both ever so grateful to you, Dan, for being such a good friend to us both."

Dan colored. He did not feel specially a friend of either at the present moment. If they had been richly and aggressively happy he would have felt less alienated than he was now by their queer exhaustion. He saw mysteries, depths in their being which had always hitherto been veiled from him, the outsider, but which were not strange to either of those two.

"How are you, Ernley?" he asked, deliberately breaking the situation.

"I'm well enough. Don't you bother about me. I'm going to take Belle home now."

"The nurse has gone there."

"Yes, we saw her, and told her we'd follow."

Belle looked regretfully over to the bed.

"He'll be sorry when I'm gone."

"How long have you been here?" asked Daniel.

"Since the day before yesterday. I came up straight from Batchelors."

"No—not straight," broke in Ernley. "Dan, she went up to the pond, and she walked in—my Belle—and then when the water was all up round her, she couldn't . . . so she came out, dripping wet, and crawled in here, thinking she might dry herself at the fire. . . . And the old chap took her for his daughter, and she felt so glad of a little kindness that she stayed and tried to make herself think it was true. You did, didn't you, Belle?"

"I was silly," she murmured.

"No, not silly—it was I who was . . . who'd driven you to this—so hard that you wished you were Ellen Gadgett, nursing your old sick father."

"When the nurse came I went and hid in the lean-to. She came twice a day."

"And how long ud you have stayed," asked Daniel, "if we hadn't found you?"

"I dunno—I didn't think. Reckon I was cruel but I thought nobody cared about me."

"You knew I cared."

For the first time he had called their attention to his tragedy. Her eyes suffused.

"I'm sorry, Daniel."

"We've treated you badly," said Ern-

ley. "But, Dan, if you'll let us—we'll try and make it up to you."

"We can't," said Belle, more wisely.

Daniel said nothing. He turned away from them and hid his face in the coverlet of the old shepherd's bed. When he looked up they had gone out together.

He spent the rest of the day with Gadgett. He had not the courage to go home and tell his family that he had found Belle and lost her forever. He would wait and let the story reach them first, as it would by inevitable conduits before night.

He dragged out the walk over the Down as late as possible. The day was out and the sky was a-swim with stars. From the back of Firle he looked down on two valleys full of mist. Already some of the richness of spring was in the night, and he felt some of it mocking him in his blood. He knew how all these scents of earth and grass and growth, this softness in the air, might have flowed like sap through his love for Belle, quickening it towards flower and fruit. And now instead it was in him as a thirst, stirring up desire towards a void . . . as he walked through the mocking, urging, sweet spring night Dan understood a little more about his fellow men, about those stumblings, those sinkings, those reactions which before had perplexed and sometimes disgusted him.

When he came to the George there was only one old man in the bar besides his father and Chris. He had rather hoped for a crowd in which he could be lost.

Tom Sheather beckoned him and held him out a glass. Dan gulped it. It was seventy-five per cent whiskey. His father must know.

"Still, it's better than if she'd drowned herself, poor creature," he whispered to his son.

"Of course it's better. I'd lost her anyway, so I'm glad she's found someone. . . . Have you seen Ernley?"

"No—but Chris saw Maudie Harman. She told him she reckoned they'd be married in a week."

Chris walked out of the bar, whistling "Who's Baby are You?"

"I'm glad," muttered Daniel into his glass. "I'm glad."

But the deadly thing which had been growing in his heart during the walk home was life-size now. He felt more mad than glad—mad, desperate, as if he must die rather than endure any more of this pain. The future was like a furious face pressed against the window. He saw himself living for the rest of his life with Belle only across the way, unable to find rest for his pain, continually devoured by the spring in his heart. . . . "Oh, God, help me! I'm done!"

His eye fell on the open page of a novelette lying on the counter, left there by a customer and forgotten.

The two fellows went single-file through the darkness towards the house.

"Keep quiet," hissed Lorrimer, as Jack's foot struck an object on the gravel.

Young O'Connor stooped and picked up whatever it was. It felt warm and sticky. He still grasped it as they came to the house and crouched under the window. A faint ray of light came from under the blind, and he saw that he was holding a severed human finger.

Lorrimer was taking off his shoes. . . .

It seemed hours later that his father's voice reached him.

"What's that you've got, Daniel? You ain't listening to me."

"A book."

"Well, you never was the one for books. What's this one called?"

Dan reluctantly tore his eyes off the page to inspect the title—"*Crook O'Connor, the Public School Boy.* May I take it up to bed with me, Dad?"

"Reckon you may. I don't know who it belongs to. And you'd better be turning in, son."

Dan walked out of the room, still reading. Upstairs in his bedroom he shuffled off his clothes and left them in a heap on the floor; then lighted his

candle and crept between the blankets, the precious volume in his hand. With licked forefinger he found the place and once more the returning horror was beaten from his mind. He forgot Belle, her loss and his loss; he forgot the anxieties of the last two days, his final disillusion—the face of the future pressed against the window. He was in the glorious world of Unreality—peopled by virtuous villains and gentleman crooks, noisy with revolvers and crimson with blood—a world remote from the humdrum sorrows of work and loss, of love for human women as distinct from the sweet wraiths of print. . . . Dan was making his first acquaintance with literature. Hitherto he had never read much—the daily paper and occasionally the Bible had been the only exercise-ground of the talent so laboriously acquired at school. But now he was really reading, for his own profit and pleasure. He was not reading as the cultured read—to enlarge his holding in life and art: he was reading as the humble read—to escape and forget. The author of *Crook O'Connor* did not know the rules about split infinitives and mixed relatives, he had no regard for the probabilities or even for the consistencies; the veins of his characters ran sawdust, the life he portrayed had no connection with any actualities on this planet . . . but he had provided an anodyne for the pain of at least one human creature, and when the last page was turned and the candle had guttered out, the ultimate blessing of sleep.

XIII

Daniel did not wake up till late the next morning. He felt heavy and stupid as if he had a cold. He rose and dressed himself and went downstairs, but though the remains of breakfast still lay on the kitchen table he could not eat but poured himself out a cup of lukewarm, bitter tea. He went over and sat by the fire, shivering. His body was definitely afflicted by the stress of his mind, seeking the easy way out through sickness: bed, sleep, forgetting; but he was still alert enough to know that it would not do—that however high he pulled the bedclothes over his head, the Crown would still stand across the road.

His mother came in to clear away the breakfast. He heard her bustling about, rattling plates and opening and shutting drawers.

"Well, you're a nice lazy boy," she said to him; "not down till ten o'clock, and then sitting over the fire and never offering to help your mother—no!"

He did not answer her.

"Sulky!" she cried to him over her shoulder. She had accused him of sulking more than once during the past fortnight.

But she could not goad him into action; he could not even trouble to hide his grief from her, nor the travail of his soul over its new problem—how he was to get away. Belle was lost to him forever—he had never known till then how much of hope had filled the last two weeks—she was lost, and yet in a very short time he would have to endure her daily presence—if he did not get away . . . somewhere . . . far—farther than he could ever go . . . away from himself as well as her.

"What's the matter with the boy?"

She had come to the fireside to lift the lid off a saucepan, and she saw him huddled and smitten.

"What's the matter with the great boy?"

His whole being turned towards her, longed for her, cried to her:

"Mum!" . . .

She looked startled—his thick voice and twitching face made her lose her usual critical manner. He saw her change and soften, and the last of his control was gone—he threw his arms around her as she knelt by the fire and hid his face on her shoulder.

"Danny—what is it?—what's the matter?"

She held him to her, rocking him

gently—it was years since she had held him so.

"What is it—tell mother, Dan."

"Oh, Mum . . . you know."

"It's that Belle Shackford."

"You've heard?"

"That she will marry Ernley Munk—yes. But it does not matter."

"Oh, mother—my heart's broken."

"Nonsense—a fine boy like you—you'll soon get another girl."

She had him close in her arms and she could feel how strong and plump he was—well made, his bones well covered, a fine man for any girl.

"I don't want anybody but Belle."

"You'll forget her, child."

"Oh, never. Oh, mother—I loved her . . . and I thought she loved me."

"Well, you're well rid—she is *vagabond*. It never please me you not marry a good girl."

"Mother, you mustn't say that—don't you miscall her."

"And don't you speak rough to me."

She was angry—she pushed him off her shoulder. They both stood up.

But he could not bear that she should lose her gentleness—he would humble himself to keep her tender.

"I wasn't speaking rough—leastways, I didn't mean to. I'm sorry, mother."

She let him kiss her, and patted his hand, softening again. They sat down together on the horsehair sofa.

"Mother, I want to go away."

"Away, boy—where? why?"

"I can't live here . . . with Belle so close . . . and with Ernie."

"But where would you go—and what shall I do without your week's money?"

"You won't have me to keep, and I'll have to work wherever I go—so I can send you money."

"You're a great silly boy. Why should you go away?"

"I can't bear to go on living here and seeing Belle married to Ernie."

"You need not see her."

"How can I help it, with her only across the road? . . . Oh, mother, I must go away till I've got over this—I can't stay—I must go . . . I must."

He was getting almost hysterical and, growing angry again, she forgot he was her grown-up son and took him by the shoulders, shaking him till his sleek lick of hair fell into his eyes.

"You be quiet—you're like a little boy—you deserve me to whip you."

"I want to go away—I can't bear Chris. . . ."

"Chris—you shall not speak rough of Chris!—well, I tell you—you shall go away—for a bit of time. I will write to my brother Philip and ask him to have my silly boy live with him a while."

"In Sark?"

"That will be far enough—no?"

Sark—and he had thought of Brakey Bottom. For a moment dim memories stirred: he saw himself playing with a lobster's claw . . . then came a swell of solemn seas. . . .

"You were four years old when you came from Sark. Do you remember?"

"Not much."

"It is my country—your country. It do you good to go back there for a bit. I will write to my brother Philip. I have not written for ten year."

"Perhaps he won't have me."

"Then you can't go. But I will write—and he will have you. It is a good plan—perhaps, if you go, you marry a Sark girl and no more be English. I am not English and wish my children were not."

"I'll never marry anybody but Belle."

"Then you'll marry nobody, since she's to marry Ernley. There, there . . . you shall go away across the sea and forget your trouble."

He sat beside her on the sofa, stupid and bewildered. The saucepan on the fire boiled over and she sprang up to save it. He watched her little darting figure—yes, she was foreign, and so in a way was he; though he loved the valleys of the Ouse and the Cuckmere there was a queer, faint stirring in his heart for the land where he was born.

(*To be continued*)

THE LION'S MOUTH

PORTRAIT OF A HOSTESS

BY IRWIN EDMAN

I LOVE to dine at Mrs. Smart's,
Not simply for the food; the arts
Of life move smoothly there; one knows
Such gliding ease; one fairly flows
From course to course, from each timed text
Of gossip glibly to the next.
Superb the service and the sole,
The roast, the hammered-silver bowl
Of hothouse flowers, the changing glints
On glass, the cigarettes, the mints;
The guests well-chosen and the host
Silent, the hostess talking most.
The hostess—slender, smiling, wise,
Vivacious, save her watchful eyes,
Lingering here and there to touch
A spring to set off such-and-such,
This one's pretensions, that one's flame,
Noise of a noted friend or name.
Clinking the current coin, the *mots*
That pass for depths, she'll deftly throw
The stolid into speech, emotion
Tingling on some moot modish notion;
Or quickly prompt one to rejoice
At a new gasped-at golden voice,
That climacteric she may add
A crowning finis to a fad;
Or draw out of their silent nooks
Lions of lately laureled books
Whose themes she has had time to seize
Between her golf and charities.
So drifts the talk, nor does there flare
Ever a passion unaware;
It slides on surfaces, evades
The heart's ravines and secret glades,
While daintily Madame controls
Her own and these invited souls
Who decorously come to bloom
In her white-paneled dining room.

"Capital dinner; Mrs. Smart
Delightful hostess; plays her part
So perfectly": and so one grieves
For what one more than half believes,
Behind this gracious form, this mind
Suave and sensitive and kind,
Behind the hostess just a smart
Lady playing a perfect part.

VIRGINIA VIOLET, PREFEBRED

BY H. A. THOMAS

VIRGINIA showed doubtful wisdom right at the start, I thought, by locating her business enterprise in what had been up to that time a strictly residential suburb. Had her career in commercial horticulture involved a smokestack or a railway siding, or even the erection of an office building, the community would have frowned upon her and an infant industry would have died aborning. But she began in a rather modest way—with a market basket and a trowel, to be exact—and the neighborhood accepted her, which was, after all, unfortunate.

Virginia is nine and ambitious. Also, she inherits some natural sales ability from her mother, who is past mistress in getting other minds to think along with hers. So the enterprise made its debut with a flourish and prospered nobly for a season.

The big money-making idea was to dig violet roots in a neighboring woods and sell them to the happy housewives at three cents the basket. The proposi-

tion seemed sound, for the source of raw material lay close at hand, transportation charges were low, labor comparatively plentiful, and the amount of invested capital entirely within reason. It looked as though the overhead could be kept down to a point where tremendous profits would accrue almost at once. A test of the market was made. Mother agreed, with almost no persuasion, that a good-sized basketful of fresh violet roots was well worth three cents. Advance orders also were booked from three neighbors, who bought at the list price and did not even ask a discount for cash. The Virginia Violet Company burst into full bloom. The stock went right up above par and kept on soaring. Careful calculation with a piece of chalk on the side of the garage indicated that one trip to the woods could be made in the morning before school and two trips between four o'clock and dinnertime. If the president of the company had no errands to run and was not called on to set the table for dinner, three trips instead of two could be made in the afternoon. Four trips a day showed a gross business of twelve cents, which would allow the president a handsome salary of five cents a day and leave a net profit of seven cents. Evidently there was big money in it.

But when the initial order and the three subsequent orders had been personally delivered and collections made, common labor had to be employed in the fields so that the president could take the road for more business. The word was passed that a good steady violet digger of sober habits and a fair degree of skill could find a job as superintendent at the Virginia Violet Company at one cent a day or one quarter of a cent per basket. The next afternoon two husky citizens, aged six and four, applied at the back-steps employment office. The older man was engaged on account of his experience in extracting dandelions.

Complications ensued almost at once. The first basketful shipped out by the new superintendent included two wild-strawberry plants and a ragweed. Other shipments were dumped promiscuously on the customers' front porches.

The company had begun its operations on Monday. By Wednesday it was clear that rigid and continuous inspection of the output was a necessity. Virginia rose to the emergency like a true executive. Over night the entire company policy underwent a change. A service department was created and thereafter violets were sold at six cents the basket, this charge including installation in the customer's flower bed. At the same time sales and production were curtailed to two baskets a day, the superintendent's responsibility being enlarged to include planting under the president's direction. Wednesday night the auditors' report looked like this:

Receipts:	
4 baskets @ .03	.12
Disbursements:	
Labor	.01
President	.05
Profits	.06
Total	.12

On Thursday night, with output cut in half, receipts still totaled twelve cents. Disbursements were still six cents and the net profit remained as before. This of course placed a tremendous strain on the president, but as inspection was made at the time of planting, the quality of the product was assured and the customers were satisfied.

But on Friday labor troubles developed. The superintendent reported that his mother would not let him go to the woods after school, so thereafter he could turn out only one basketful a day, dug in the morning. This was serious. Moreover, he became quite independent and demanded a cent a day for the single basket. This, he said, was a necessity, for he had promised his little sister an all-day-sucker and one could not buy all-day-suckers with less than a cent in these days of exorbitant prices. If the stipulated wage was not O. K'd he intimated that a general strike would be

called forthwith and the violet-diggers' union would walk out in a body.

The president capitulated to the demands of labor, temporarily at least, but frantic efforts were made to find the four-year-old citizen who had previously applied for the superintendency. It was hoped that he could be used for scab labor in case of a serious outbreak. Unfortunately, he had gone West to accept a position as cowboy, scout, and Indian fighter on his grandfather's farm.

At noon Virginia, still undaunted and carrying a choice sample of her product, went to call on one of the very best prospects in her territory. The lady had practically promised to order two baskets. But as the confident saleswoman approached the house, deep disappointment met her at the gate. There beside the walk in a beautiful new-made bed were several rows of freshly planted violets.

"Why yes," said the erstwhile customer, "Willy Gruber brought them over this morning. Two big basketfuls for ten cents, but I'm afraid he didn't get very good roots. See—some of them are wilting quite badly."

The answer was self-evident. Dirty competition was afoot. An inferior product at a cut price. The Virginia Company was in for hard going. Friday night: Receipts, .06; Expenses, .06; Profits, 00. And on Saturday came the deluge. Two neighbors who had spoken favorably of buying sent their own children to the woods instead and placed an embargo on imported violets. The superintendent failed to show up and it was learned that he had gone into business for himself, his savings having enabled him to establish a paper route. Sales touched the zero mark and production was at a stand.

These chaotic conditions, coupled with the fact that the president was detained from business by an important engagement at a tea party—where the hostess served ice cream and everything—gave rise to grave rumors and caused a distinctly bearish movement in Virginia Violet, Preferred. And when it was learned that Willy Gruber had laid off his men and sought rest and relaxation in a game of bull ring, the entire horticultural industry slumped badly.

By evening the expected disintegration took place. Virginia returned from the party quite calm in spite of the disaster. When the directorate met at the swing after dinner, she seemed entirely reconciled to the fact that her prosperous business had been swept away. In fact, her demeanor gave the impression that of all the pursuits and perquisites necessary to her happiness, horticulture in any or all of its varied forms deserved the very least consideration.

"Anyway, I'm not going to dig those dirty old violets any more," she announced scornfully. "I've got thirty-four cents and I'm going to put on my organdy dress and have a party with ice cream."

Thus was another brave enterprise deserted in its hour of need and left to die.

ON BORROWING PLUMES

BY GEORGE MEASON WHICHER

IT is too true: my sonnet's every phrase
Is but a gleaning from the field of song;
All my poor fancies have seen better days;
My flocks of rhyme to other folds belong.
I joy to steal a crumb from Chaucer's feast;
Echo a cadence Shelley's lips have stirred;
Or taste again with Keats (rich fare, at least!)
Some rare-ripe, long-forgotten, lovely word.

Even my thoughts are plundered: this has known
The lightning-heat of Shakespeare's brain erewhile;
This broad gold piece once Browning stamped his own;
This gem was graved by Gray's experienced file;

This pearl of price I brought for my heart's case,
From deep, loud-thundering billows of Miltonic seas.

THE PRINCE AND THE PARADOX

BY WILLIAM McFEE

"WELL," said the Doctor as he closed the door of his cabin and adjusted his eyeglass, "What is the main news? I have been too busy on this tourist cruise to pay much attention to the wireless."

There was a slight diversity of opinion among his guests as he stooped and inspected his resources, but the vote went naturally enough to the visit of the Prince of Wales. One of us described the young man's effect on newspaper writers in New York as amazing.

"Oh they always behave like that," remarked the Doctor, "if a personage doesn't actually snarl at them. The Prince is a charming chap. As you know, I used to work for his father during the War. May work for him in the next war. But I think you've missed the most remarkable feature of the fuss that was made over him."

There was a pause and he added thoughtfully, "That's the best I can do." We agreed it was well enough. The columnist asked:

"What is your view then?"

"Why," said the Doctor, filling his pipe and sitting down facing us. "As you know, we get the papers a week old in the Canal Zone, and down there I glanced along the reviews of new motion pictures—I even saw one of them. And what impressed me as truly amazing was the synchronizing of the Prince's visit, with all the insufferable snobbery and lick-spittle meanness of mind it seems to engender, and an eruption of patriotic historical films depicting the English at the time of the Revolution as drunken braggarts and insufferable incompetents. Doesn't that strike you as a notable paradox? The very people who in the morning read columns of guff about the Prince's neckties and what he has for breakfast and what time he goes to bed, would go in the evening and hiss a photograph of British redcoats marching across a field! They pressed to catch a glimpse of the Prince galloping after a polo ball, and applauded when Paul Revere galloped at phenomenal speed—along remarkably good roads, by the way—and evoked numerous close-ups of rustic families in sensible night shirts rallying to the thrilling news that the British are coming. Surely it is not a far-fetched fancy that the real anxiety of all those good folk was to catch a glimpse of the British and hear what they thought of this glorious country!"

"Now, now!" warned the columnist. "Remember, Doc, you are on sacred ground."

"Well, then," growled the Doctor, "You'll have to agree that Americans have changed in their views."

"That's fair enough," admitted another member of the company. "But personally I don't believe we should lean too much on the mere coincidence the Doc has noticed. I have another theory about the patriotic films so much in favor since 'The Covered Wagon' began the boom. I think the reason why they are putting out so much history in the movies is that the motion-picture industry, which is notoriously illiterate, has only just heard of it. They are like the London coster who met a Jewish neighbor after having been for the first time in his life to a religious meeting, and promptly blacked this Jewish neighbor's eye. American history, to a larger number of citizens than you would care to remember, has all the glamour of a fresh discovery. No harm in that, so long as they don't get delusions of grandeur and imagine they are making history as well as photographing it."

"Well, they are," said the Doctor drily. "In the picture I spoke of, a personage described in the title as the greatest Commoner in England is shown speaking in the House of Lords. And they prove conclusively that history repeats itself, for the men in heavy armor in the Robin Hood picture ride exactly as though they were cowboys rounding up a horse thief."

"Those are only minor inaccuracies," claimed somebody. "Aren't they remarkably honest and accurate, considering the temptations that beset them?"

"I'm not so sure," smiled the Doctor, holding his glass to the light. "There is one point on which I wish somebody would give me some information. It concerns authors as well as motion-picture directors and it involves another paradox."

"As how?" asked the columnist guardedly. He knew the Doctor's agile habit of getting his American hearers in a cleft stick.

"I saw a piece in the paper the other day," remarked the Doctor with apparent irrelevance, "telling how the Daughters of the American Revolution refused to have a statue raised to Francisco di Miranda, although he aided the Colonies in the war, because he had once lived in sin with a lady of title."

"I've never heard of him," said the columnist bluntly.

"And in that you closely resemble the vast majority of your countrymen," returned the Doctor. "Your ignorance of South American history is disarming. One can combat a fog but not a vacuum. There isn't anything one can do about it. Your attitude towards Miranda and Bolívar and San Martin is exactly that of the average cocky Oxford undergraduate towards your own history. He doesn't know anything about it and he doesn't want to."

"Well, go on with your paradox," the Doctor was urged, and he did so.

"Miranda's downfall was a lady of title," he continued. "Perhaps the Daughters of the American Revolution could have swallowed that if she hadn't happened to be English as well. As a matter of fact, Miranda was only theoretically on the American side. What he wanted was aid for his own revolution, and he nearly got it—but from the English—later on. So that's that. But this is the point. At the same time I was reading an entrancing book by Ralph D. Paine, called *Joshua Barney*. Like you with Miranda, I'd never heard of him. He was a contemporary of Paul Jones and one of the most attractive personalities of the time. Like Paine himself, Barney had the gift of getting on with the English, and it is really astonishing how many decent Englishmen Barney encountered. I should like to draw the attention of the motion picture people to this, if they could spare the time. However, let that go. The Paradox I was speaking of is this. It came to me as I was reading about Joshua Barney. How is it the American public demand absolute sex purity in their heroes of history and yet insist on reading novels about exactly the opposite sort of people?"

"They are not the same Americans," objected the columnist.

"Oh yes, they are!" retorted the Doctor. "We've had one here on this voyage, a most charming woman of wealth and breeding, who sided with the ladies about Miranda's tarnished past and yet read nothing, the whole voyage, save smart novels dealing intimately with problems of sex."

"Other nations——" began a listener, but the Doctor caught him up like a shot.

"Are you sure?" he asked. "Think! Ralph Paine is most particular in asserting that his hero, Joshua Barney, though he had numerous adventures in Europe, never more than kissed the lady's hand; so the Daughters of the American Revolution can stick up a statue to him whenever they wish. But make no mistake. You are the only nation who make such demands on your heroes. What chance would Nel-

son with his Lady Hamilton; or Wellington with his 'Dear Jenny, publish my letters and be damned'; or Bonaparte—have over here? Poor Bolívar, the Washington of South America, would fare even worse. His unhappy end would be regarded as a merited nemesis for his scandalous career. And yet," added the Doctor, very much amused, "a novel without a polyandrous slant or a study of free love in some form or other isn't regarded as a novel at all. 'A strong book' is invariably a book about people apparently too weak to avoid the moral code of rabbits and leverets."

"Well, what is your suggestion for reform?" asked the columnist, leaning back on the settee.

"Very simply, this," returned the Doctor. "I submit that your heroes are human and so are yourselves. Why not confess that the average citizen is faithful to his wife, and that courage and resource and patriotism are sometimes found in men who, to put it mildly, have no genius for fidelity? More than once it has crossed my mind that American history has yet to be written. Now the movies have got it, it may never be written, and the American child of the future will associate heroism with the figure of a man galloping at breakneck speed through the night. It is not an inviting prospect because heroism and patriotism very often can't be filmed. Truth does not always screen well. This habit of mind of assuming that every great action or emotion is spectacular will prove disastrous, because it will induce the illusion that spectacular actions and emotions are necessarily great. Henry Ford is said to have claimed that history is bunk. It certainly will be. I don't know which is worse—the movie that shows one's ancestors to be spotless or the novel revealing us all as spotty. We ought to have some consideration for ourselves if not for posterity."

"But you surely don't decry idealism, which is the motive of these exaggerations," objected a listener. "We must give the young people a clean idea of their history! We want them to hitch their wagons to a star."

"Oh, all right," said the Doctor, filling the glasses again and putting the bottle, marked Poison, in his cabinet. "Only let me point out that you can work Emerson's fine phrase a little too hard. He wasn't alluding to a motion-picture star."

EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR

AND NOW A NEW DEAL

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

WE start the New Year with a new deal in politics. That happens after every leap year because it is in leap years we have Presidential elections. There is a fitness about that in view of the propensity of candidates to propose.

Every election implies a new deal, but somehow the one we have just experienced implies it more than usual. To be sure Mr. Coolidge goes on; and we have had time to get used to him, to understand what manner of man he is, to know what to expect of him. Whereas he became President more or less by accident, he goes on now (not really waiting until the Fourth of March) with a prodigious personal endorsement from the voters of the United States as the man which a huge majority of them want. It is true that the size of that endorsement was due somewhat to circumstances, just as was the original selection of Mr. Coolidge to be Vice-President, but circumstances have a part in everything and, as applied to Mr. Coolidge, one may just as well call them Destiny. All the same, it is curious as well as very interesting that a man of Mr. Coolidge's derivation, record, type, and measurements should get eighteen million of the thirty million votes cast for President, the other twelve million being divided between two rivals. Most people were glad the election was so decisive. It had looked as though it might go to Congress and that was a bad outlook, but as between the three candidates offered the voters showed no difficulty in making a choice.

What won the election? Business won it. People wanted peace and a quiet life; markets for what they make; wages, profits. They wanted the wheels of industry to keep on turning; they wanted such comforts as come from having money to pay their bills and grafify their inclinations. Nothing else seemed to count very much in the campaign that is over. They had a confidence, fully justified, in Mr. Coolidge's character, his integrity, his competence as a politician. They liked the simplicity of his habits, his gift of laconic discourse, his ability not to talk, his urgent sense of the need of economy in expenses. Next to his character as a man, his feeling about economy was his best asset. The voters not only wanted to make some money but they wanted a government that would leave them as much as possible of it to save or spend for themselves. The great reform that lay nearest their hearts was the reform in expenditures. One of the things that most recommended Mr. Coolidge was his resolute denial in his own past personal life of the need of having much money. Whereas almost everyone cries out nowadays that the increased cost of living calls for increased wages and profits, Mr. Coolidge had shown himself a man who under all circumstances could cut his coat according to his cloth and live on what he had. He had shown that personal capacity for economy which is the

price of freedom, and especially of political freedom, and the voters liked that in him and were justified in their approval.

There are times in private life and in business life when nothing seems more important than to cut down expenses: times when the prospect of happiness seems to depend first of all on making income exceed out-go. There are other times when some great crisis stirs the minds of men so that money is no object, and expenditure may leap up and for a time far exceed income, and one does not care if only the end in sight is accomplished. We went through such a period eight years ago and the job which fell to us being done, we have been laboriously working back towards a safe financial condition. Mr. Coolidge stood for the continuance of that process. He is the sort of conservative who stands particularly for the conservation of national income. He and the party he represents want the business of the country to prosper and the government of the country to exercise a degree of thrift which will enable it to reduce the national debt and cut down taxation. The country was with him in that idea. He got the necessary votes and it cannot be doubted he will do his best to meet the expectations of the voters who have retained him in office.

Nevertheless, the task ahead of him is considerably complicated, and whether his best or anybody's best can meet it successfully is something we shall discover month by month in the four years to come. To keep business running, to keep profits satisfactory, to keep expenditures within bounds is not really within the powers of even a President. It depends on too many things he cannot control—on crops, on the rival aspirations of men who work, and above all on the state of the world outside the United States. A President cannot do much about the crops: when he has appointed a competent Secretary of Agriculture he has done about all he can; but in our relation to foreign affairs and trade with other countries he has a greater opportunity. Unless we have a certain amount of trade we shall not prosper as well as we wish. Unless the rest of the world, and especially Europe, is in a condition to buy from us and sell to us, our farmers will be likely to grumble and some of our factories to run on part-time. So it is part of the President's task to maintain for us profitable relations with the rest of mankind and to do what he can to assist the rest of mankind to political and economic conditions which will make them profitable to trade with. Of course that is a large order, but it is an inevitable part of the job which has now been committed to Mr. Coolidge for four years to come. It is true that by the theory of our Constitution he has a right to expect the assistance of Congress in the discharge of his multifarious duties, but that assistance in times past has not always proved helpful. The theory of the Constitution is more or less that Congress is to make laws and vote money, and the President is to enforce the laws and expend the money; but in practice it has been found that Congress needs constant and strenuous suggestions about what bills to pass and how much money to provide, and that the Senate has a strangle hold on treaties which is no help to Presidents in their efforts to work with other nations.

Another thing that is likely to bother President Coolidge, as it would have bothered anyone chosen President in the late election, is mass production and how to provide for it. The primary idea of mass production is that it is the great provider; that the public needs an enormous quantity of things and always more of them and more kinds of them, and that the way to furnish these articles is the way illustrated by Mr. Henry Ford in the manufacture of his celebrated cars. The trick is to make a lot of things and make them all alike, and in that way make them cheaply so that they can be sold cheap.

There are, undoubtedly, good points about that plan. We see how it has filled the roads with Ford cars, and what by so doing it has done to contemporary life; and most generous-minded people approve both of the cars and their achievement. But Henry Ford has taught his methods to all manufacturers and thus has simplified and extended and cheapened production to an enormous extent. This naturally has brought it to pass that the great need of the hour and the talent most valued and cultivated is the ability to sell what is made. Salesmanship has come to be the new god of business. Anything can be made and there is no limit to the quantity in which it can be produced and distributed and brought to the attention of customers; but when it comes to selling, one comes up against something that has a limit, and that is the ability of people to buy and pay for what they take. The factories can only run full time so long as there are enough people who have the means to buy what they produce and are willing to spend their means for that purpose. Mr. Samuel Strauss last month in an article in the *Atlantic Monthly* considered this situation under the title of "Things in the Saddle," in which he declared that man's most important function in these times is to be a consumer; that our civilization depends on the development of consumers; that unless they are produced in sufficient numbers—and indeed in numbers constantly increasing—business will decline and grass begin to grow where it ought not to. Mr. Strauss seemed to feel that machinery was getting the better of us.

So in the *Hibbert Journal* last June Doctor Jacks held forth on what was more or less the same subject. He called his article "The Vicious Circle of Mass Production." He complained that the work of filling men's bellies (including, doubtless, the provision of motor cars, modern plumbing, silk stockings, and imitation jewels) had become separated from the work of saving their souls. He thought that was not going to do. "Show us," he said, "a social system in which the process of filling man's belly, and otherwise improving his condition, stands permanently divorced from the process of saving his soul, each process pulling against the other, and we say of that system, it will not work; neither socialism, individualism, nor any other 'ism,' neither labor nor capital, neither democracy nor autocracy, can make it work—except in the direction of disaster, both for the belly and for the soul. By this means or by that the two processes must again become one, as they were at the beginning; reunited on higher ground indeed, and all the more firmly for that reason; failing which, the empty bellies will not be filled and the perishing souls will not be saved."

This obligation to provide consumers, keep mass production going, pay high wages, and make profits for the manufacturers and everybody else—would appear to be one of the serious snags which confronts President Coolidge in his prospective four-year job of steering the Ship of State. It is not our American trouble exclusively, though we have done our share to bring it about; it is the trouble of all the Western World and especially Western Europe: of England with her unemployed; of France with her heavy debts; of Germany with her great problem of providing money to meet her obligations under the Dawes plan. Nobody makes his living any more: it has to be provided for him as one of the details of an enormous and complicated industrial machine. Perhaps the recent action of Harvard College in establishing a Graduate School of Business (which has scandalized a good many honest mossbacks) was simply an evolutionary performance that came along in its turn because the state of mankind and the conditions of life were such that business had to have the best attention of the best instructed minds. It does not take any prophet to tell us that, in so far as President Coolidge has to provide consumers for

mass production, he is exposed to the vicissitudes of a ticklish job. He cannot create consumers but wherever business languishes seriously for lack of them he will get it, all the same, (as we say in the vernacular) "in the neck."

But Mr. Coolidge is considerably a pious man. He disclosed in his remarks about Bishop Asbury, as also at other times, that he really has an understanding of religion and a realization of what it can do, as also of laws. What a President can do to make business good he will do of course, since that was what he was elected for. But if he fails of sufficient success, as is quite possible, he will not lie down and turn on the gas but will lend himself more likely to the consolations of religion, and there will be such consolations. Everybody who knows anything knows that mass production cannot in itself save the world: that it is only a detail in making man happy; and that there must go along with it, as Doctor Jacks points out, some effective process for making him good. That is really the big job ahead of us. It is mere reiteration of what has been said again and again that man's control of machinery and things, both productive and destructive, has outrun his spiritual knowledge and capacity; that he knows too well how to make anything or destroy anything, and not well enough how to live. Mr. Coolidge has shown signs of understanding that. One cannot see just what he can do about it; but in a pinch, a man who understands it is much to be preferred to a man who does not.

Moreover, in this highly important job of making men good and teaching them how to live there are, and always have been, rival methods—the opposing claims of which seem just now to be in for a season of competition of more than ordinary intensity. That is especially true, as noticed last month, of the rivalries between the Protestant and the Roman Catholic methods of improving man. It was those rivalries chiefly which made the Democratic Convention last so long, and which so disturbed the solidarity of the Democratic party as to contribute materially to the size of Mr. Coolidge's re-election. These rival aspirations clash at times and no one need be surprised if they clash rather more noisily than usual in the course of Mr. Coolidge's term of office. One of his problems may be to get along with these noises, and in that we must all help as much as we can, avoiding rash accusations against our neighbors, sifting assertions to discover wherein they fail in truth, discouraging all efforts to gag fair discussion, and doing what we can to keep the road open to truth. In the end all the warring elements in the population of this country must get along together, side by side. To promote that condition is everybody's business. It is helped most by good manners and good nature. It is helped not at all by any form of terrorism, or by gag laws, or the suppression of free speech except as it is libelous. There is room in this country for many minds and many thoughts, but not without due ventilation. And that is what discussion is—it is the ventilation of thought.

1850

1925

1925: A Forecast

by the Editors of

HARPER'S MAGAZINE

IT is with especial pleasure that we announce to our friends the program of *Harper's Magazine* for 1925, for we are confident that during the coming year—the seventy-fifth of its distinguished history—the Magazine will be more brilliant, more modern, and more richly varied in interest than ever before.

A Serial by a Great Novelist

To begin with, we are fortunate to have secured the right to publish as a serial SHEILA KAYE-SMITH'S new novel, "The George and the Crown," which began in November. Miss Kaye-Smith has been ranked by critics on both sides of the water as the ablest woman novelist in England; and those who have read her masterpiece, "Joanna Godden," realize that she is unquestionably one of the very few living novelists, in England or America, whose work is likely to endure. "The George and the Crown" is the first novel from her pen which any American magazine has been permitted to publish serially. It is a story by a novelist of acknowledged greatness.

Unconventional Biography

The Cabinet was in session at the White House. A little boy of eleven stood before them, telling them that a certain postage-stamp dealer in Boston, to whom he had sent five hard-earned dollars, had failed to mail him the stamps in return. The boy wanted his father's Government to "do something"; and very solemnly the members of the Cabinet debated whether official action should be taken by the Secretary of State, the Secretary of War, or Kelly, the White House policeman! An utterly absurd incident—yet it actually took place. The whole amusing story, told as no one else could tell it, appears in the boyhood recollections of JESSE GRANT, the great General's son, which will delight the readers of *Harper's* for months to come. Mr. Grant's articles are not only vastly entertaining; they contain revelations which make them a contribution to American history.